THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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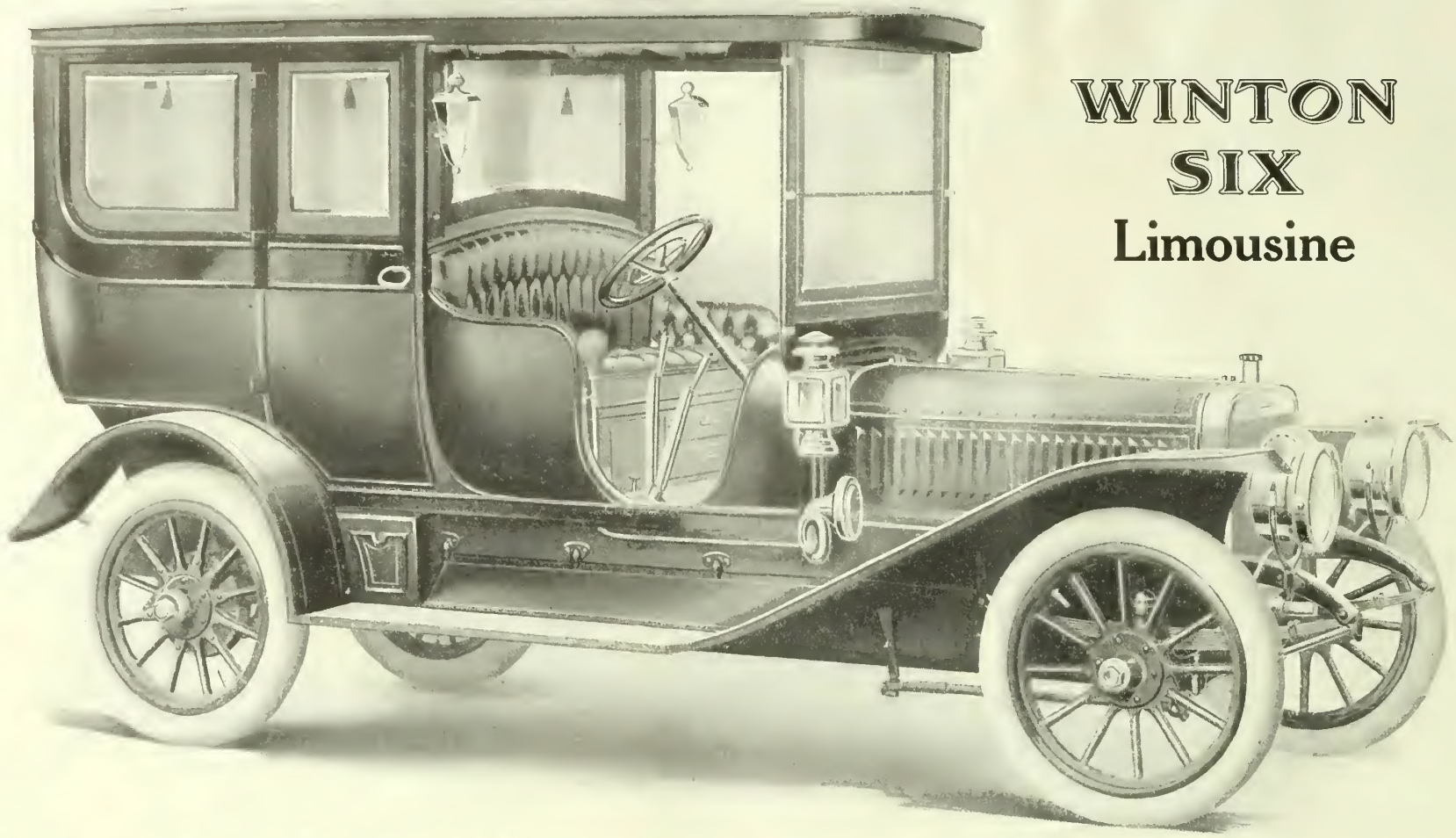
Beginning

The Pilot-Fish

By

Henry C. Rowland



WINTON SIX
Limousine

Winter's Worst Day is Summery in a Limousine

A touring car may be a luxury. But a luxurious limousine is a real utility

A Profitable Investment

Never is a motor car of such actual value to its owner as in the bitter cold weather, when every other form of travel is beset with difficulties, and hazards, and annoyances. The limousine owner rides from his home to his office, to his business and social engagements, to the club, the theatre—wherever he wants to go—in comfort and safety, and on time.

He is free from delays and mishaps. Horses falling on slippery pavements, street car blockades and other wintry misfortunes overtake those who do not own cars, or have stored their automobiles over winter; but the limousine owner escapes them all.

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Place Your Order Early

The Winton Company is now prepared to receive orders for limousines for delivery before the nipping cold weather sets in.

We are ready to quote prices and state delivery dates on limousine bodies for all the various models of our manufacture.

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We practically never have limousines "in stock."

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Since each limousine body is "a special order," the buyer has ample opportunity to inject into the specifications of the car a touch of his own individuality.

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The regular price for a Winton Six with limousine body is $4250. A touring car body, ordered separately, costs $500. Total $4750. When you order at one time a Winton Six with both limousine and touring car bodies, the price is $4500. A saving of $250.

We are now showing 1911 Winton Six limousines at our various branch houses. We shall be pleased to have you inspect this model, and to observe its spacious arrangement, splendid equipment, and superb finish.

Or, if you prefer, let us mail you complete description and specifications.

But, for our mutual advantage, let us emphasize again that if you desire a limousine for use the coming winter, it is essential that your order be placed without delay.

Send to my address information about the 1911 Winton Six Car with limousine body.

To The Winton Co., Cleveland, O.

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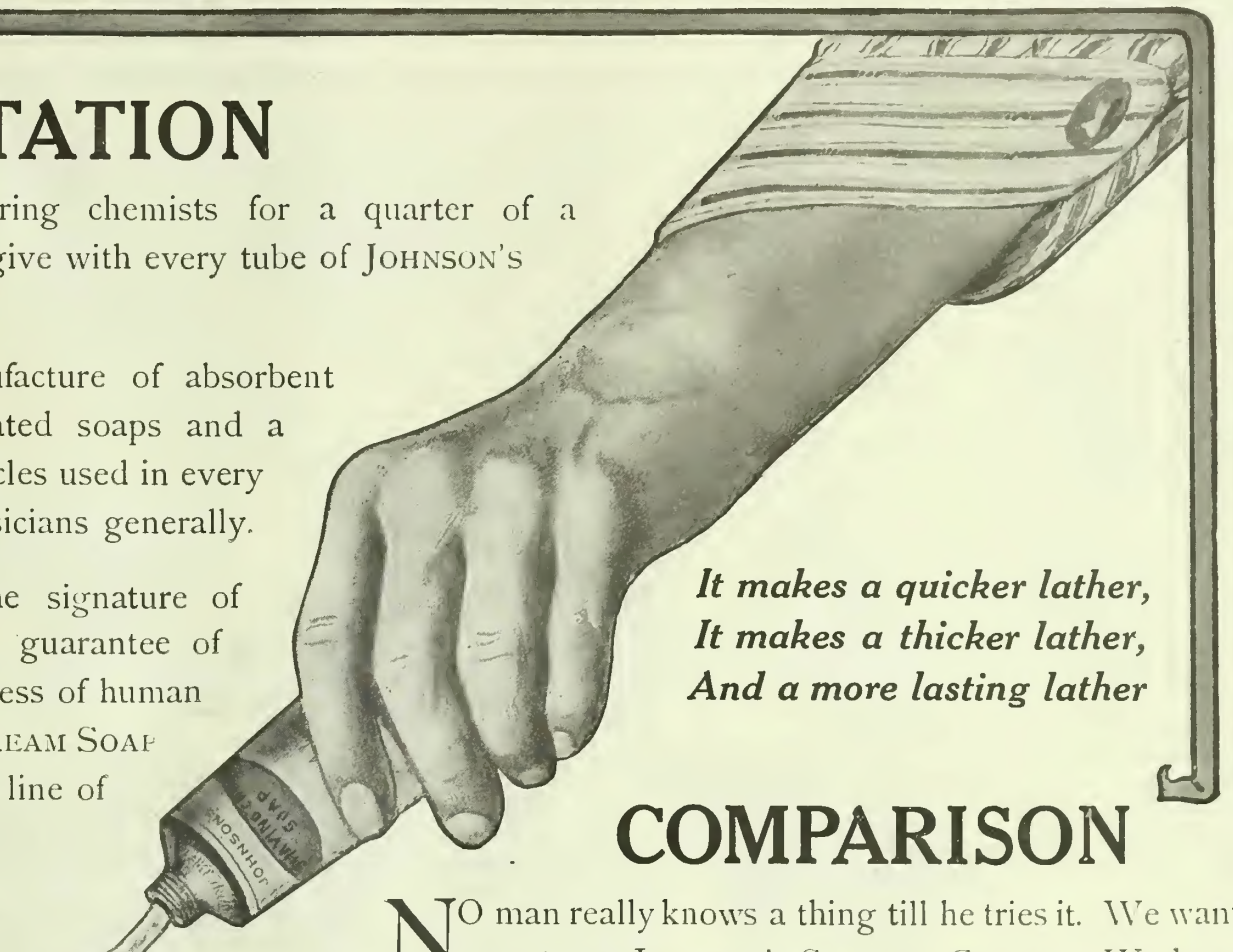

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COMPARISON

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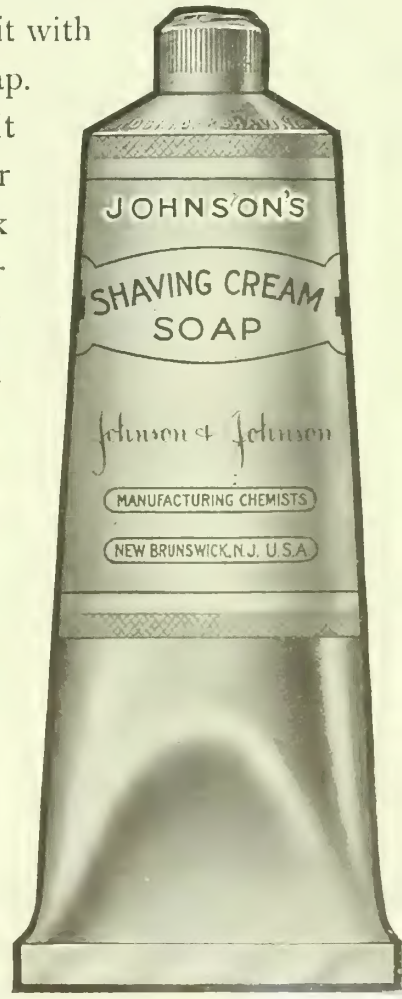

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PILOT-FISH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"You Vill Say, 'Excuse Me, Captain Heldstrom'"

THE big schooner-yacht Shark lay peacefully at anchor in Shoal Harbor, Maine. At her taffrail the national yacht ensign aired itself lazily in the land breeze; from fore and main trucks fluttered the pennant of the New York Yacht Club and the burgee of Captain Eliphalet Bell, U. S. N., retired.

A solid old seafaring tub was the Shark, built some time back in the seventies, when, no doubt, she had been a tremendous swell. She was square in the jowls, pug-nosed, paunch-bellied, with a rump like a coach-horse, and there was a break from her quarter-deck to the waist and a high t'gallant forecastle.

Solid timber she was, or at least looked to be, though a gimlet might have shown differently; and what ballast she had was inside of her and not jerking away at the keel in frantic efforts to whip out her spars.

For a yacht of her size the Shark probably carried the smallest crew on record, modern double-action hand winches and other labor-saving devices being installed about her decks. Bright-work there was scarcely any and that was covered with a coat of shellac. Galvanized iron took the place of brass, but if the schooner lacked the glitter of metal she certainly shone with spotless cleanliness.

One saw at the first glance that the Shark was less of a pleasure craft than a floating home, and such a domicile she had truly been for fifteen years. Asthma and an insubordinate heart had retired her owner from the service of his country; the same affliction forbade his residence ashore and compelled him to seek a warm winter climate. Wherefore he wisely bought the Shark for a mere song and made of her a home for himself and his three little motherless daughters: Cécile, aged nine, Paula, aged seven, and Hermione, aged four.

That was fifteen years before the epoch of this saga, so that we find our three sirens at the dangerous ages of from nineteen to twenty-four. Little heed had their cantankerous parent ever given them and little need had they of it, as from the very first day to the present they had found a wise and kindly nurse, playmate and duenna in that splendid old grizzled viking, Christian Heldstrom, master mariner.

Captain Heldstrom, sailing master of the Shark, had previously served for ten years in the United States Navy and might have had a commission had he wished. Most of his service had been under the choleric Captain Bell, to whom, for some incomprehensible reason, he was devoted. It was therefore not unnatural that he should have followed him on his retirement, nor that he should have assumed the care of the little girls, the old Norseman having, like so many big-muscled, big-hearted men, a tremendous fund of paternal instinct. They had their governess, of course, but it was "Uncle Chris" who really brought them up and tended them when ill and imparted to them much of his own big, honest, fearless nature. He taught them discipline as well, and all three had more than once felt the flat of his big hand where it would do the greatest good—Cécile for impudence, Paula for theft (stealing goodies from the galley), and Hermione for venturing aloft and swarming out on the jib-boom. This last admonition had been followed by a cuff on the side of the watchman's head which had sent that grinning tar into the scuppers.

Thus one may listen with less surprise to a certain conversation taking place upon the ample quarterdeck of the schooner, she squatting peacefully upon the sparkling waters of Shoal Harbor, one golden day early in August. Sprawled among the cushions on a transom, basking like a pussy cat in the sun was Cécile, a luscious beauty, ripe to the point of falling from the bough. For three seasons this girl had demoralized the yachting world, for Captain Bell was widely known and the Shark as hospitable as her namesake. A high-tempered but jovial host, epicurean of appetite and ready to immolate his health on the altar of goodfellowship at a moment's notice; three lovely daughters, one a desperate flirt, one soft and sweet as a West Indian night breeze, the third a long-legged nymph with violet eyes, her pretty mouth full of sailor slang, ready to swim a race around the ship or run one over the truck—my word! It is no wonder that old Heldstrom's hair had visibly whitened in the last three years.

Cécile was catching it fore-and-aft upon this August day.

"It vas me br-rought you oop," growled the Norwegian in his beard; "und somedimes I am not pr-roud of it. How many yoong men haf you jilted this summer?"

Cécile dropped her chin on her knuckles and kicked up her heels most unmaidenly.

"I haven't jilted anybody. It's not my fault if they slam off in a rage. I don't ask any odds, and if they can't play the game without bawling they shouldn't play it at all."

"Love is not a game; it is a serious business, as some day you may find oudt to your cost."

Cécile gave the nearest cushion a vicious kick and her head a toss that set the bright hair to shimmering with all the opalescence of a new-hooked porgy.

"Don't fear," she said. "When I find the man who can make me love what I want to love, he will have no cause to complain."

"Perhaps you may," Heldstrom retorted. He bent his big brows upon her flushed, resentful face, and his eyes, clear and blue as polar ice, softened a little. "I hope not, my dear. Meanvile, you must not encoorage dese oder yoong men."

"But how am I to know——" Cécile interrupted, when Heldstrom raised his hand.

"You vill know. Und if you do not know den it is not der r-right man." He took a turn or two on the deck, then paused to stare toward the harbor-mouth. Up forward the sailors were clustered about the windlass talking in low but vehement tones, the murmur of which reached aft.

"Less noise for'ard, dere," ordered the captain in his great, resonant bass, and the gabble ceased. The hands were all staring toward the entrance, and as he looked forward Heldstrom gave a little growl in his throat.

"Dis Pilot-fish," said he, turning abruptly toward Cécile, "vas he anodder?"

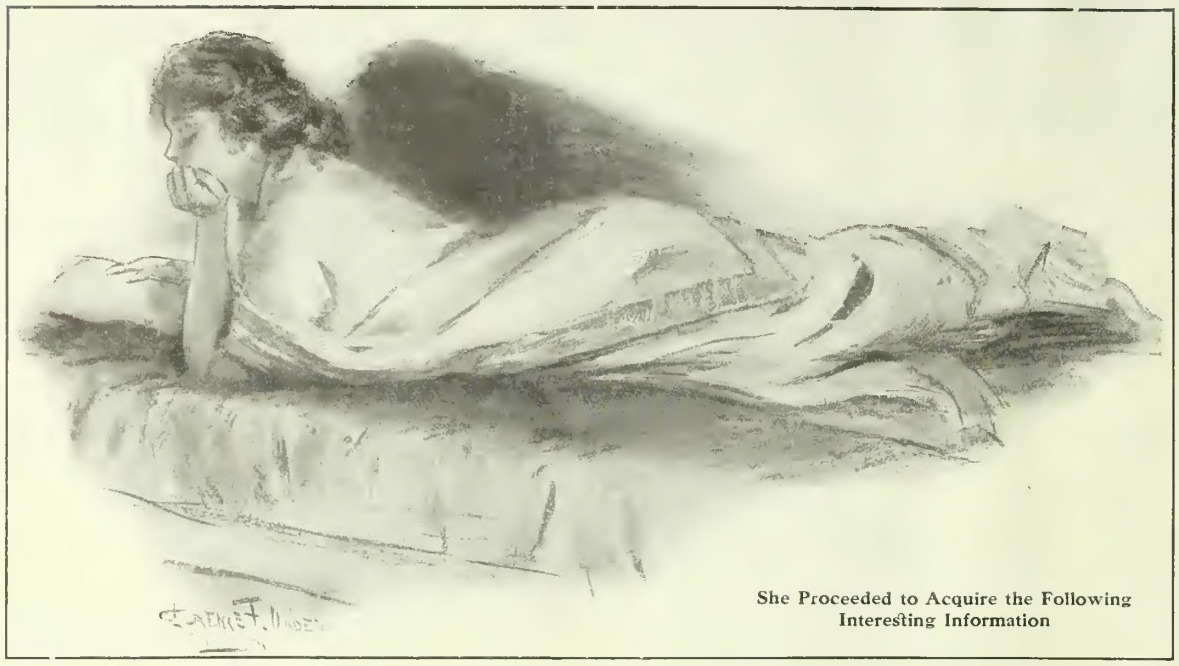
"Another what?" she asked sulkily.

"Anodder wictim. Anodder yoong man you haf made crazy—und pull your skirt down by your ankles, my dear; you are now too old to flop ar-round dot vay like a little girl."

Cécile jerked her supple young body upright.

"If you are going to do nothing but scold," said she sulkily, "I am going below." She sprang to her feet and stood as primly as was possible for one of her nymphlike allure. "I must say," she snapped, and thrust out her chin haughtily, "it seems to me that I have reached an age where I might expect to be spared lessons in conduct from the sailing-master of my father's yacht."

She turned toward the companionway, head in air.



She Proceeded to Acquire the Following Interesting Information

"Cécile," said Heldstrom sharply, and the little feet stopped as though despite themselves.

"Well?"

'You vill say, 'Excuse me, Captain Heldstrom.'"

"I won't."

"You vill say, 'Excuse me, Captain Heldstrom.'"

Cécile pressed her lips firmly together.

"Look at me."

Slowly and as if moved by some compelling force the lovely, rebellious face was raised, and the long gray eyes, with their double fringe of black lashes, were turned to meet the clear blue ones flashing from under the bushy eyebrows. Cécile's eyes sought the deck.

"Forgive me, Uncle Chris," she murmured.

"Dot is efen better, my dear. Listen, Cécile: I am not a poor man und I am getting on in years. My brodder has left me lands und houses in Norvay, und I own in some big ships. But I stay und sail dis old yoonk for your fader und draw my pay, vich is nodding, und vy? Because if I go, who den vill take care of my little girls? Your fader is not rich; perhaps he is not so rich as me, but you are my family und all dot I have is yours, yoost as I am yours. Und so, my little girl, I talk to you like a Dootch uncle, und I am not Dootch, but Norvegian und a gentleman born. Dot is all, my dear."

But it was not quite all, for Cécile rushed to the old viking and flung her young arms about his neck and kissed the first exposed spot she could find on the deep-lined, bearded face.

Then she stepped back and surveyed him through misty eyes.

"When I meet a man like you," said she, and caught her breath, "he will find out that I am something more than a flirt."

And she turned and fled below.

Hardly had she disappeared when the captain's alert if somewhat blurred vision was caught by a yacht's dingey rapidly approaching the Shark. Picking up his glasses he at once discovered, sitting in the stern of the boat, a young man whom he recognized as a Mr. Huntington Wood, who had been the previous summer one of Cécile's most devoted suitors. When the caprice of the spoiled beauty had sent him eddying in her wake with the other wrecks Heldstrom had sighed deeply. He had liked and admired Wood, finding him all that a well-bred young American ought to be. Included among these virtues was a very large fortune, and Captain Heldstrom had been deeply disappointed that Cécile could not have found it in her heart to care for him.

Seeing that Wood was coming to call, Heldstrom sent the steward to inform Cécile, then received the guest himself, there being no one of the family on deck. Wood was a clean-cut, thoroughbred-looking man of about twenty-eight. Perhaps his greatest attraction lay in the thoughtful kindliness of expression that was habitual to him. There was humor, also, and the typical American alertness.

As Wood and Heldstrom exchanged their greetings there came from forward a sort of buzz of suppressed excitement. The hands were peering intently into the dazzling reflection of the sun on the water at the harbor-mouth. Captain Heldstrom quickly leveled his glass in that direction, then laid it down with a shrug and a shake of the head.

"What is it?" Wood asked.

"Der Pilot-fish, zir," answered the sailor.

"What do you mean?"

Heldstrom was about to reply when Cécile came up through the companionway and Wood went to meet her. She greeted him with a quizzical smile. Wood flushed.

'You were right," said he. "Here I am back again in less than six months."

"We have missed you," said Cécile, and she led the way aft.

"Thank you. I have come back not as a suitor, but as a friend."

"Still bitter?"

"Not in the least."

"I heard," remarked Cécile, with a little laugh, "that you were building a Home for Sick Babies."

"That is true. My cure for bitterness—and not a bad thing for the babies. If all of your rejected lovers would only turn to philanthropy for their cure what a lot of good you would do!"

"That is a nasty remark."

"Sorry. Let's drop personalities. How are you all?"

"Papa's asthma is better. He has taken a tremendous fad for cooking and spends most of his time stewing over the galley stove. This seems to be a good thing for him, though bad for us. The cook's wages have had to be raised."

Wood laughed. "And the girls?"

"Paula is as sweet as ever. Hermione has grown up. She is taller than I am and is going to be a beauty."

From the hands clustered on the t'gallant forecastle there came at this moment a sort of stifled yelp, immediately followed by some deep-sea admonition from Captain Heldstrom. As if in answer to the commotion there popped out of the galley, which, as in most old-fashioned vessels, was in a forward deckhouse, a corpulent figure with a crimson face, snow-white mustache, and a shining bald head whereof the luster was marred by streaks of flour.

"Papa!" called Cécile.

Captain Bell, for it was he, turned sharply, and seeing Wood his choleric face lightened. He tore off his apron, wiped his bare, floury arms and came striding jerkily aft.

"Well, well, Huntington; glad to see you, my boy. Excuse my negligée—was just at work on an omelet soufflé, but somehow it went wrong. Dam' thing collapsed like a punctured tire. All the fault of this hell-sent Pilot-fish!"

"What is the pilot-fish?" asked Wood.

"Cécile will tell you while I brush up. You will stop for lunch—yes? This is not a request; it is an order. I have made a *plat* on which I want your opinion." He glanced over the rail. "You are off the Arcturus?"

"Yes; cruising with Livingston Poole. I leave him tomorrow. His people are to join him at Portland."

"Come and visit us a bit." He raised his voice. "Christian, tell that man from the Arcturus to go back and say that Mr. Wood is lunching with us."

"Yes, zir."

Pausing to search the horizon with his glasses, Captain Bell went below. Wood looked inquiringly at Cécile.

"Did you ever hear of a pilot-fish?" she asked.

"Yes. It is a little fish that is a constant companion of the shark. So this is a companion of yours?"

"There is a man who lives on a little yawl and goes wherever we go. Last summer we began to notice that no matter where we were there would turn up sooner or later this same little boat. Sometimes she would be in port when we arrived. No doubt he got our next address at the post-office and then passed us en route. The Shark is about as speedy as a brick-barge and this yawl is a smart little sailer."

"What is the game of this Pilot-fish?" asked Wood.

"It appears that we are his mind. He makes us do his thinking for him. Here comes papa; get him to tell you of his interview with the Pilot-fish."

Captain Bell, refreshed inside and out, appeared at this moment in the companionway. His first glance was for the harbor-mouth.

"Come here, Papa," called Cécile, "and tell Huntington about your conversation with the Pilot-fish."

Captain Bell joined the two. "The Pilot-fish," said he, "is a balmy galoot in a little yawl who has been eddyin' around in our wake all summer. When it got certain that his whole business was to trail us I went alongside him and asked what he meant by such cheek. I found a long, tawny, sleepy-eyed scoundrel drinking tea and munching macaroons.

"'Good day,' says he. 'Won't you come aboard? You are just in time for tea.'

"'Thanks,' said I, 'but I didn't come for tea. I came to ask why in thunder you hang under my fin like a bloomin' pilot-fish.'

"He set down his teacup and turned a pair of yellow eyes on me.

"'Do you mind?' he asks. 'I don't want to intrude.'

"'That depends on what you do it for?' I answered.

"'Well, then,' says he, rumplin' up his hair, which is about a foot long and the color of coir rope, 'I follow you because it saves me the trouble of deciding where I want to go.'

"'The deuce you do!' said I, too surprised to say more.

"'Do you mind?' he asks.

"'I don't know that I mind,' said I; 'but you make me tired. Can't you do your own thinkin'?'

"'It's so distractin',' says he, and heaves a sigh. 'You see, Captain Bell, I am a poet, and if I have to determine where I want to go it breaks into the Muse.'" And Bell went off into a fit of wheezy laughter that finished in a coughing spell. "Now, what d'ye think of that?" he gasped.

"It sounds fishy to me," Wood observed.

Bell nodded. "Still," said he, "there may be something in it, after all. I give you my word, I come near going off my chump sometimes trying to decide where to go next. The girls will never help me out But to go back to this idiot. 'Just the same,' I said, 'it must be deuced inconvenient sometimes to follow me through all kinds of weather in that little thing.' Says he: 'That's good moral discipline. If it weren't for that I'd lie in one place and rot. You'd see the pond-lilies sproutin' from my spars. For instance,' says he, 'comin' up here I got started too late to catch the tide and was dodging rocks in the fog all night long. That is an excellent way for a poet to refresh his faculties,' says he. 'Of my own initiative it would never happen, but I put myself under a moral obligation to go wherever and whenever you do.'"

Bell gave a plethoric chuckle. "'Well,' said I, 'at any rate you must know your business. It was thick as pea soup.' Says he, waving his fin, 'I can usually find my way around.' And he took a swig of tea. Upon my word, I began to like him. He has only one man; a half-baked Finn with a cleft palate and one eye swung over to port; a warlock, if you ever saw one. The Pilot-fish told me that he found the beggar starving on the beach. Nobody would ship him, he was that rum. These two zanies scarcely ever speak. The Finn lives up forward and only comes aft to handle the boat and valet him. He was ironing his shirt on the fore-hatch while we talked. I asked him to dinner, and you'd have thought from his face that I'd suggested our havin' a glass of potassium cyanide together. 'Oh, no—no—no!' says he, takin' a grip of his yellow thatch. Said I, 'What's the matter? I'm not planning to poison you.' He began to spatter out apologies; said that once he had met my household he would not feel at liberty to tag me around, and asked me once more if I was sure that I did not object. 'Follow me to hell if you like,' said I. 'The sea is free to all, and you never get within half a mile anyway.' My word! he was so upset he broke his teacup against the coamin' and I left him tryin' to swig his tea out of nothin' and bitin' the china ring around his finger. Coming off that evening we passed the Finn. 'Kennebunkport, Kennybunkport-kennybunkportkennybunkport,' he was patterin' to himself. You see, he'd been ashore to find out our forwarding address. When we reached Kennebunkport, sure enough there was this floatin' bughouse lyin' at anchor and the Pilot-fish refreshin' himself with tea and macaroons. As we rounded up ——"

His narrative was interrupted by a commotion forward. The men were talking and gesticulating. Out of the galley bounced the cook, a pair of battered glasses in his hand. Up through the pantry hatch popped the steward, like a rabbit coming out of his hole; and the girls' maid, a matronly woman, followed him.

"Look-a-that," growled Bell in disgust. "You'd think the White Squadron was comin' in." He leveled his glasses at the swimming glare. "Confound him—it's he—and Cécile gets into me for ten dollars."

Down below a cabin clock rang sharply two bells. "Two bells, sir," said a quartermaster. "Make it so," snapped Bell, for the Shark's routine was strictly naval.

Two bells were struck forward, to be followed by a smothered chorus of exultation from the winners of sundry

bets. "Silence, there!" cried Bell, and he added to Wood: "This ship has got to be no more than a bloomin' grandstand. That lobster has lost me ten dollars. He must have stopped to fish."

Captain Heldstrom started forward, smiling under his grizzled beard.

"Win, Captain?" snapped Bell.

"Fife dollars—from der cook, zir," answered Captain Heldstrom.

"This Pilot-fish," observed Wood, "has got the races beaten to a finish."

All eyes aboard the Shark were directed over the starboard bow. Out of the vivid glare appeared presently a small, chunky vessel, yawl-rigged, though from the size of her mizzen she might have been classed as a ketch. No bunting did she fling to the light, offshore breeze; no pennant, burgee, ensign—not even so much as a telltale at her truck. Huntington, a yachtsman of some experience, doubted that she had been designed and built for a yacht. Beating back and forth across the bay the yawl finally made her berth about halfway between the Shark and the eastern side of the harbor.

"What is her name?" asked Wood.

"Her name," Bell answered, "goes with the tea and macaroons. It is Daffodil."

"Oh, fudge!"

"His name," said Cécile, "is Harold Applebo."

She had expected to hear a feeble cry for help, but was disappointed. Wood sprang up from his lounging position.

"Harold Applebo!" he cried. "Why, he was a classmate of mine. I might have known—from your father's description."

Cécile opened wide her gray eyes. "Tell us about him."

"Harold Applebo," Wood began, "is eccentric and a poet. At college, however, he was not considered by any means a fool."

"Does he write good verse?" asked Cécile.

"One needs to get into the bathtub to read it. Yet, although mushy, he has a few admirers and has published two books, doubtless at his own expense. Selections from the first were read to me this summer by a friend. When she had finished my head felt like a bottle full of bees. There was an Ode to a Dewdrop in the Heart of a Pansy; another was called Flowers at Play."

"'Nuf, 'nuf—let me up," murmured Bell.

"I managed to keep my strength," continued Wood, "until my friend, who happened to be a young mother, recited, from memory, Baby in the Asphodel. That finished me. I have never felt the same toward babies since. That is unfortunate, considering my charity."

He leveled a glass toward the yawl. "Yes, I see Harold; and there is a thing like a gollywog getting into the dink."

"The Finn," said Cécile. "Tell us some more about Applebo."

"At college he kept house with a parrot and a bullpup, and was known to have eccentric ideas. He did not believe in friendship, saying that one's attitude should be the same toward all of one's fellows. Although known to be tremendously powerful physically, nothing would induce him to enter athletics. He said that the demonstration of individual prowess was a vain exhibition of superiority, and therefore not ethical. It was observed that his arguments were beautifully adapted to his own tastes."

"Sounds rather an interestin' ass," said Bell. "Why not jump into the dingey and see if you can't get him for lunch? He might come for you." Wood glanced at Cécile, who nodded.

"Do," said she. "Tell him that he may let us do his thinking for him just the same."

"Very well," answered Wood, always obliging.

Captain Bell raised his fat, throaty voice. "Away—dingey!" he called to the quartermaster on duty.

II

WHILE Captain Bell, Cécile and Huntington Wood were idly discussing the maneuver of the Pilot-fish, and different members of the crew were engaged in settling their bets, there was one person aboard the schooner who was taking measures to put an end to the voluntary devotion of Mr. Harold Applebo, poet.

In her roomy cabin below, Miss Hermione Bell had heard the exclamations that announced the sighting of the Pilot-fish. The porthole over her bunk commanded a view of the harbor-mouth, and resting on brackets overhead was a big, battered, old-fashioned telescope. Hermione threw down her book, reached up for the glass and took a dead rest on the brass rim of the porthole, when the Daffodil sprang to meet her vision, swimming unsteadily in the vivid reflection of the sun.

Once the yawl was clear of the glare Hermione was able to examine her in detail. The first object to catch her eye was a figure squatting in a toadlike way up forward, which, even as she looked, scrambled upright as though in obedience to an order and began to clear the anchor. Hermione observed that the man's body was disproportionately wide for its height, that his head resembled a deckswab and that the legs were very bowed.

"The Finn," she muttered. "What a brute! He looks like a sea-spider."

Passing from the Finn she tried to distinguish the figure at the wheel, but all that was visible above the high coaming was a mop of reddish-yellow hair and one big, bare shoulder. As though conscious that he was under scrutiny Applebo kept his face persistently turned away, and Hermione had learned by experience that when he was presently forced to go about he would shift himself to the other side of the cockpit, keeping his back to the Shark. The wheel of the yawl was placed very low and almost hidden by the high coaming.

"Hang him!" Hermione burst out, and closed the telescope with a vicious snap.

For several minutes she sat on the edge of her bunk lost in thought, her head tilted slightly forward and her eyes unfocused. One graceful leg hung straight down; the other was tucked under her, schoolgirl fashion. Her kimono, open at the throat, showed that splendid, arching bust seen most frequently in singers. Hermione was not a singer, but she was a strong swimmer and the lung development is similar. Her neck was straight and strong, the little *nuque* a detail for sculptors to dream of, carrying its subtle curve to hide in the thick, black, lustrous hair. Hermione's type was Celtic; Irish and French would both have claimed her, the latter for an Auvergnate, because of her very deep violet eyes and the little nose with the retroussé tip, which all three of the girls had from their mother. Hermione was taller than her sisters and was destined to be a big woman at maturity, this promise being so far draped in youth.

Europeans found Hermione far more beautiful than Cécile, and Paula lovelier than either. But to the American taste the girl's type was too tropical, even her indigo eyes commonly passing for black. There was also about her a tempestuosity that appalled most people, especially in so young a girl. Hermione was not a hoyden, she was far too feminine for that; but she was temperamentally impetuous, often to the point of violence, and her discourse when angered was not always what it should be. Christian Heldstrom worshiped the planks she trod on, and she had given him more trouble than both of the others put together—which is to say that she gave him more trouble than did Cécile, as Paula was always good.

Hermione had already many beaus, whom she treated like dogs. Yet her method was kinder than Cécile's, for Hermione never flirted. If she liked a man she permitted him to row and sail and swim with her; if she did not like him she told him to clear out. For gallantry she had no patience and was apt to receive with contumely the most subtle of flatteries.

And yet——

Hermione's long, round arm reached for the lid of a little locker beside her bunk. Therefrom she took a large package of cream or rather corn colored notepaper closely covered by a small, regular handwriting, which at the first glance resembled Greek script. From this package Hermione selected a sheet at random; then, flinging herself face downward on the bunk, dropped her pretty chin into one hand and, resting on her elbow, she proceeded to acquire the following interesting information:

"This Pilot-fish Has Got the Races Beaten to a Finish"

TO HERMIONE

The fog may blanket the sleeping sea,
Hermione;
Sunbeams may falter, moonbeams pale
May swoon at the frown of the darkling gale—
I follow thee,
Hermione.

The skies may weep or the tempest shrill,
Hermione;
Tide-rips may growl and the rock-fangs yawn,
And sea-traps be set in the lightless dawn—
I follow still,
Hermione.

I may not see thee nor hear thy voice,
Hermione;
Nothing I ask but to know thou art there,
To share thy ocean, to breathe thy air—
So I rejoice,
Hermione.

Thus, if I sing one little song,
Hermione,
'Tis the cry of the gull swept off on the wind,
One soundless sigh of a love that is blind—
Forgive my wrong,
Hermione.

Hermione read the verses twice through, then stared at the white bulkhead.

"Fool!" was her polite comment.

There were a great many of these poems, each bearing a different date and each a souvenir of some port which the Shark had visited. Over a period of three months ran the verses, and not once during that period had the poet been within a quarter of a mile of her, to Hermione's knowledge. Once or twice she had caught a glimpse of Applebo's face through her telescope, but never a satisfactory one. Paula was the only one of the girls

(Continued on Page 62)

The Actor as a Business Man

By GEORGE M. COHAN

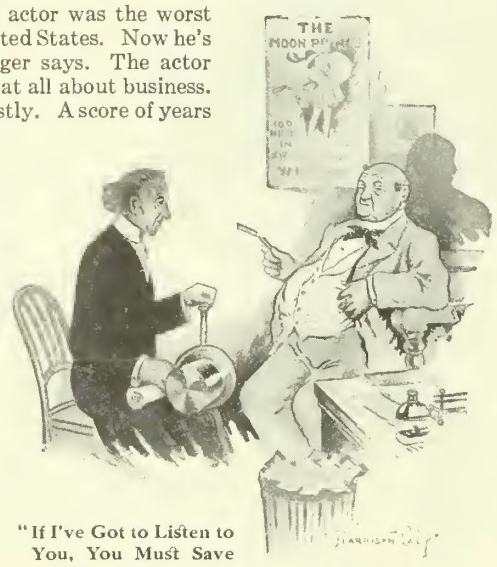
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

TWENTY years ago every actor wanted to be a manager. Today every manager wants to be an actor.

Why?

A few years ago the actor was the worst business man in the United States. Now he's the best—so the manager says. The actor claims to know nothing at all about business.

I differ with him—vastly. A score of years back actors led precarious lives. Apart from the great stars and their supports, the stage was filled with a more or less desultory set, who roamed from town to town, playing wherever they could get a theater or a hall. Many of these were known as "barnstormers," "hamfatters," and the like. They had all the traditions of the stage of that day, chief of which was irresponsibility. Compared with the work of the serious men of today, their methods were quite absurd. They spouted the loud thoughts of the playwright with high theatricalism. It was their business to copy masters rather than to interpret or create. Nowadays the word is realism. If the actor plays a scene in which he has trouble with his wife he does it just as naturally as if he were really having trouble.



"If I've Got to Listen to You, You Must Save My Time by Giving Me a Shave, Like a Barber"

At that time the vaudeville business was confined to song-and-dance men, acrobats, black-face comedians, and all that sort of thing. Musical comedy—a combination of farce, comic opera and vaudeville—was an undeveloped industry.

But there began a movement that has revolutionized the theatrical world. Caste had been carefully observed. The legitimate actor had never taken the vaudeville stage seriously as an outlet for his talent. He began to adopt it. His field broadened. The work proved a most lucrative stop-gap between seasons.

The Rise of Players' Earnings

THE growth of the country and its demand for amusement to offset the strenuous life of the people exceeded the supply. The trolley car made small towns accessible to the farm, greatly increased their floating population and created many new centers of amusement. Prices began to soar. Stock companies were split up into stars, and their leading men and women, who had averaged a hundred and fifty dollars a week, got five hundred or more. Local stock houses were put up all over the country. Men and women who had played small parts in the big cities now did leads. Finding themselves suddenly confronted with the possibility of being stars, these persons developed all that was in them and in a vast number of cases won out.

Soaring prices made the stage attractive to persons who had neither histrionic ability nor hysterical ambition. They regarded it as a plain moneymaking proposition, easier than the law or medicine, and ten times more remunerative at the start. In this way a class of serious, not overambitious, persons has taken the place of the happy-go-lucky people who used to do the mediocre work.

The practice that has recently come into vogue of sending out three or four companies to play a popular hit has greatly increased the demand for actors. The adoption of the vaudeville stage by high-class actors has not only brought it within the domain of artistic respectability but has increased the market for talent.

The high comedy man no longer considers it beneath his dignity to earn twenty-five hundred dollars a week in vaudeville. It is no uncommon thing for a man to do the drama today and tomorrow a sketch in a continuous-performance house. The public is not scandalized at the sight of such "carving-in-ivory" work as that of Ned Holland in The Bishop's Candlesticks sandwiched in between the stunts of a beef-and-beery English balladist and an acrobat. These high-toned fellows may hold off for some time, but the lure of vaudeville gets them at last. I have in mind a big actor who was living on borrowed money and steadfastly refusing to go on to the variety stage. He presently accepted a large offer, did a splendid sketch, was the talk of the town, and greatly increased his prestige for regular work.

With better prices came an army of stage-workers. Today there are between seven and eight thousand actors and actresses in America, taking no account of those who do vaudeville work only, musical comedy people, and what are known as "extra" persons or supernumeraries.

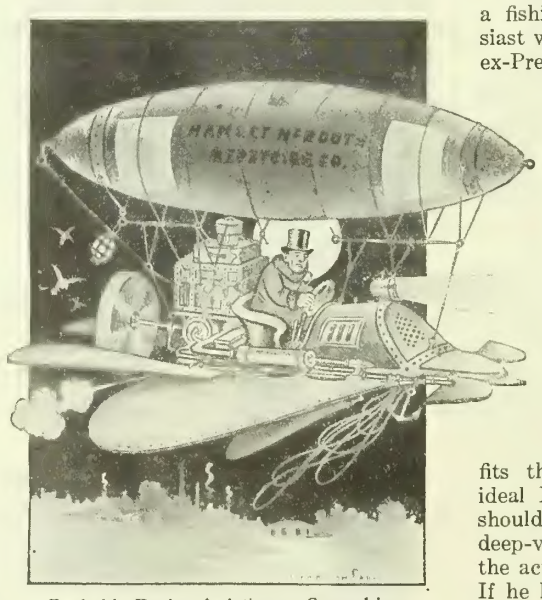
Persons at the top, who have a share in the receipts, in many cases make from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a season, and as high as seventy-five thousand dollars a year for two or three years is sometimes made by an actor in the same play. In grand opera earnings are even more fabulous. Caruso customarily makes a hundred thousand dollars in a short season, and the lady songbirds do almost as well. The smaller people of the stage earn from eighteen dollars a week up in the chorus, or from thirty dollars up for a small part in the legitimate. The humbler members of the profession are compelled by the very nature of things to acquire shrewdness. Their transportation is paid, but they must board and lodge themselves; and it is interesting to see how quick the word is passed when some good, cheap place is found. But thrift does not always wait upon progress. I have in mind an actor who paid eight dollars a week for board during a whole season. A few years later it cost him seven thousand dollars to live for the same period.

But why does the manager say that the actor is the best business man in the country? In the first place, he is a shrewd advertiser. He knows the value of personal fame to the dollar and avails himself of everything that adds to his reputation. Even outside agents are not despised. His methods are progressive. Near-automobile accidents succeeded diamonds and divorces, which used to be good mediums of notoriety. Probably daring aviation or something quite as sensational will come next. The illustrated interview with the actor in the Sunday section counts for little today. The public is too used to his stilted style of off-stage talk—his cynicism—his roasting of audiences and the like.

A few years ago the actor got so little that he never could save enough for large investments. To put his money in the savings bank of any particular city left it unavailable for sudden demand when on the road—a contingency not wholly unknown to actors. To carry a big roll was a temptation to himself and to all predatory persons who should chance to see it. Nowadays the actor invests his money mostly in real estate. He is great for first mortgages on city property. It has become a hobby with him to buy a small farm somewhere and tuck it away, so to speak, as a last resort; for he has a keen sense of the exigencies of his business.

Nowadays all actors who average a hundred and fifty dollars a week turn their money over. Many keep at least half of their savings in a roll which they loan out on good personal security at rates not wholly modest. Even among chorus men shrewdness is not lacking. One will carry along a line of goods on the side, while another will act as banker to those who gamble.

A traditional superstition with the actor is that the manager is always trying to get the better of him. So he is always on his guard. When he gets through blue-penciling a contract which the manager submits it is so skillfully changed that it's the actor's proposition, and not the manager's, which is signed. Thus, with consummate adroitness, he secures for himself every advantage that the manager thought he was getting. The most astonishing sample of this kind of work was pulled off by the late Ezra Kendall. That gentleman took the manager's contract, cut out the middle, leaving only the heading and the border, pasted his own proposition in the frame, sent it back, and the manager signed it.



Probably Daring Aviation or Something Quite as Sensational Will Come Next

Joseph Jefferson was a splendid example of ideal shrewdness. He would never go on playing when tired out, and would deliberately rob himself of lucrative engagements in order to spend his time in recreation. Once when playing Rip to big business he suddenly decided to cut his engagement short.

"But," protested his manager, "think of the thousands of dollars you'll make if you play ten weeks longer."

"But," replied Jefferson, "in ten weeks the trout won't be running."

Outside of his profession, and in the matter of investing in pictures, Jefferson was not shrewd. Once he sold a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gilt-edged bonds, put the money into an electrical project in Florida and assumed all the risks attendant upon such a venture.

Jefferson's conservatism was proverbial. Some years ago he had an all-star cast which played The Rivals. This was so enormously successful financially that the management contemplated an all-star season in School for Scandal, with Jefferson as Peter Teazle. But the veteran actor thought it all over and finally declined to do it.

"I'm getting old," he said. "I can't afford to risk my reputation—I might fail in Peter, and if I did then the people wouldn't even come to see me in Rip—they'd get to think of me as a failure."

Jefferson's Investment in Pictures

EVERY ten years the Jefferson family used to say that Rip was getting played out, but Jefferson recognized that there was a rising generation that had never seen the play. However, one of his sons got the idea that he'd put some up-to-date realism into it and suggested what he thought an improvement to his father.

"Let's put in real waterfalls," said the son, "and bring on real horses and have real men drinking at the bar. What do you think of it, Father?"

Jefferson had stood with head bent in reflective pose, apparently deeply pondering the proposed innovation, and the son took this as a good sign.

"What do you think of it, Father?" he repeated hopefully.

"I think it's damned impertinent," Jefferson answered quickly in that high, piping voice that he could make so deliciously funny when he chose.

In the buying of pictures Jefferson showed a remarkable combination of shrewdness and love for others. He almost never made a mistake as to the value of paintings. He used to say, "I love these subjects—I actually feast on them from day to day—but I should be a very selfish man indeed if I were satisfied to sit here and do this without feeling that my family would be benefited in a financial way when I am gone."

In contrast with his conservatism and shrewdness in matters pertaining to paintings and acting was Jefferson's credulity in other things. Once at a fishing party a certain enthusiast was dilating on occultism to ex-President Cleveland and others. The sturdy statesman listened patiently for a time, then cut the enthusiast short with, "Oh, tell that to Jefferson—he'll believe anything."

There is another thing in the actor's favor which he is not slow to avail himself of: he knows that he wouldn't be sent for unless he were an absolute necessity—that he stands out from the army of actors like "a house afire" in that he so conspicuously fits the part. He may be the ideal Ironmaster—rugged, broad-shouldered, red-faced, grizzly and deep-voiced. It is also the part of the actor to be very independent. If he has ten thousand dollars in his pocket he doesn't show any more nerve than if he's broke.

It is amusing to hear an actor and manager negotiate salary. They go at it this way:

"You sent for me," says the actor.

"Sent for you?" The manager lifts his eyebrows and fumbles among the papers on his desk as if looking for a memorandum. Failing to find this, he presently says: "Oh, yes; perhaps I did. I'm thinking of making a production"—he's already ordered the scenery. "There

might be something you could do"—he's booked him for an important part, though he hates him.

And so the bluffing goes on. Each one knows what's in the other's mind, and each one knows that the other knows it; yet there's a certain margin of uncertainty that justifies the bluffing.

Pursuing the game, the manager attempts to show that the actor doesn't give him anything in return for what he gets.

"Think of it!" he says. "I hire some one to write a part for you, get a stage manager to tell you how to play it and a costumer to tell you how to dress it. Why," he goes on, "I pay you, from whom I get no ideas at all, more money that a United States Senator gets for big ideas and big responsibilities."

And the actor quietly retorts: "Your stage manager and your costumer make a puppet of me. Why don't you let me play my own conception of the part and give it something real? If you don't want me to use my talent you might as well hire a schoolboy to do it."

The actor has little creative genius. He lacks imagination. As a matter of fact, he seldom suggests a distinctive way of playing a part. He almost never invents lines. Few comedians are capable of creating a legitimate laugh by inventing lines or business. I have seen them stoop to ridiculous things, however; but, by doing this, the actor only cheapens himself.

The Stunts of a Beef-and-Beery English Balladist

The audience may laugh at the act, but it will leave the theater with a poor opinion of the player who condescends. It is he who does the decent thing in the decent way who gets the consideration of the people, where the other fails.

"Don't you see that every time you get a laugh that's not legitimate it hurts the play?" the manager protests bitterly.

"Then why did you give me such a funereal piece?" responds the actor. "I can't get laughs out of lines that have no wit or humor in them."

Here the playwright joins in.

"They blame me—not you—for the stupid things that are done in the play."

Actor and Manager Have it Out

I SHALL never forget the distress that an actor once caused me. I had written a vaudeville sketch. It was all right—clean as a hound's tooth—made a big hit. But the horseplay actor who had the leading part wasn't satisfied. The laughter wasn't vociferous enough for him. He was doing the part of a plumber when he introduced this bit—without consulting me, I assure you. When he entered the room he stood looking around for a minute; then, as if his eye had fallen upon something, suddenly darted across the stage, picked a cigar-butt out of the cuspidor, lighted it and proceeded to smoke.

The thing created a howl of laughter, but lots of people were disgusted and blamed me for the exceedingly vulgar bit.

"After all, it's the play that counts," the manager observes, with a significant look at the playwright.

"Then why do you make stars of us and put our names up on your electric signs?" the actor retorts, and the manager shrugs his shoulders and answers weakly, "Every little helps."

Sometimes the manager appeals to the actor's gratitude thus:

"Remember, I made you what you are."

"The potter must have the proper clay to work with," suggests the actor.

"Come, come," says the manager; "didn't I bring you out?"

And the actor replies characteristically:

"No; you didn't. On the contrary, you tried to hold me back. Accidentally you gave me a chance in that small part, and then the public would have me."

"Why, hang it!" says the manager angrily, "if it were not for me you couldn't live."

"And if it were not for me," says the actor, "you couldn't keep your great theater open, pay rent and hold your people together."

Occasionally the actor assumes the plaintive.

"Why do you make us go through so much red tape to get into your office?" he complains. "I have to cool my heels outside, hours at a time, and be patronized by that little beast of an office-boy of yours. Even when I get in you don't treat me well."

This is the manager's inning. "The trouble is, you don't talk straight, definite business," he says. "You waste too much time blowing your own horn and detaining a lot of other men who are eager to get in and talk about themselves. I've often thought it would be a good scheme to equip myself, and when you actors begin to brag about what you have done, and what you can do, pull out scissors and razor and tell you that, if I've got to listen to you, you must save my time by giving me a hair-cut and a shave, like a barber. But seriously," he goes on, "I have adopted a new method. I've told each actor that I'd see him if he'd agree not to talk about himself—that I had an important matter to attend to. Preposterous, but they actually did it. That very day I saw a greater number than usual, and instead of getting home to a seven o'clock dinner I was able to leave my office at three-thirty—in time to go to the ball game."

The actor is sometimes compelled to put up with poor accommodations. He kicks about the miserable railroads that reach one-horse towns, at the dirty dressing-rooms, insolent stage hands and vile hotel accommodations.

"Why, in the name of all that's merciful, do you send us over such a beastly route as this?" he says.

And the manager comes back with, "You insist upon forty weeks in your contract, and I've got to send you somewhere."

Many of These Were Known as "Barnstormers," "Hamfatters," and the Like

The Big Money-Makers

AS A MATTER of fact, the actor does insist upon not less than thirty weeks, and a show must be a crackerjack that can hold the boards for more than sixteen weeks in any town. If the manager guarantees a certain time he must pay salaries whether the play stays out or not. To save himself further loss in case of failure he must get his actors work elsewhere.

In nine cases out of ten the actor makes the manager pay for his wardrobe—and everything else—if he can get away with it.

When one considers that under a guaranty a star in a city like Brooklyn would get for his or her share something like a thousand dollars a week, while the owner of the show would not receive more than three hundred, and that out of this profit the owner would have to pay eight or ten thousand dollars for his production—if it lasts long enough—one can understand why he wants to be an actor.

Harry Lauder makes five thousand dollars a week for the twenty-week engagement he plays in America. Besides, he gets five hundred dollars for singing one of his songs in the phonograph. His five-month American tours yield him one hundred thousand dollars. Then he goes home and plays. He is booked to do this for five years. What manager is in the Lauder class as a money-maker?

If Maude Adams should leave Frohman there isn't a manager in the country who wouldn't guarantee her five thousand dollars a week. Recently she took in twenty-four thousand dollars in one week with her small, comparatively inexpensive company, in What Every Woman Knows. Are you beginning to see the reason for the manager's change of attitude?

McIntyre and Heath are getting two thousand dollars a week for the same act that paid them two hundred and fifty dollars a week ten years ago. The Four Mortons are getting seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week for the act that brought them in three hundred dollars ten years ago. If J. W. Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man, had lived, he'd be getting five thousand dollars a week today. In my opinion he was the greatest entertainer on the vaudeville stage.

The Actor Has His Breakfast—in Bed—No Earlier Than Ten

In relation to this phase of the business, one might imagine the following interview between McIntyre and Heath and the manager.

"Why," says the latter, "should I pay you two thousand dollars a week for something I got for two hundred and fifty dollars ten years ago?"

"Think of all those years when we weren't getting what was coming to us," say McIntyre and Heath. "All the time when you were paying us two hundred and fifty dollars a week for a two-thousand-dollar proposition, you were putting seventeen hundred and fifty dollars of our money into your pocket. But, to go further, if it's worth two thousand dollars a week now, when it's old, it must have been worth three thousand dollars ten years ago, when it was new. As a matter of fact, you were paying us less than ten per cent of what the act was worth."

Something of a wake-up for McIntyre and Heath, wasn't it? They're worth half a million apiece today.

The actress will complain that the manager is exploiting her for temporary profits, but to her permanent detriment: that if she be compelled to play too old a part she cannot return to a more youthful rôle. But the manager holds that, if the public deem her better fitted for older parts, she would better stick to them. In answer to her contention that it narrows her field, he replies that it increases her value as a specialist; in fact, managers prefer to keep actresses in young parts until their increasing years put such a thing out of the question, since it is to his advantage to exploit every phase of her ability.

A strong point in the actor's favor is, if he be playing a part at a hundred dollars a week and scores a hit, he can triple his salary for the next thing. The manager, on the other hand, spurred on by success, makes bigger speculative plunges and perhaps comes a cropper.

A curious illusion cherished by the actor is that the manager is doing a bigger business than he really is. He looks at a five-hundred-dollar house and thinks it's a fifteen-hundred-dollar one at least. And against this he never figures the cost of production, the organization of the company, the paying of salaries, and all the rest of it. Nor does he take his manager's failures into account at all. No; all the owner has to do is to sit down every night and take in the shekels. But when the actor becomes a manager he soon forgets that he has ever been an actor—and if he has been the loudest in his abuse of owners he now becomes the most exacting in his treatment of actors.

When the Actor Changes His Tune

THERE isn't an actor of prominence in America today who hasn't a valet. I don't know of three managers who have such accessories. Most of them tie their own shoes and brush their own clothes. The manager who is a good business man must be at his office not later than nine o'clock; the actor has his breakfast—in bed—no earlier than ten. I've often thought this was the Mecca of his ambition.

The minute an actor makes a success of a part he has three or four years' work assured to him; but if he should lose eight or ten weeks in rehearsing he can always get a stock engagement. Once we engaged an actor for a new play. He had an engagement with a stock company for fifteen weeks, and we had to pay him full salary for that time before he would play the part for us.

Arguments between actors and managers often become regular feuds, but they don't last. The manager swears that never again will he engage so-and-so, but when occasion arises he forgets and forgives. He calls the actor a genius, the actor calls him a prince—and the incident is closed.

With the manager, the play business is speculative from beginning to end. The speculation begins with the reading of the submitted manuscript. No one ever lived who could more than guess the effect of a play on an audience. The reading of it is no criterion. It must be tried out in public. One may not think a certain line funny while reading a play or seeing it rehearsed, but he would laugh with the public who should see fun in that line. This is the psychology of the crowd—the most subtle element that a manager has to deal with.

(Concluded on Page 50)

Claude Flanagan Meets a Train

In Which a Layman, Who is a Drayman, Snoops Round a Stage-Door and Supports a Leading Lady

By THOMAS B. DONALDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

PROLOGUE

THEM two jist fit and fit!" Old Man Higgins, the cough-drop king, thus indicated that the fight was a draw. He was non-partisan. The Transfer roustabouts saw nothing of the fight except their beloved Legs Smith. Profanely insistent were the Railroad partisans that Chesty MacFarland had put it all over said Legs. Final arbiters were fifty per cent of the Banbury Police Department—fifteen minions tried and true—who came on the run and shooed the warring clans in divers directions. Chesty MacFarland was quite an efficient station-master except for a choleric temper. The temper was not his fault; and we condone it, knowing that it was inherited from an Irish mother who might have bred ring champions.

In further elucidation of the situation, it may be said that the N. Y. & R. P. had many years before entered into agreement with the Union Transfer to the effect that all theater stuff should be hauled exclusively by the latter. This agreement had been broken in several instances. Legs Smith, a former driver, was now a Transfer official. Legs vented his spleen upon Chesty and the latter lost no time whaling Legs good and proper, with result that Legs landed flat in the cinder-path, below the freight platform. Despite the five-foot fall, Legs bounced up like a terrier, grabbed Chesty's knees, and dragged him overboard. The two men produced an effect as of active buzz-saws chirring into gravel. It was a very spectacular sight, inasmuch as every three seconds the dust clouds were riven and in the rifts the contestants displayed blood-smeared faces, frightfully cinder-grained. There was, too, some language. The fighters were dragged apart, not without force, and hustled quickly away. The tried and true policemen—several had been tried and acquitted—arrived after proper delay in order to persuade harmless spectators from the scene with magic wands of walnut.

Incidentally this contest was the overture of that annoying domestic drama, The Transfer Strike, or the Union Forever! Strike the drivers did, and tramp draymen reaped the harvest. "Tramp" may not be the just word; not the dignified word. "Unattached" is better; for Claude Melnotte Flanagan was a drayman unattached though not a tramp. Had there been no strike—and no one struck—then there had been no little drama encompassing four charming personalities: Claude Melnotte Flanagan; Margaret, his sister; Venus, the mare; and last but not least Bertha Feigle, known to the world histrionic as Mademoiselle Valerie.

"That Girl Doesn't Belong Here. That's a Real Bolero"

ACT I

WE SHALL accept the following: That Claude Melnotte Flanagan was a teamster, or drayman; that he was of reputation decidedly good at twenty-eight years, and even better in after years; that he weighed two-twenty and was agile as a Mogollon Mountain panther if you know where the Mogollons are; that his heart was much more indiscreet than his brain; that he wouldn't have entertained a mean thought or a mean action for thirteen seconds; that he was a drayman of destiny whom you couldn't have kept down under ball-and-chain. In other words, he was the best of his class that Banbury boasted. Until the arrival of the Bonita Burlesquers, Flanagan was devoted to two things, his sister Margaret, and his glossy bay mare—she weighed nearly fifteen hundred—Venus. Margaret had some time agone signed articles as a truly wedded wife with one J. Arthur Smythe. Mr. J. Arthur consisted mostly of name. He was a bad one; and Margaret proved it by returning to her brother and purveying his meals and pursuing dust in their cozy home. As for Flanagan's given name, Claude Melnotte, he was known as Clod, or Big Boy, or Happy. The only bitter thought he ever held regarding his dead parents was the why-and-wherefore, the how-could-they-do-it, with respect to naming him. Oh, yes; another matter! Sister Maggie had named the big Nebraska mare, and named her Venus. Flanagan made it "Venice"; nor could explanations based on mythology and geography alter his version. Clod had purchased Venice for fifteen dollars when she was in quarantine; a suspect from regions where the foot-and-mouth disease, or something equinely dangerous, had ravaged many square miles. The local officials kept tabs on Venice for two weeks and then told Flanagan to come for her. He did; and copious applications of healthy food, much attention with brush and comb, and pettings and praisings from Sister Maggie, produced the best-looking dray mare in town. Clod's presence and his outfit betokened prosperity.

Ambling along Main Street at eleven o'clock Monday morning Flanagan and Venice reached the station. On the platform was an irate individual—Alf. C. Weeks, producing manager of the Bonita Burlesquers—commenting upon Banbury freely and audibly. About him were pyramided the trunks of the troupe; and Alf. C. was inclined to think that, considering the Transfer strike, it would be his duty to drag the baggage to the theater. Sighting Mr. Flanagan, he hailed him:

"Say, Bo! Isn't there a hearse a man could hire in this lemon grove?"

"I'll haul you," replied Clod, "for twenty-five cents a piece."

"I paid thirty cents last month," said the suspicious Weeks, "to the Transfer Company. Do you own that team or did you steal it? Why don't you charge regular rates, or more?"

"Will twenty-five suit you?" asked Clod. "Well, that's my regular rates."

Weeks stood aside and kept silent, deeply entranced withal because of the marvelous grace with which Flanagan floated the baggage on the dray.

"Say," said Weeks, "you're the only gazab I ever saw handle trunks that way. What's more, you tried to leave the lids on."

Flanagan grinned.

Weeks paid him two dollars and fifty cents for the ten pieces and said, "You could have milked me for fifty cents a bit. Big Boy, you'll never die rich; but you'll have a whole pack of friends who admire somebody square. Come round to the show tonight. It's on me!"

They parted.

As Venice ambled up the street, Flanagan's eye was attracted by a small trunk, topping the load, on which he read the name, "Valerie."

"What's that?" queried Clod. And he spelled "V-a-l-e-r-i-e! Maybe it's a herb doctor outfit! There's some drug-store stuff called that. I'll ask Maggie. Beat it, Venice!"

Mr. Flanagan wasn't so very far wrong: he meant "valerian." Pulling up the Star Theater alleyway, and backing to the trunk chute, Mr. Flanagan plumped directly into the curtain raiser of his comedy drama. Apparently awaiting his arrival was a trim-looking girl, her face incased in an opaque white veil gathered inward from the vast rim of a racetrack hat.

"Hello!" cried Clod. "You with the bunch?"

"That's my trunk," said she, not answering his question, but indicating the baggage marked "Valerie."

"Oh!" said Flanagan, swinging it to the chute. "You the lady doctor?"

"Doctor?" she queried rather sharply. "Me? I'm Mademoiselle Valerie. It's a French name; but I do the Spanish act with this show."

"Zat so?" asked Clod, much interested. "Your manager told me to trot round tonight. Guess I will. I say, could you leave me see your face? I'd sort of feel more int'rust in the show if I could pipe you from the front. Won't you raise the hoss net?"

Matter-of-factly, and in furtherance of Weeks' axiom, "Show yourself and advertise the show," Mademoiselle raised her veil. Discovered: A pretty but rather severe mouth; a pair of remarkably keen, brown eyes; glossy chestnut hair and—it pleased Clod more than anything else—a most impudent nose. There was a strange sensation—an unmanly fluttering—of Flanagan's heart. He laughed hastily and bowed.

"You're—you're—it's all right!" said he. "I'm awful pleased you ain't the straw-haired kind."

"Not for mine!" said Mademoiselle Valerie wearily. "I need the natural 'cause my act is Spanish. But we've got four broilers in our bunch who look like they'd tacked excelsior on their cocos. I want to look civilized on and off."

Grateful for even this bit of explanation Mr. Flanagan committed an indiscretion.

"Where you stayin' at?" he queried. The girl lowered her eyebrows, looked into his eyes, and—Flanagan felt as if a fire-hose had been turned on him.

"Picked the wrong party, haven't you?" the girl said sharply, and turned away. Flanagan halted her, confused.

"Say!" said he. "I didn't mean no wrong—if that's what got you r'iled."

Mademoiselle Valerie came back to him.

"You're green," she said to him; and to herself, "Green, but not fresh-green." And then to him: "What did you mean?"

"Because," said Clod, "I thought maybe you'd like to see the town—or—or have sumthin' to eat some night."

And then he stopped. A vision of Sister Maggie came before him. Sister had a bad opinion of burlesquers: she had attended one performance that was stopped by the police a few minutes after she had departed in disgust.

"What's your name?" the girl asked.

The eyebrows were again normal and the nose was not sniffing disdainfully.

"Flanagan," said he. "Clod Flanagan, or Happy Flanagan. Your name's Valerian, ain't it?"

She laughed.

"It is, only it isn't! I sort of like you, Mr. Flanagan. I see so many I don't like that I'm sort of scared when I see one I do like—which isn't often."

"Thanks," said Flanagan, somewhat embarrassed, and wondering why his face felt hot, and why his heart kept clippity-clipping.

"Well, to you my name is Feigle, Bertha Feigle. I have the other for a program handle. 'Spose you come round tonight after the show and take me home. All you need to do is to act decent."

"I can do that," grinned Flanagan, "more than one night a week. I'll be settin' in a box. They didn't take my measure for one of them house-chairs."

"You *are* sort of big!" said the girl, scanning him and noting the comfortable thickness of his chest. "Good-by."

"Wait!" said Flanagan, pointing. "Here's a member of the family you ain't met. It's Venice."

"Venice?" queried Miss Feigle, and laughed. "Oh, you mean 'Venus.'"

With a manner that betokened familiarity with horses, and a love for them, she slapped the mare's neck and rubbed her between the eyes. Venice switched her bunchy tail and was highly agreeable.

"We're startin' off well," laughed Flanagan. "Goodby, Miss Val—Miss Feigle!" And then ambled down the alleyway. Passing hails from brother teamsters were answered absently by Claude Melnotte. In fact, he was rather moody all day. Toward dusk, as they pulled for home, he flicked the whip over the mare's plump withers and said:

"Venice, what I'm thinkin' is—though maybe it ain't comin' right now—I'm a-thinkin' that there's great danger that some day you'll be cut off from my affections."

Being rather familiar with the moods of the male variety fair Venice snorted, but said nothing. What was the use?

ACT II

WHEN in the course of inhuman events men find it necessary to reform—and but few avail themselves gladly and freely of such opportunities, save when there is naught else to do—reform may be wholesale or retail. Mr. Flanagan was a good sort of man, and yet his moral derelictions in a certain direction came home and roosted on his conscience when, as a spectator in the Star Theater, he realized that Miss Bertha Feigle was actually a part of a burlesque outfit the indecorous gibes of which many a time and oft, in the regular run of similar shows, had caused him and his fellows to wax wildly enthusiastic. This night, Claude Melnotte felt highly ashamed of his theatrical past. The artists in Alf. C. Weeks' aggregation we use the word "artists" advisedly—were rather crude in their humor; but the show, as a whole, did not really need disinfectants. Now, our Mr. Flanagan was in house-box A. So was a duet of intelligent young men, seniors from the near-by college. They occupied one seat each. Mr. Flanagan occupied the other two. Inherent and rampant is the hostility of bread-winners toward college students; yet Claude Melnotte found himself unconsciously accepting the criticisms of the younger men, and following them in applause. When the Irish comedian made a broad jest, one that produced a riot in the whistling gallery, one of the college lads, a blond and manly-looking youngster, grunted, looked at Flanagan and said:

"Br-r-r! Sort of rough, what?"

"Pretty raw!" said Flanagan uneasily, thinking of Miss Feigle and awaiting her appearance. The other youth then indicated the orchestra, seven pieces and a piano, saying:

"She can surely beat that box!"

Mr. Flanagan almost fainted with guilt to note that Miss Feigle was the box-beater, and that a mere stripling had seen her first.

She rippled up and down the piano and made it "tz-z-zing!". Clod turned to the youngsters:

"Sounds nice, don't it?"

"Yes," said the blond youth. "Moreover, she looks human. Deliver me from most of these freaks parading on the stage! Sooner be shot than seen walking with them."

"I know her," said Flanagan, beaming at the seniors.

The dark one nudged his companion asking, "Friend of yours, eh?"

"Not jist yet," said Flanagan, anxious to be honest. "I hauled her stuff up this morning. She's clean-looking and she'd call you down quick."

"She looks the part!" said one. "She looks good, and I'll wager she is."

"You fellers," asked Flanagan, "are students up at the college?"

"No; we're undergraduates," said both in unison. And they laughed. So did Flanagan, for politeness' sake. The joke was beyond him. He cast his eyes toward Miss Feigle—or rather, toward where she had been playing—and found that she had retired. As she had failed to take a peep at him in the box, and as she had coldly gone elsewhere, Clod felt hurt. However, he was at once smoothed by the appearance of a sleight-of-hand man. Magicians had from time immemorial mystified our unimaginative drayman. He was doomed this evening to an abrupt awakening from his ancient dreams. These two seniors were quite pertly up to date.

"Now I lay me!" exclaimed the dark youth. "He's using the guinea-pig in the bottle and the egg-on-a-string! This isn't a show! It's an hour in ancient history."

Mr. Flanagan's reproving look resulted in explanations. The youngsters took him through the devious paths of legerdemain, showed him how every trick was worked. Mr. Flanagan made the discovery that a college really exists for some other purpose than organizing a vacation in summer time. Yet, deep in his ponderous heart he was sad. Gone forever, smashed and unmendable, was his ancient cult of magician hero-worship. Said he, wilted and yet alive, "Gee, you fellers know a lot! Ejication is sure a fine thing; a fine thing." Neither young man was rude enough to snicker.

Miss Feigle's stunt was a little beyond ninety-nine per cent of the audience. It was a legitimate bolero; legitimate in all save the use of the tambourine. The two young men were enthusiastic.

"That girl doesn't belong here," said the dark youth. "That's a real bolero; saw it danced in Cadiz last year. Bet thirty dollars—which I don't own—that she doesn't get a hand." But she did; not only the three pairs in house-box A, but generous applause from the gallery. Truth to tell, the girl's clear-cut face, her vivacity and grace, were a relief honestly appreciated. Both seniors tried, without success, to produce an encore.

"Say," said Flanagan, between the acts, "I'll buy! But, no beer, mind! You drink soft stuff, eh?"

"We do that," said the blond youth; "and we also smoke cigarettes," at which all three laughed. A rather rough boarding-house travesty followed. House-box A was immediately emptied! So far as Flanagan was concerned the show ended when Miss Feigle's nimble feet and lithe body left the boards. He treated the two young men, as he had threatened, and they parted with a handshake. Clod then espied Alf. C. Weeks at the bar.

"Hello, Big Boy!" called Weeks, walking toward him. "Didn't you like the show?" Weeks made it a rule to ask every one's opinion; and he was quick to act upon a constructive, intelligent criticism.

"What I seen was all right," said Flanagan.

"Did you see the Spanish stunt?" queried Weeks.

"Why?" asked Clod, with more flatness than he felt.

"The young lady was asking about you this evening," said Weeks. "Guess you made a hit."

"It's Up to You. I Never Liked a Girl in the World Like You and ——"

Clod was nettled, and said sharply, "What about it?"

Weeks lighted a cigar and said between puffs: "Oh, sort of peculiar! She doesn't notice many people; not even me, except on pay night. She's got a good head on her, and there's no monkey business with these stage-door sprinters." Flanagan's pleasure was evident.

"What'll you have?" Mr. Weeks took seltzer, a choice which raised him to a pinnacle in Flanagan's estimation.

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"Any pertickler place you want to eat?" queried Flanagan, as he conducted Miss Feigle from the stage door at 11:15 that memorable night.

"Nup!" said she. "Make it cheap and good. I don't want anybody throwing a bluff with a lobster supper."

"We'll go to MacPhail's," said Clod. "And to start with, I sure was pleased with your act. And say, Miss Feigle, you can beat that pie-anno fine."

"Beat it?" said she with a sniff. "I had to! That harp must have come over in the Mayflower and like as not it fell overboard at the dock. It would crack your fingernails."

Mr. Cameron MacPhail—known to the habitués as "Kam"—served more than oatmeal in his restaurant. He was a liberal man in chest and views. Though somewhat Scotchly conservative he was, in times of conflict, sudden and ably aggressive. Kam was fond of Flanagan and of his sister Margaret; and when from the cashier's desk he saw Clod mount the stairs with a burlesquer, he murmured: "Well noo! Wurra strange to see 'im chasing a show-birdy." And MacPhail, after their departure, scanning the dinner-check, was pleased to note the modest amount. It was one dollar and twenty cents. "Onyhoo, she's no bleeder," he conceded.

As the two sat down, Clod began: "I bring Maggie here once in a while," which, despite his brief acquaintance, was a rather untactful thing to say. Miss Feigle wasn't jealous of Maggie: she was merely womanish enough to resent any reference to another woman at a party in her own honor. Claude Melnotte was very, very dense in matters of this sort.

"Who's Maggie?" queried Miss Feigle. Clod explained that she was the educated half of his family; a convent girl; a fine sister. When he praised too warmly Miss Feigle stopped him. Waiter Number 1—known as John lost no time shuffling beside Miss Feigle. She knew what she wanted before she sat down and she ordered it. Number 1 glided off.

"Gee, you order quick!" praised Flanagan.

"What's the use to beef about it?" said Miss Feigle absently, and shrugging her graceful shoulders. "I say, Mr. Flanagan, is there any paint hanging on my eyes?" Flanagan found it interesting, and necessary, of course, to take a very long look. They were such nice eyes.

"No!" said he, entranced. "I don't think you need no paint, do you?"

"Cut it!" said Bertha, and then: "I don't? If you'd see me under a steel-spot without makeup you'd think so."

"I'm thinkin' about you as on the street, not the boards," said Flanagan. And then he called to Number 1: "Hurry them beers, please, Johnny." Number 1 never hurried; he simply glided. The beers were on the table as if by magic. As if at a signal both raised their glasses.

"Glad to meet you!" said Clod politely.

"Thanks!" said Bertha. They drank. Miss Feigle trailed a MacPhail napkin across her lips. Flanagan pinched his mouth with thumb and forefinger, silently regretting that his "Glad to meet you" did not evoke a similar response.

"I met that there manager after the thee-ayter," said Clod, "and I was glad to see he drinks seltzer."

"He'll have money," said Miss Feigle, "when a lot of booze hoisters are taking the gold-cure. Weeks is the strictest man I ever worked for. A little rough at times, but square. 'Course, he wants his pound of flesh."

"His what?" said Flanagan with a gasp.

Miss Feigle smiled.

"That's Shakspere," said she. "It means that you can't play Weeks for a sucker."

"Oh!" said Flanagan, much relieved. "When I talk to ejicated people like you I always feel like a rank outsider."

Miss Feigle was quite prepared to reproach him for his sarcasm; but she saw at once that Flanagan was all on the surface.

"Me educated?" she queried. "Not so's it would hurt anybody. Still, I know a little bit more than my talk shows. I've gotten careless in this business."

The gliding John was at hand depositing food on the table as silently as a spook.

"I'll have," said Miss Feigle, "another small glass of beer; but that's all."

"Same here, Johnny!" said Clod. "And bring me one of them blunt ten-cent cigars with the pink sash."

When they again raised glasses Miss Feigle placed "Happy" Flanagan in the seventh heaven by saying, "Pleased to meet you!"

"The pleasin' is all mine, all mine," said Clod, beaming. And then: "I'm glad to notice that you don't flirt with the red-eye." He trailed his thumb across the whisky and cocktail list on the bill-of-fare.

"Beer's good and plenty for me!" said Miss Feigle. "And it's cheap and tells you when to quit. I'm Dutch anyhow."

"From Milwaukee?" queried Flanagan.

"Nope," said she. "I'm from Cairo, Illinois." She pronounced it "Kay-row." Clod nodded.

"Ki-row? It's a dance town, ain't it?"

Both laughed, and Miss Feigle remarked covly, "Oh, you Flanagan!" They were getting on amazingly.

"Got any folks in Ki-row?" asked Flanagan. Before Miss Feigle confided that she had a mother she asked Clod sixty-four questions. She pumped him dry, and he never knew it. She even ascertained the exact amount of his earnings on big days and slow ones.

"I've got a good mother," Miss Feigle said. "I only broke into the business because I needed money—for a certain purpose."

"Of course," said Clod, "it's your own dope; but—er—er—what wages do you get in this business?"

"To busybodies I say seventy-five a week. To you I say thirty-six; and at that I'm fibbing a dollar's worth. I draw an extra ten for doubling on the ivories."

Mr. Flanagan—face to face with a princely ransom—was aghast.

"Holy mack'ral!" he gasped. "A little thing like you pullin' thirty-five washers a week? Have a—no, you don't want more beer, do you?" She didn't. Unable to conceal his emotions Mr. Flanagan suddenly frowned.

"Jealous, eh?" said Miss Feigle, smiling. And then she wagged her nose in a peculiar way.

Clod awakened and said, "Do that again with your snoot! I like it!"

Miss Feigle twisted her nose several ways and then blinked cross-eyed at Big Boy Flanagan, who roared with delight.

"Oh, you baby brown-net! Say, how'd some ice cream top off the beer? Could you?"

"I told you I was Dutch, didn't I?" said Miss Feigle; and then to gliding, noiseless Number 1, "Orange water-ice!"

"What I was thinkin'," said Clod—"what I was thinkin' was that no women would git married if they all earned money like you." He meant more than this.

"Sure they would!" said Miss Feigle. "Why not?"

"Well," said Flanagan, "would you shake your job to marry?"

"If the right man brushed by!" said Miss Feigle. "Say, the ashes off that torch have fallen inside your vest." So they had; and Clod's party shirt was sorely streaked. "Ice water won't help it any," said she. "Let it go."

"Well, Maggie ——" began Clod. She checked him with:

"Doesn't your sister raise a howl when you trot round after show-girls?"

"I don't trot!" said Clod explosively. Which was exactly what Miss Feigle wanted him to say. "You're a new one on me. What I like about you, Miss Bertha, is that you're so good and independent."

Miss Feigle grimaced.

"Plenty of backbone, eh? You like that in a woman?"

"Yes," said Flanagan, slowly eying her, and more and more entranced by her nose. "Yes; but I think you show too much of it in that there Spanish rig. There sure was some back exposed. I like it—yes—only ——" He stopped and actually blushed. Miss Feigle laughed; but the pupils of her eyes dilated a bit; and she was conscious of a glow of pleasure because the massive gentleman opposite her had assumed, unconsciously, a protectorate.

Gliding John presented the check, Flanagan paid, and with a good-night to MacPhail they turned southward along the city streets. As they halted at the steps of the boarding-house Miss Feigle placed her hand on Flanagan's shoulder and said:

"Flanagan, I like you. You're so straight. What I hope is that you don't get rinky-dinked some day by a woman. Believe me, you'd be a cinch for a wise petticoat."

"Oh, well," grinned Clod, "it's fun sometimes to lose your money on interestin' comp'ny."

"I'm not so sure," said Miss Feigle. "Money is all right in a way; but it don't sink in very far."

[illegible]ed; sighed audibly.

"You got some tale of woe?" queried Flanagan, a trifle anxiously.

"Who hasn't?" said Miss Feigle, watching him dreamily.

"I ain't!" retorted Clod.

"You will have—some day," said the girl. "Come see me again, won't you?"

"I guess yes!" grinned the Big Boy. Just before he departed he said: "Miss Bertha, as regards that rinky-dink business—I'd hate like sin to have it come from you."

ACT III

NUMBER 1—gliding John—was second cousin to the corner grocery man who sold sand to Margaret Flanagan. Big Brother's ailment was immediately noticed by Maggie. She said nothing about it, but simply took up the trail. Eventually she knew more about Miss Feigle than her brother did. Gliding John told all that he could—which was quite in approval—and from several other sources Sister Maggie secured her evidence. Her brother's little campaign rather floored her; but, at the same time, it introduced her to the depths of real affection in a really big man who was a really good man. A comparison twixt her late J. Arthur and Big Brother produced a horrible contrast. They were like a caterpillar and a big house-dog!

We shall now pass on to the ante-climax, mentioning only en route that Claude Melnotte learned in three days that the really interesting part of a theater is the stage-door. He was as fixed as a fire-plug against the Star alley-way wall from eleven to eleven-fifteen nightly. MacPhail saw them, welcomed them. Gliding John was taken into the family. The Big Boy almost forgot his "Venice" in those halcyon nights of suppers with Bertha. Mr. Weeks had arranged—the Bonitas had scored a terrific hit in Banbury and had played three consecutive nights—to bring his galaxy back to town after filling in at Binghamton.

Flanagan was a sick man when he thought of Bertha's departure. Sole consolation was the assurance that the troupe would return. All on his side though his love was, Miss Feigle may have suspected it; but she'd never heard it directly from him. Flanagan was enraptured. He lived in dreamland, building air castles trimmed with honeysuckle, furnished with inch-thick carpet, with stables for "Venice" and twenty pals. So, on farewell night Claude and Bertha dallied on her front steps.

"Ain't a doubt," queried Flanagan, "is they, that you will be back Sattaday night?"

"Not unless we hit a frost at Binghamton, and Weeksie loses his diamonds," said Miss Feigle, tugging at her gloves. "He has a thou's worth of them for any emergency. It beats walking ties." There were no pedestrians in sight, and the chrome glow of a feeble street lamp offered plenty of farewell opportunities. Flanagan said nothing; just looked solemn. "Well?" queried the girl.

"I wasn't sayin' nothin'," said Clod.

"You looked it," she replied.

"I could look at you a long time and say nothin'."

"Well, say it!" she remarked. Both laughed. She continued: "I'm sorry to leave, Flanny. You've been awful nice to me, and haven't tried to get fresh once."

"That's your fault!" grinned Clod. "Guess you know I have been fresh with some people. I ain't a Sunday-school kid."

"Glad of it!" said she promptly. "If you were I'd expect to be robbed or flim-flammed. Flanagan, you haven't even tried to kiss me."

"Tain't sayin'," said Clod, "that I haven't wanted to."

"Do you?" queried Miss Feigle. We may dare, right here, to apply the old rule that when an angel topples from a pedestal a man is at the bottom of it. Before Miss Feigle had dismissed the blush that she summoned to her own cheeks Claude Melnotte, like a raiding Viking, swung her to him in his powerful arms and kissed her in a way that was masterful. He placed her on the steps and panted:

"I—I—want to kiss you eighty-six times a minute!"

Miss Feigle, absolutely startled—not displeased, mind you!—and aghast at his strength and his unexpectedly sincere love-making, said one word, but with a world of meaning: "Flanagan!"

He eyed her. Then he said, and his jaws were clenched: "I never had a kiss like that. It's the only kind. We may both be dead tomorrer. Come here!" The girl was unable to protest; perhaps she didn't want to. When the Big Boy let go of her, there rang in her ears for many long days and nights his choked plea: "Now, sweetheart, good-by! If you die I won't never forget you and don't you forget me. Mind you; it's a Sattaday next!" And he strode swiftly up the street.

Miss Feigle stood on the doorstep, her brain awhirl, doubt assailing her heart, and affection for the Big Boy deep-rooted and ineradicable, though to fight it down she tried. Until the last street lamp flickered across the vanishing bulk of Claude Melnotte—until he had finally disappeared—she stood there and watched. And then she said: "He's so square, so square! If I'd told him—and I ought to—I'll bet he'd struck me. No—he wouldn't! I—I guess I'll leave the troupe and go back home." But she didn't.

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Claude Melnotte was quick of body but slow of mind. When a man of his type inhales a stray inspiration, which may be floating about looking for a cozy corner, you can seldom tell what will happen and what won't happen! Immediately after leaving Miss Feigle, the expert drayman cogitated. Then he cogitated some more. Now a man's failure to imbibe the dull monotony of an alphabet need not class him with dummies. Far from it! Geoffrey Chaucer was a great man, but, as some one pertly said, "he was a raw speller." So we shall not deny Flanagan opportunity to adopt an intelligent and novel and generous inspiration.

Robbins, the real-estate man, was highly dubious, and he minced no words. Clod confided in Robbins.

"Flanagan," said he, "you're plumb nutty! Of course I know that your word is as good as gold; but a whole lot of others I wouldn't trust. You may get the snicker and the hurldown from this girl! Why don't you tell your sister?"

"Ed," said Clod, "I won't tell her! Nobody but you and Howells is in on this. And, mind you, if my sister hears about this—until it's settled—I'll know who yapped. And I'll whale it out of you and Howells!"

"I'll stab you with a toothpick, you ruffian!" said Robbins. "Sign your name—there—to that lease. It's for a month. Good luck—you big fool." Mr. Flanagan signed, roundly and firmly, with a fine pig-tail on the end, and paid twenty dollars. Then he sought Mr. Howells of the Household Equipment Palace. They made a rapid but thorough tour of the shop, and Flanagan bought generously. When Howells heard all about it and was commanded to secrecy, he staggered a moment and sat down on a roll of Axminster.

"I beg your pardon, Clod," said he, for he was very suave, "but this is a deep one. You know what people would suspicion and ——"

"And I don't care!" stormed Clod. "I want you to move the stuff in at night; or say, I'll move it." Clod was perspiring freely.

"Women," said Howells dubiously, "are wiser in this sort of thing. Your sister ——"

"Sister nothing!" said Clod; "but don't you say it that way. If you let this leak out I'll ping you with a bale-hook. Don't talk no more! I'm nervous. Don't even say 'beans'!"

The moving was done the night before Bertha returned to Banbury.

Connoisseurs might have sneered at the sample room; but it quite

"I Say, Mr. Flanagan, is There Any Paint Hanging on My Eyes?"

suited Mr. Flanagan. We must admit that the carpet was rather noisy for an un-deaf family and that the wall-paper pattern severely strained our optic nerve. There was a take-me-home-for-$9 Morris chair which was at least big and strong. When Claude Melnotte reclined in it and closed his eyes and hummed gently, he felt quite content with his architecture and satisfied that, despite a few small things which time and money would provide, it was a complete and ideal "settin' room." It was now up to Miss Feigle, Mademoiselle Valerie, of Kay-ro, Illinois.

When Number 7 rolled into Banbury the following morning and the frizzled soubrettes of the Bonita Burlesquers sauntered to the opera house, Miss Feigle, trailing behind, fostered a grouch. She did not see Mr. Flanagan at the station. He was not directly at the station; but had Bertha squinted toward Main and Cedar Streets, ah, there were Happy and "Venice"! The big fellow, jealously and fearfully guarding his secret, lost his courage! He was there to attend her safe arrival, but chose seclusion until after dark. This isn't a woman's way in a love affair, as historians oft observe. A brass band, not love around the corner, would possibly have pleased Miss Feigle. When she joined Claude Melnotte at the alleyway of the Star, a trifle wearied after a matinée and evening performance, her manner to him was somewhat distant.

"Hello!" she said, offering her hand. Flanagan tried to make pulp of it.

"'Lo!" he beamed; and then, "Oh! 'Scuse me, Bertha! I forgot you was so little."

"Everything all right?" she queried listlessly. Clod wondered if she were attempting to read his mind.

"Sure!" he said heartily. "How 'bout you?"

"Oh, so-so," she said. This worried him.

"When we get a little snack of food at MacPhail's we'll feel better," said Clod, hustling her down the street, a trifle hurt that she was so unresponsive. As they were about to enter the restaurant she halted and said shortly:

"Let's not! Let's go home!" The alacrity with which he acquiesced puzzled her. For him her determination was helpful. This secret of his seemed to be cropping out all over his face, and the hangers-on at MacPhail's were sure, he feared, to intrude somehow. They strolled southward, neither speaking until he ventured, "You got in all right on Number 7, didn't you?"

"I guess that's the train number. I didn't see you," said she.

"But I was there," said Clod, guiltily. "I was 'round the corner. I see that you get in safe. I—er—thought I'd wait and say hello to you alone."

Miss Feigle's manner changed at once from a comatose condition to one of rather overdone effusiveness. Mr. Flanagan was entirely too innocent to observe any connection between his avowed presence at the railroad station and Miss Feigle's pique because she thought he was not there.

Bertha, like an enthroned queen, entertained becomingly while she and Mr. Flanagan sat upon the boarding-house steps. What was on Clod's mind had to come off, of course.

"Bertha," said he slowly, "tomorrer mornin' I'll come for you at ten. I want you to look over somethin' for me. I want your O. K."

"Look over something what?" said Miss Feigle. It appears in print as an awkward phrase; but Flanagan knew what she meant.

"Never mind," he answered slowly. "It's a secret. Now, Bertha, you won't ask no more questions, 'cause it would sort of spoil things." Thereupon Mr. Flanagan found it highly interesting to spend half an hour endeavoring to bend Miss Feigle's tapering fingers in varied directions without breaking them. He also took occasion to get very close to Bertha's adorable nose, which—shame upon him!—was mere subterfuge, an excuse for planting a few prolonged ones on the quite worth-while lips that, not unstrangely, were just a wee bit to the south of that same nose. In this advanced age of electrical illumination, Vale Street had been overlooked.

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"Venice? Oh, You Mean 'Venus.'"

Team Work in Town Building

By CARL CROW

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON FISCHER

NOT so very long ago a party of prosperous business men from Texas called on an equally prosperous automobile manufacturer at his office in the East. The visitors had heard that this manufacturer intended establishing a branch factory in the West and they had spent several hundred dollars in railroad fares in order to present to him the particular advantages of their own town as a location for the factory. The visiting party was representative. It was composed of a newspaper publisher, the mayor, the president of the local traction company, a couple of Texas capitalists and real estate men, and an expert on freight rates.

This being a project of some importance to all concerned the visit was marked by diplomatic ceremony. Cordial relations were established by the most suave of the visitors, who acted as spokesman for the party, and the manufacturer agreed to call at their hotel the following day, with his official family, to talk matters over with them. However, he had previously decided on a location in another city, for which he expressed regrets.

When the meeting time arrived the factory officials were ushered into a suite of rooms on which many hours of preparation had been spent. Covering the walls were photographic scenes of the town showing streets and residences and factories. In a prominent place was a large map showing railway facilities. A big chart gave a graphic illustration of comparative freight rates to different points, and other charts gave all the statistics about the town that any one would care to learn. There were tables showing bank clearings, street improvements, health statistics and wage scales—in fact a statistical analysis of a town, startling in its completeness.

On tables were samples of native hardwoods available in the manufacture of automobiles. This party of town builders was made up of good salesmen, and they had made sure that their samples were complete and of the best before going out to book orders.

Because they were good salesmen the samples were not thrust before the prospective buyers at once. Instead the manufacturer and his friends were invited to dinner, and when escorted to the table found a private dining-room set for a small banquet. In the center of the table waved a Texas flag, enlivened by a hidden fan. At the plates were Texas flowers. The meats served came from Texas cattle, which was almost unavoidable, but the fruits and vegetables, too, came from Texas, which had been contrived with some difficulty.

The dinner had been planned by the Texans for the double purpose of getting acquainted with the automobile men and of interesting them in Texas, a state which has so lately and so thoroughly reformed of its wild Western habits that its true character is scarcely known away from home. The visitors told Texas stories, told the story of the Alamo, told of the big ranches and of the sad passing of the great ranges before the advance of the man with the pig pen and the corn crib. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and when the final toast was proposed it was to Texas. The *entente cordiale* had been established.

The visitors remained two days. During that time a business conference was held at which the statistical charts were gone into with some detail. In the end the manufacturer announced that he would delay further arrangements for his new factory until he had time to visit Texas.

"Why not come now?" asked the Texans' spokesman.

The manufacturer wanted to but didn't think he had time. Then he wavered and agreed to go.

The Texans wanting to do the thing properly, and having large bank rolls with them, engaged a private car for the trip and then sent a lot of telegrams to the folks back home. When the car started on its way Texasward the automobile men found a reception committee that extended over the entire distance. Every few hundred miles some Texan climbed aboard the car, got acquainted and added something to the tonnage of Texas enthusiasm that was already being carried.

Long before the train crossed the border of the state the manufacturer and his party had caught the Texas spirit. They became Texas enthusiasts and were immensely curious about the town they were going to visit. The folks back home had been preparing for them and a reception committee of the town's most distinguished citizens waited in the trainsheds. The visitors were given a whirlwind entertainment, with barbecues, badger fights and banquets. When they left a few days later the manufacturer carried with him a duplicate copy of a contract wherein he agreed to establish an automobile factory in the Texas town in return for a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars and a conveniently located factory site of twenty acres. These conditions were subscribed to by the town's most substantial business men. The manufacturer was satisfied and the Texans were happy, not only in the accomplishment of a good piece of business but in the fine ardor of city pride.

In the modern game of town building, factories and railroads are the big prizes, and they can only be secured by the proper kind of team work. Until factories come the town is merely a place where the wealth created by the surrounding farmers is exchanged. Locate the courthouse there and the trade area widens to include a few more farms, and a few officials move in. Build another railroad and establish a wholesale house or two and the

town goes forward a bit, but there is a narrow limit to its progress. Start a factory and the town is on its way to the goal expressed by riotous population figures. It is no longer living on the wealth its soil alone can produce. Its manufactured articles are going out to other towns, bringing willing tribute from its rivals and from those outside the competitive zone. Smith Center buys its brooms. Metropolitan Podunk, with street cars and four railroads, smokes its cigars! Shipments of flour from the local mill sometimes find the ultimate consumer as far away from home as Cuba!

Factories build cities. They are so important that certain groups of gentlemen might, within a year, give Chicago a population above that of New York by the simple expedient of moving a sufficient number of factories to the former city.

A few centuries ago the system was different. The most populous towns were those that could offer the best police protection to their inhabitants. Thrifty citizens did not care to live in a town with insecure walls through which ambitious invaders from other towns might penetrate to the embarrassment of the family treasure. They sought a place guarded by husky brawlers, protected by staunch walls and ruled by a warrior of established repute. Having chosen his place of residence the good citizen provided himself with a stone club, ready alike for the defense of his own or the pillage of another town. This was the first manifestation of city spirit.

By-and-by poor old erring mankind decided that the looting of cities was not good form and invented the intricate game of business as a more interesting way of transferring the ownership of family treasure. Even under that code the game remained comparatively simple until the building of railways began.

Before that time a sizable town might be built at any point where a boat could unload, and at no other place. With the building of railroads a new element entered, as uncertain and interesting as a loose joker in a poker game. With proper railway connections it was found a town might prosper at any point, and therefore the previous ideas of commercial geography were abandoned.

The Rise of Fort Worth

EARLY in the sixties the Texas & Pacific Railway started building in Texas, with ambitious plans to link the two oceans by the southern route. When the road got thirty miles west of Dallas, the only big town in North Texas, a panic halted further progress. The western terminus was called Fort Worth, because of the location of an Indian fort in that neighborhood. A town soon sprang up with several frame shanties and no excuse for existence except the fact that it was the western terminus of a railway. For six hundred miles to the west lay the Indian and cattle and buffalo country, sparsely settled with cowmen, buffalo hunters and Indians. These restless gentlemen, needing flour, salt, lead and powder in the pursuit of their callings, came to Fort Worth to buy, because it was the nearest point. Commerce in the western town began to take on dignified proportions. Then buffalo hunting ceased to be a sport and became commercialized, and Fort Worth was the natural shipping point for many thousand buffalo hides.

Gambling-houses and saloons were opened to meet the whimsical needs of the hardy pioneers and the little terminus became quite a lively place.

Dallas, lately robbed of this western trade, noted the prosperity of her new neighbor, and the Dallasites smiled. "Wait until the railway builds west," they said, "and then Fort Worth will be nothing but a whistling point on the line." Fort Worth people retorted after the manner of the time, but they knew the taunt was true.

A little later a railway was projected from the north. The promoters were not particular where the road went so long as it connected with the Texas cattle country. Fort Worth heard of the project and held its first mass-meeting, at which a committee was appointed to go and see the promoters. Fort Worth was not the most convenient place toward which to build, but the promoters were promoters. They did not expect to operate the road, and a bonus in hand paid was enough to make them ignore future operating troubles. The committee returned and set to work to raise the bonus. The gamblers and saloonmen and merchants, all of whom were speculating in real estate on the side, contributed to the fund. The amount was raised and the road built to Fort Worth. After that other roads and factories were lured there, and when the Texas & Pacific built westward the town didn't notice it. Starting without an excuse for existence it has, with the proper kind of team work, grown to a population of about seventy-five thousand.

Traps for Shy Capital

WHEN enthusiastic citizens of a new town start in to force its growth they look about to note the factories it can support. Pawpaw Junction sees laundry baskets sent out of town and wants a steam laundry or a Chinese establishment. Smith Center, which boasts of a steam laundry and washes Pawpaw Junction's dirty linen, wants a flour mill. Framingdale, being somewhat larger, has a steam laundry and a flour mill but wants a brick plant. Each town in its efforts to become a self-supporting community is seeking to manufacture something now bought from another town, until we find St. Louis and other cities of the Middle West casting out nets for Eastern cotton mills. The investment dollar which builds factories and railways is notoriously shy and does not hanker after visits to new lands. The encouragement of the bonus or the local stock subscription is necessary. With it railroads are swerved from their original survey, factories are built, and the size of type in which names of towns will appear on future maps is now determined.

A few years ago the business men of an ambitious Southwestern town hired a train and spent a week visiting the smaller towns in their trade territory. The schedule called for sixty-five stops, and at sixty-five different places the train was met by an enthusiastic citizen who, as spokesman for the reception committee, welcomed the visitors. The sixty-five speeches might well have been mimeographed with a few blanks left for names and dates and figures. All the towns seemed alike in possibilities, all had the same railway facilities, the same cheap land to offer to farmers, the same class of population.

One member of the visiting party took careful note of these facts, and when business called him over the same territory a year later he was interested to note what changes had been made. Most of the hopeful municipalities were still hoping, with unpaved streets and real estate inactive. Others had progressed in marked manner, two or three having added railway facilities, and one having built a packing-house. Another, which had been unable to secure any large factories, had been content with a number of smaller enterprises and had started a creamery that was supplying its rival towns with butter. The traveler investigated and found that none of these things had come to the towns voluntarily. The creamery had been built after the town business men had induced a sufficient number of farmers to agree to keep Jersey cows. The packing-house and the railroads had been secured by offers of free sites and cash bonuses. A business college had been secured by pledging enough local students to support it.

The towns that had waited patiently for the world to discover their virtues through the windows of passing trains were as inactive as the mail-order house that does not advertise.

When a new town comes into existence or an old town enjoys a rapid growth it is usually some time before the place secures all the small factories and improvements to which its size would seem to entitle it.

Newton having attained a population of more than one thousand restive souls, its citizens fret because they must use kerosene lamps, as there is no electric light or gas plant included in the municipal scheme of things. One day a citizen, who five centuries ago would have called his townsmen about him and led an assault on a rival village, starts to work to secure the light plant. He makes a canvass of the business houses and asks for tentative contracts, wherein the signer agrees to take a certain number of lights, to be paid for at rates prevailing in other towns of the same size. He follows with a canvass of the principal private houses and then finds what can be expected of the city council in the way of a franchise and a contract for street lights. With these figures complete he is in a position to bring capital a captive to the city gate. This is the analytical card-index system of town building, developed by the new profession of commercial secretaries. Through it the prospective investor, seeking a location for a cotton compress in a Southern town, is able to learn the one railroad station where he could best locate and compete with existing cotton compresses. Through it flour mills, electric light and gas plants, steam laundries and brick plants are located with a certainty of return on the investment never known under the old slipshod system, which was no system at all.

This plan of securing factories is more common in the West than in the East. Propertyowners who have seen the population of their towns jump from nothing to several thousand know the profits that accrue during such a process through the increased value of real estate. They recall the recent wonderful examples of Chicago and Kansas City, and all things seem possible to them. They speak of live towns and dead towns, and when one wants to pay a municipality the supreme compliment he says it is "the livest town on the map."

The term dead, however, is a mistaken provincialism. No town is ever really dead until it ceases to be a town and becomes a spot where a town once stood.

The Awakening of a Sleepy Town

TRAVELING men used to say of Ashbrook that it was so dead they felt like putting crape on their hats as soon as they stepped to the depot platform. They maintained that nothing ever happened there except on Christmas or the Fourth of July, and declared that a dog fight on the public square kept the town in a turmoil for a week.

Of course that was a long time ago. Ashbrook now is a bundle of municipal energy, and as the mayor always says in his address of welcome: "Every citizen has his shoulder to the wheel of progress and is helping to put this fair city in its proper place among the metropolises of this country."

The reason for this came about in this fashion. Ashbrook had long been the abiding place of the machine shop of a certain railway, which maintained a large local payroll. With business thus

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A Statistical Analysis of a Town, Startling in its Completeness

The Innocence of Father Brown

THE SECRET OF THE SEALED GARDEN

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Why, You Aren't Wearing Your Sword. Where is It?"

THE Chief of the Paris Police, Aristide Valentin, was late for his dinner, and some of his guests began to arrive before him. These were, however, reassured by his confidential servant, Ivan, the old man with a scar and a face almost as gray as his mustaches, who always sat at a table in the entrance hall—a hall hung with weapons.

Valentin's house was, perhaps, as peculiar and celebrated as its master. It was an old house with high walls and tall poplars almost overhanging the Seine; but the oddity—and, perhaps, the police value—of its architecture was this: that there was no ultimate exit at all except through this front door, which was so carefully guarded by Ivan and the armory.

The garden was large and elaborate, and there were many exits from the house into the garden. But there was no exit from the garden into the world outside; all around it ran a tall, smooth, unscalable wall with special spikes at the top; no bad garden, perhaps, for a man to reflect in whom some hundred criminals had sworn to kill.

As Ivan explained to the guests, their host had telephoned that he was detained for ten minutes. He was, in truth, making some last arrangements about executions and such ugly things; and though these duties were rootedly repulsive to him he always performed them with precision. Ruthless in the pursuit of criminals, he was very mild about their punishment. Since he had been supreme over French—and largely over European—political methods, his great influence had been honorably used for the mitigation of sentences and the purification of prisons. He was one of the great humanitarian French freethinkers, and the only thing wrong with them is that they make mercy even colder than justice.

When Valentin arrived he was already dressed in black clothes and the red rosette; an elegant figure, his dark beard already streaked with gray. He went straight through his house to his study, which opened on the grounds behind. The garden door of it was open, and after he had carefully locked his box in its official place he stood for a few seconds at the open door, looking out upon the garden. A sharp moon was fighting with the flying rags and tatters of a storm, and Valentin regarded it with a wistfulness unusual in such scientific natures as his. Perhaps such scientific natures have some psychic prevision of the most tremendous problem of their lives. From any such occult mood, at least, he quickly recovered, for he knew he was late and that his guests had already begun to arrive. A glance at his drawing-room when he entered it was enough to make certain that his principal guest was not there, at any rate. He saw all the other pillars of the little party; he saw Lord Galloway, the English Ambassador, a choleric old man with a russet face like an apple, wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter. He saw Lady Galloway, slim and threadlike, with silver hair and a face sensitive and superior. He saw her daughter, Lady Margaret Graham, a pale and pretty girl with an elfish face and copper-colored hair. He saw the Duchess of Mont St. Michel, black-eyed and opulent, and with her two daughters, black-eyed and opulent also. He saw Doctor Simon, a typical French scientist, with glasses, a pointed brown beard and a forehead barred with those parallel wrinkles which are the penalty of superciliousness, since they come through constantly elevating the eyebrows. He saw Father Brown, of Cobhole, in Essex, whom he had recently met in England. He saw—perhaps with more interest than any of these—a tall man in uniform, who had bowed to the Galloways without receiving any very hearty acknowledgment, and who now advanced alone to pay his respects to his host. This was Commandant O'Brien, of the French Foreign Legion. He was a slim yet somewhat swaggering figure, clean-shaven, dark-haired and blue-eyed; and, as seems natural in an officer of that famous regiment of victorious failures and successful suicides, he had an air at once dashing and melancholy. He was by birth an Irish gentleman, and in boyhood had known the Galloways—especially Margaret Graham. He had left his country after some crash of debts, and now expressed his complete freedom from British etiquette by swinging about in uniform, saber and spurs.

When he bowed to the Ambassador's family Lord and Lady Galloway bent stiffly, and Lady Margaret looked away.

But for whatever old causes such people might be interested in each other, their distinguished host was not specially interested in them. No one of them, at least, was, in his eyes, the guest of the evening. Valentin was expecting for special reasons a man of world-wide fame, whose friendship he had secured during some of his great detective tours and triumphs in the United States. He was expecting Julius K. Brayne, that multimillionaire whose colossal and even crushing endowments of small religions have occasioned so much gay sport and easier solemnity for the American and English papers. Nobody could quite make out whether Mr. Brayne was an atheist or a Mormon; but he was ready to pour money into any intellectual vessel so long as it was an untried vessel. One of his hobbies was to wait for the American Shakspere—a hobby more patient than angling. He admired Walt Whitman, but thought that Luke P. Tanner, of Paris, Pennsylvania, was more "progressive" than Whitman, any day. He liked anything that he thought "progressive." He thought Valentin "progressive," thereby doing him a grave injustice.

The solid appearance of Julius K. Brayne in the room was as decisive as a dinner-bell. He had this great quality, which very few of us can claim: that his presence was as big as his absence. He was a huge fellow, as fat as he was tall, clad in complete evening black, without so much relief as a watch-chain or a ring. His hair was white and well brushed back like a German's; his face was red, fierce and cherubic, with one dark tuft under the lower lip that threw up that otherwise infantile visage with an effect theatrical and even Mephistophelean. Not long, however, did that salon merely stare at the celebrated American; his lateness had already become a domestic problem, and he was sent with all speed into the dining-room with Lady Galloway upon his arm.

Except on one point the Galloways were genial and casual enough. So long as Lady Margaret did not take the arm of that adventurer, O'Brien, her father was quite satisfied; and she had not done so; she had decorously gone in with Doctor Simon. Nevertheless, old Lord Galloway was restless and almost rude. He was diplomatic enough during dinner, but when, over the cigars, three of the younger men—Simon the doctor, Brown the priest, and the detrimental O'Brien, the exile in a foreign uniform—all melted away to mix with the ladies or smoke in the conservatory, then the English diplomatist grew very undiplomatic indeed. He was stung every sixty seconds with the thought that the scamp O'Brien might be signaling to Margaret somehow. He did not attempt to imagine how. He was left alone over the coffee with Brayne, the hoary Yankee who believed in all religions, and Valentin, the grizzled Frenchman who believed in none. They could argue with each other, but neither could appeal to him. After a time this "progressive" logomachy had reached a crisis of tedium. Lord Galloway got up also and sought the drawing-room. As he went toward it he could hear along passages the high-pitched, didactic voice of the doctor, and then the dull voice of the priest, followed by violent laughter. They also, he thought with a curse, were probably arguing about science and religion. But the instant he opened the salon door he saw only one thing—he saw what was not there. He saw that Commandant O'Brien was absent—and that Lady Margaret was absent too.

Rising impatiently from the drawing-room as he had from the dining-room, he stamped along the passage once more. His notion of protecting his daughter from the Irish-Algerian ne'er-do-well had become something central and even mad in his mind. As he went toward the back of the house, where was Valentin's study, he was surprised to meet his daughter, who swept past with a white, scornful face, which was a second enigma. If she had been with O'Brien, where was O'Brien? If she had not been with O'Brien, where had she been? With a sort of senile and passionate suspicion he groped his way to the dark back parts of the mansion and eventually found a servants' entrance that opened on to the garden. The moon, with her simitar, had now ripped up and rolled away all the storm wreck. The argent light lit up all four corners of the garden. A tall figure in blue was striding across the lawn toward the study door; a glint of moonlit silver on his facings picked him out as Commandant O'Brien.

He vanished through the French windows into the house, leaving Lord Galloway in an indescribable temper, at once virulent and vague. The blue and silver garden, like a scene in a theater, seemed to taunt him with all that tyrannic tenderness against which his worldly authority was at war. The length and grace of the Irishman's stride enraged him as if he were a rival instead of a father: the moonlight maddened him. He was trapped as if by magic into a garden of troubadours, a Watteau fairyland; and, willing to shake off such amorous imbecilities by speech, he stepped briskly after his enemy. As he did so he tripped over some tree or stone in the grass, looked down at it first with irritation, and then a second time with curiosity. The next instant the moon and the tall poplars looked at an unusual sight: an elderly English diplomatist running hard and crying or bellowing as he ran.

His hoarse shouts brought a pale face to the study door the beaming glasses and worried brow of Doctor Simon, who heard the nobleman's first clear words. Lord Galloway was crying: "A corpse in the grass—a bloody corpse." O'Brien, at least, had gone utterly from his mind.

"We must tell Valentin at once," said the doctor, when the other had brokenly described all that he had dared to examine. "It is fortunate that he is here," and even as he spoke the great detective entered the study, attracted by the cry. It was almost amusing to note his typical transformation. He had come with the common concern of a host and a gentleman, fearing that some guest or servant was ill. When he was told the gory fact he turned with all his gravity instantly bright and businesslike; for this, however abrupt and awful, was his business.

"Strange, gentlemen," he said as they hurried out into the garden, "that I should have hunted mysteries all over

the earth and now one comes and settles in my own back yard. But where is the place?" They crossed the lawn less easily, as a slight mist had begun to rise from the river; but under the guidance of the shaken Galloway they found the body sunken in deep grass—the body of a very tall and broad-shouldered man. He lay face downward, so they could only see that his big shoulders were clad in black cloth and that his big head was bald except for a wisp or two of brown hair that clung to his skull like wet seaweed. A scarlet serpent of blood crawled from under his fallen face.

"At least," said Simon with a deep and singular intonation, "he is none of our party."

"Examine him, Doctor," cried Valentin rather sharply. "He may not be dead."

The doctor bent down. "He is not quite cold, but I am afraid he is dead enough," he answered. "Just help me to lift him up."

They lifted him carefully an inch from the ground and the last question was answered at once and frightfully. The head had been entirely sundered from the body. Even Valentin was slightly shocked. "He must have been as strong as a gorilla," he muttered.

Not without a shiver Doctor Simon lifted the head. It was slightly slashed about the neck and jaw, but the face was substantially unhurt. It was a ponderous, yellow face at once sunken and swollen, with a hawklike nose and heavy lids; the face of a wicked Roman emperor with, perhaps, a distant touch of a Chinese emperor. All present seemed to look at it with the coldest eye of ignorance. Nothing else could be noted about the man except that as they had lifted his body they had seen underneath it the white gleam of a shirt front defaced with a red gleam of blood. As Doctor Simon said, the man had never been of their party. But he might very well have been trying to join it, for he was come dressed for such an occasion.

Valentin went down on his hands and knees and examined with his closest professional attention the grass and ground for some twenty yards around the body, in which he was assisted less skillfully by the doctor and quite vaguely by the English lord. Nothing rewarded their grovelings except a few twigs snapped or chopped into very small lengths, which Valentin lifted for an instant's examination and then tossed away.

"Twigs," said Valentin gravely; "twigs and a total stranger with his head cut off. That is all there is on this lawn."

There was an almost creepy stillness, and then the unnerved Galloway called out sharply:

"Who's that? Who's that over there by the garden wall?"

A small figure with a foolishly large head drew waveringly near them in the moonlit haze, looked for an instant like a goblin, but turned out to be the harmless little priest whom they had left in the drawing-room.

"I say," he said meekly, "there are no gates to this garden, do you know."

Valentin's black brows had come together somewhat crossly, as they did on principle, at the sight of a cassock. But he was far too just a man to deny the relevance of the remark. "You are right," he said. "Before we find how he came to be killed we may have to find how he came to be here. Now listen to me, gentlemen. If it can be done without prejudice to my position and duty we shall all agree that certain distinguished names might well be kept out of this. There are ladies, gentlemen, and there is a foreign ambassador. If we must mark it down as a crime then it must be followed up as a crime. But till then I can use my own discretion. I am the head of the police; I am so public that I can afford to be private. Please Heaven, I will clear every one of my own guests before I call in my men to look for anybody else. Gentlemen, upon your honor, you will none of you leave the house till tomorrow at noon. There are bedrooms for all. Simon, I think you know where to find my man, Ivan, in the front hall; he is a confidential man. Tell him to leave another servant on guard and come to me at once. Lord Galloway, you are certainly the best person to tell the ladies what has happened and prevent their leaving in a panic. They also must stay the night. Father Brown and I will remain with the body."

The Solid Appearance of Julius K. Brayne Was as Decisive as a Dinner-Bell

When this spirit of the captain spoke in Valentin he was obeyed like a bugle. Doctor Simon went through to the armory and routed out Ivan, the public detective's private detective. Galloway went to the drawing-room and told the terrible news tactfully enough, so that by the time the company assembled there the ladies were already startled and already soothed. Meanwhile, the good priest and the good atheist stood at the head and foot of the dead man, motionless in the moonlight, like symbolic statues of their two philosophies of death.

Ivan, the confidential man with the scar, came out of the house like a cannonball and came racing across the lawn to Valentin like a dog to his master. His livid face was quite lively with the glow of this domestic detective story, and it was with almost unpleasant eagerness that he asked his master's permission to examine the remains.

"Yes, look if you like, Ivan," said Valentin, "but don't be long. We must go in and thrash this out in the house."

Ivan lifted the head, and then almost let it drop.

"Why," he gasped, "it's—no, it isn't; it can't be. Do you know this man, sir?"

"No," said Valentin indifferently. "We had better go inside."

An Elderly English Diplomatist Running Hard and Crying or Bellowing as He Ran

Between them they carried the corpse to a sofa in the study, and then all made their way to the drawing-room.

The detective sat down at a desk quietly and even with hesitation, but his eye was the iron eye of a judge at assize. He made a few rapid notes upon paper in front of him and then said shortly: "Is everybody here?"

"Not Mr. Brayne," said the Duchesse de Mont St. Michel, looking around.

"No," said Lord Galloway in a harsh voice. "And not Mr. Neil O'Brien, I fancy. I saw that gentleman walking in the garden when the corpse was still warm."

"Ivan," said the detective, "go and fetch Commandant O'Brien and Mr. Brayne. Mr. Brayne, I know, is finishing a cigar in the dining-room. Commandant O'Brien, I rather think, is walking up and down the conservatory. I am not sure."

The faithful attendant flashed from the room, and before any one could stir or speak Valentin went on with the same soldierly swiftness of exposition.

"Every one here knows that a dead body has been found in the garden, its head cut clean from its body. Doctor Simon, you have examined it. Do you think that to cut a man's throat like that would need great force? Or, perhaps, only a very sharp knife?"

"It could not be done with a knife at all," said the pale docter.

"Have you any thought of a tool with which it could be done?"

"Speaking within modern probabilities I really haven't," said the doctor, arching his painful brows. "It's not easy to hack a neck through, even clumsily; and this was a very clean cut. It could be done with a battle-axe or an old headsman's axe or an old two-handed sword."

"But, good Heavens!" cried the Duchess, almost in hysterics, "certainly there aren't any two-handed swords and battle-axes around here."

Valentin was still busy with the paper in front of him. "Tell me," he said, still writing rapidly, "could it have been done with a long French cavalry saber?"

A low knocking came at the door, which—for some unreasonable reason—curdled every one's blood like the knocking in Macbeth. Amid that frozen silence Doctor Simon managed to say: "A saber . . . yes, I suppose it could."

"Thank you," said Valentin. "Come in, Ivan."

The confidential Ivan opened the door and ushered in Commandant Neil O'Brien, whom he had found at last, pacing the garden again.

The Irish officer stood up, disordered and defiant, on the threshold. "What do you want with me?" he cried.

"Please sit down," said Valentin in pleasant, level tones. "Why, you aren't wearing your sword. Where is it?"

"I left it on the library table," said O'Brien, his brogue deepening in his disturbed mood. "It was a nuisance—it was getting ——"

"Ivan," said Valentin, "please go and get the Commandant's sword from the library." Then, as the servant vanished: "Lord Galloway says he saw you leaving the garden just before he found the corpse. What were you doing in the garden?"

The Commandant flung himself recklessly into a chair. "Oh," he cried, "admirin' the moon. Communing with Nature, me boy."

A heavy silence sank and endured, and at the end of it came again that trivial and terrible knocking. Ivan reappeared, carrying an empty steel scabbard. "This is all I can find," he said.

"Put it on the table," said Valentin without looking up from his notes.

There was an inhuman silence in the room like that sea of inhuman silence around the dock of the condemned murderer. The Duchess' weak exclamations had long ago died away. Lord Galloway's swollen hatred was satisfied and even sobered. The voice that came was quite unexpected.

"I think I can tell you," cried Lady Margaret in that clear, quivering voice with which a courageous woman speaks publicly. "I can tell you what Mr. O'Brien was doing in the garden, since he is bound to silence. He was asking me to marry him. I refused; I said, in my family circumstances, I could give him nothing but my respect. He was a little angry at that. He did not seem to think much of my respect. I wonder," she added with rather a wan smile, "if he will care at all for it now. For I offer it him now. I will swear anywhere that he never did a thing like this."

Lord Galloway had edged up to his daughter and was intimidating her in what he imagined to be an undertone. "Hold your tongue, Maggie," he said in a thunderous whisper. "Why should you shield the fellow? Where's his sword? Where's his confounded bloody ——"

He stopped because of the singular stare with which his daughter was regarding him—a look that was, indeed, a lurid magnet for the whole group.

"You old fool," she said in a low voice without pretense of piety, "what do you suppose you are trying to prove? I tell you this man was innocent while with me. But if he wasn't innocent, he was still with me. If he murdered a man in the garden, who was it who must have seen—who must, at least, have known? Do you hate Neil so much as to put your own daughter ——"

Lady Galloway screamed. Every one else sat tingling at the touch of those Satanic tragedies that have been between lovers before now. They saw the proud white face of the Scotch aristocrat and of her lover, the Irish adventurer, like old portraits in a dark house. The long silence was full of formless historical memories of murdered husbands and poisoned favorites.

In the center of this morbid silence an innocent voice said: "Was it a very long cigar?"

The change of thought was so sharp that they had to look around to see who had spoken.

"I mean," said little Father Brown from the corner of the room, "I mean that cigar Mr. Brayne is finishing. It seems nearly as long as a walking-stick."

Despite the irrelevance there was assent as well as irritation in Valentin's face as he lifted his head.

"Quite right," he said sharply. "Ivan, go and see about Mr. Brayne again, and bring him here at once."

The instant the factotum had closed the door Valentin addressed the girl with an entirely new earnestness.

"Lady Margaret," he said, "we all feel, I am sure, both gratitude and admiration for your act in rising above your lower dignity and explaining the commandant's conduct. But there is a hiatus still. Lord Galloway, I understand, met you passing from the study to the drawing-room, and it was only some minutes afterward that he found the garden, and the commandant still walking there."

"You have to remember," replied Margaret with a faint irony in her voice, "that I had just refused him, so we should scarcely have come back arm in arm. He is a gentleman, anyhow; and he loitered behind—and so got charged with murder."

"In those few moments," said Valentin gravely, "he might really ——"

The knock came again and Ivan put in his scarred face.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but Mr. Brayne has left the house."

"Left!" cried Valentin, rising to his feet.

"Gone! Scooted! Evaporated!" said Ivan in humorous French. "His hat and coat are gone too, and I'll tell you something to cap it all. I ran outside the house to find traces of him; and I found one, and a big trace too."

"What do you mean?" asked Valentin.

"I'll show you," said his servant and reappeared with a flashing, naked cavalry saber, streaked with blood about the point and edge. Every one in the room eyed it as if it were a thunderbolt; but the experienced Ivan went on quite quietly:

"I found this," he said, "flung among the bushes fifty yards up the road to Paris. "In other words, I found it just where your respectable Mr. Brayne threw it when he ran away."

There was again a silence, but of a new sort. Valentin took the saber, examined it, reflected with unaffected concentration of thought, and then turned a respectful face to O'Brien. "Commandant," he said, "we trust you will always produce this weapon if it is wanted for police examination. Meanwhile," he added, slapping the steel back into the scabbard, "let me return you your sword."

At the military symbolism of the action the audience could hardly refrain from applause.

For Neil O'Brien, indeed, that gesture was the turning-point of existence. By the time he was wandering in the mysterious garden again in the colors of the morning the tragic futility of his ordinary mien had fallen from him; he was a man with many reasons for happiness. Lord Galloway was a gentleman and had offered him an apology. Lady Margaret was something better than a lady, a woman at least, and had, perhaps, given him something better than an apology as they drifted among the old flower-beds before breakfast. The whole company was more lighthearted and humane; for, though the riddle of the death remained, the load of suspicion was lifted off them all and sent flying off to Paris with the strange millionaire, a man they hardly knew. The devil was cast out of the house—he had cast himself out.

Still, the riddle remained; and when O'Brien threw himself on a garden seat beside Doctor Simon that keenly scientific person at once resumed it. He did not get much talk out of O'Brien, whose thoughts were on pleasanter things.

"I can't say it interests me much," said the Irishman frankly, "especially as it seems pretty plain now. Apparently, Brayne hated this stranger for some reason; lured him into the garden and killed him with my sword. Then he fled to the city, tossing the sword away as he went. By the way, Ivan tells me the dead man had a Yankee dollar in his pocket. So he was a countryman of Brayne's, and that seems to clinch it. I don't see any difficulties about the business."

"There are five colossal difficulties," said the doctor quietly, "like high walls within walls. Don't mistake me. I don't doubt that Brayne did it. His flight, I fancy, proves that. But as to how he did it. First difficulty—Why should a man kill another man with a great, hulking saber when he can kill him with a pocket knife and put it back in his pocket? Second difficulty—Why was there no noise or outcry? Does a man commonly see another come up, waving a simitar, and offer no remarks? Third difficulty—A servant watched the front door all the evening, and a rat cannot get into Valentin's garden anywhere. How did the dead man get into the garden? Fourth difficulty—Given the same conditions, how did Brayne get out of the garden?"

"And the fifth?" said Neil, with eyes fixed on the English priest, who was coming slowly up the path.

"Is a trifle, I suppose," said the doctor, "but I think an odd one. When I first saw how the head had been slashed I supposed the assassin had struck more than once. But on examination I found many cuts across the truncated section. In other words, they were struck after the head was off. Did Brayne hate his foe so fiendishly that he stood sabering his body in the moonlight?"

"Horrible!" said O'Brien and shuddered.

The little priest, Brown, had arrived while they were talking and had waited, with characteristic shyness, till they had finished. Then he said awkwardly:

"I say—I'm sorry to interrupt. But I was sent to tell you the news!"

"News?" repeated Simon, and stared at him rather painfully through his glasses.

"Yes, I'm sorry," said Father Brown mildly. "There's been another murder, you know."

Both men on the seat sprang up, leaving it rocking.

"And what's stranger still," continued the priest, with his dull eye on the rhododendrons, "it's the same disgusting sort. It's another beheading. They found the second head actually bleeding into the river, a few yards along Brayne's road to Paris; so they suppose that he ——"

"Is Brayne a monomaniac?" cried O'Brien.

"There are American vendettas," said the priest impatiently; then he added: "They want you to come to the library and see it."

Commandant O'Brien followed the others toward the inquest, feeling decidedly sick. As a soldier he loathed all this secretive carnage; where were these extravagant amputations going to stop? First one head was hacked off and then another. In this case, he told himself bitterly, it was not true that two heads were better than one. As he crossed the study he almost staggered at a shocking coincidence. Upon Valentin's table lay the colored picture of yet a third bleeding head, and it was the head of Valentin himself. A second glance showed him it was only a Nationalist paper called the Guillotine, which every week showed one of its political opponents with rolling eyes and writhing features just after execution, for Valentin was an anti-clerical of some note. But O'Brien was an Irishman with a kind of chastity even in his sins, and his gorge rose against that great brutality of the intellect which belongs only to France. He seemed to see the moon and the garden and the gory head and all the rest as a string of green and purple pictures in some vile Parisian romance. He felt Paris as a whole, from the grotesques on the Gothic churches to the gross caricatures in the newspapers. He remembered the gigantic jests of the Revolution. He saw the whole city as one ugly orgy, from the sanguinary sketch lying on Valentin's table up to where, above a mountain and forest of gargoyles, the great devil grins on Notre Dame.

"Perhaps He Was Also Thinking of Leaving All His Money to Your Church"

The library was long, low and dark. What light entered it shot from under low blinds and had still some of the ruddy tinge of morning. Valentin and his servant Ivan were waiting for them at the upper end of a long, slightly sloping desk on which lay the mortal remains, looking enormous in the twilight. The big black figure and yellow face of the man found in the garden confronted them, essentially unchanged. The second head, which had been fished from among the river weeds that morning, lay streaming and dripping beside it. Valentin's men were still seeking to recover the rest of this second corpse, which was supposed to be afloat.

Father Brown, who did not seem to share O'Brien's sensibilities in the least, went up to the second head and examined it with his blinking care. It was little more than a mop of wet white hair fringed with silver fire in the red and level morning light. The face, which seemed of an ugly, impurpled and, perhaps, criminal type, had been much battered against trees or stones as it tossed in the water. To O'Brien it seemed the last touch of that Parisian nightmare that the apish face had this halo of silver hair like a saint.

"Good morning, Commandant," said Valentin, with quiet cordiality. "You have heard of Brayne's last experiment in butchery, I suppose?"

Father Brown was still bending over the head with white hair, and he said, without looking up:

"I suppose it is quite certain that Brayne cut off this head too?"

"Well, it seems common-sense," said Valentin, with his hands in his pockets. "Killed in the same way as the other. Found within a few yards of the other. And sliced by the same weapon which we know he carried away."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Father Brown submissively. "Yet, do you know, I really doubt whether Brayne could have cut off this head?"

"Why not?" inquired Doctor Simon, with a rational stare.

"Well, Doctor," said the priest, looking up and blinking, "can a man cut off his own head? I don't know."

O'Brien felt an insane universe crashing about his ears, but the doctor sprang forward with impetuous practicality and pushed back the wet white hair.

"Oh, there's no doubt it's Brayne," said the priest quietly. "He had exactly that chip in the left ear."

The detective, who had been regarding the priest with steady and glittering eyes, opened his clenched mouth and said sharply: "You seem to know a lot about him, Father Brown."

"I do," said the little man simply. "I've been about with him for some weeks. He was thinking of joining our church."

The stare of the fanatic sprang into Valentin's eyes; he strode toward the priest with clenched hands. "And, perhaps," he cried with a blasting sneer—"perhaps he was also thinking of leaving all his money to your church."

"Perhaps he was," said Brown stolidly; "it is possible."

"In that case," cried Valentin with a dreadful smile, "you may, indeed, know a great deal about him. About his life and about his ——"

Commandant O'Brien laid a hand on Valentin's arm. "Drop that slanderous rubbish, Valentin," he said, "or there may be more swords yet."

But Valentin under the steady, humble gaze of the priest—had already recovered himself. "Well," he said shortly, "people's private opinions can wait. You gentlemen are still bound by your promise to stay; you must enforce it on yourselves and on each other. Ivan, here, will tell you anything more you want to know. I must get to business and write to the authorities. We can't keep this quiet any longer. I shall be writing in my study—if there is any more news."

"Is there any more news, Ivan?" asked Doctor Simon, as the chief of police strode out of the room.

"Only one more thing, I think, sir," said Ivan, wrinkling up his gray old face; "but that's important, too, in its way. There's that old buffer you found on the lawn," and he pointed without pretense of reverence at the big black body with the yellow head. "We've found out who he is anyhow."

"Indeed!" cried the astonished doctor; "and who is he?"

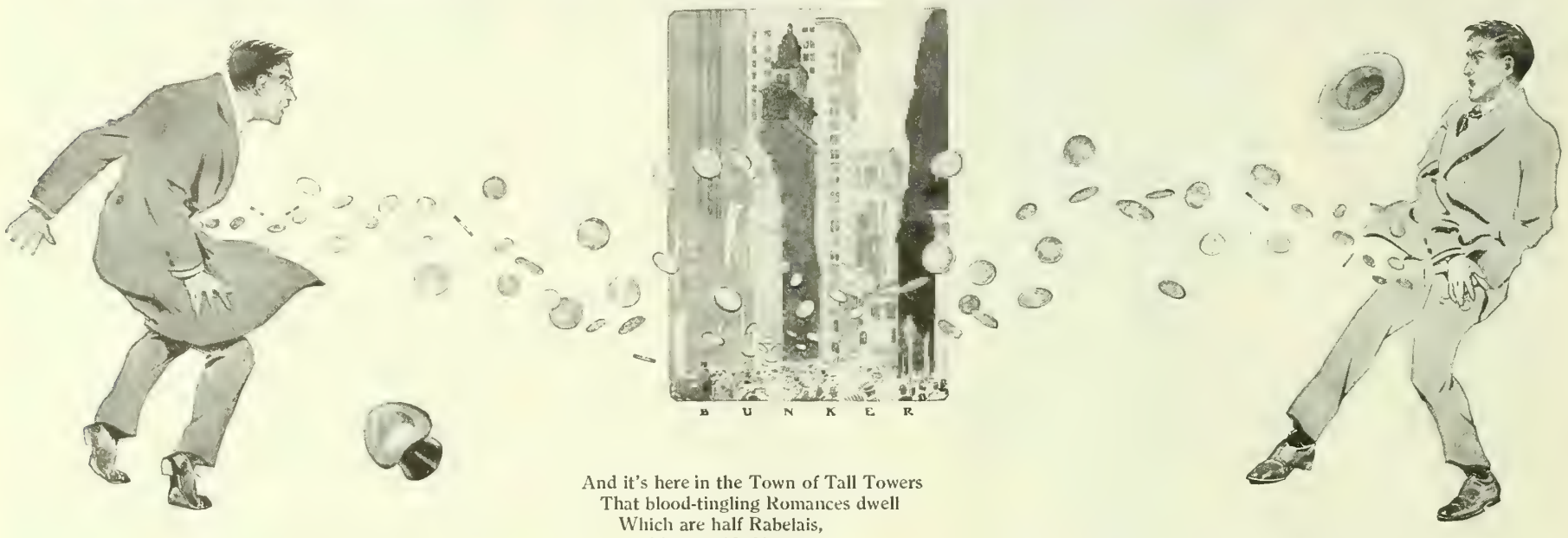
"His name was Arnold Becker," said the under detective, "though he went by many aliases. He was a wandering sort of scamp and is known to have been in America; so that was where Brayne got his knife into him. We didn't have much to do with him ourselves, for he

(Continued on Page 69)

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATION BY MAYO BUNKER

A Ribald Rhymester and a Cynic Sage See Some Summer Resorts



New York City as a Summer Resort

I

WHILE I and Diogenes sat for an hour,
Limp, dank and perspiring in Madison Square,
And worshiped Diana, who, perched on her tower,
Vied vainly with Mercury's rise into air,
The heat made me utter this Bromide's retort:
"New York, after all, 's a fine summer resort."

Diogenes gasped
And replied, deeply rasped:
"The same has been said by the exiles who dwell
In the torrid, transtropical ovens of—well,
As Dante remarked when he viewed the Hot Waste:
'There ain't no accounting for popular taste.'"

So we went hand in hand on that quest queer and quaint
Known on Broadway as "Seeing New York as It Ain't."

II

Ye Muses! how can I describe
The Average New York Hotel,
That home of Philistia's tribe
Where they "gotta have everything swell"?
If Nebuchadnezzar had built
(Backed by J. Pieplant Gorgon & Co.)
A barbarous Temple of Gilt
Where the Slaves of the Stomach could go;
With ceilings of mother-of-pearl
And barber-shops porphyry-lined,
Where Venus, the manicure girl,
Old Mammon's coarse nails might have shined;
With chairs swiped from Louis Fourteen
And rugs twigged from Omar Khayyam;
With Charlemagne grills where a queen
Might toy with the little-neck clam;
With Babylon's gardens divine
On the seventeenth story or so,
Like Heaven, plus women and wine,
And bodices cut rather low—
If Nebuchadnez' in New York
Had built such a hostelry swell,
Hiring Bacchus to stand by the cork
And Cupid to answer the bell,
Putting Janus as doorman to bid
Good welcome to Nob and to Slob;
If he'd finally hired Captain Kidd
To tackle the Head Waiter's Job—
If that jolly old Monarch of Bel
Had come to Gay Gotham to dwell
His barbarous taste
Would have seemed much too chaste
For the Average New York Hotel.

For it's here that the King of Siam
Takes the Queen of the Chori to lunch,
Where the sleek Man from Home
Meets the stranger from Nome
And hands him a "stock-market hunch."
And it's here where the Managers come
When they want to turn "shines" into Stars,
In rooms high and garish
Where Paintings by Parrish
Are chastely enshrined over bars.

And it's here in the Town of Tall Towers
That blood-tingling Romances dwell
Which are half Rabelais,
Half Bertha M. Clay,
In the Average New York Hotel.

III

(Robbers' Chorus, as sung by a Head Waiter, a Taxicabman and a Ticket Speculator on the steps of the Hotel.)

The Head Waiter:

Though me name is Jimmy Bassett,
I'm supposed to come from France—
Faith, me only human asset
Is an air of arro-gance.

All:

Is his air of arro-gance.

H. W.:

I've a heart for Love intended,
Philanthropic as I can;
For me hand is e'er extended
To "relieve" some fellowman.

All:

To relieve some fellowman.

Chorus:

Oh, it's lift, brothers, lift
For the midnight shift!
Hither comes a stranger with a wad—tin-tin!
Remember well the motto
Of our merry Bandits' Grotto:
"He was a stranger and we took him in."
Oh, without a sign of mercy
We'll relieve his wallet pursy,
Be he prince or private citizen or Bill H. Taft:
Let us ply our arts infernal
To enrich the lodge fraternal
Of the Merry Little Brothers of the Great Big Graft.

(All attack an elderly gentleman, drag him into the Hotel and charge him twenty-five dollars for a table marked "reserved.")

The Taxicabman:

If you think my car a barge is,
Slow and clumsy as they grow,
Watch the dial marked "extra charges"
And you'll find I'm not so slow.

All:

And you'll find he's not so slow.

Taxi:

Though a Railway Regulation
Moves the Senate and the State,
It's my Clockwork Transportation
That you cannot regulate.

All:

That you cannot regulate.

Chorus:

So it's click, brothers, click,
I will stick 'em to the quick.
Blacker craft ne'er scoured the raging street—yo-ho!
If my victim screams or hollers,
Up the dial goes thirty dollars—
And I'll charge him seven extra for the noise, by Jo!
I can falsify a number
While my passenger's aslumber,
He may swear and tear and thunder till he goes
plumb daft;
But, with all his bluff and bungle,
In the end he's got to pungle
To the Merry Little Brothers of the Great Big Graft.

(All seize a blind clergyman, throw him into the taxi and begin spinning around the hind wheels till the dial registers one hundred and eighty dollars.)

The Ticket Speculator:

Folks grow hot around the collar
When they know that I'm alive.
If a show is worth a dollar
I can sell a seat for five.

All:

He can sell a seat for five.

T. S.:

It would give old Shakspere rickets
If he saw me do my part,
Selling highest price of tickets
For the lowest form of art.

All:

For the lowest form of art.

Chorus:

So it's touch, brothers, touch!
For the Little charge 'em Much;
Nail the Jolly Roger to the stage—avast!
Make your proposition blunt, sir:
"Here's a center aisle down front, sir,
Just eleven dollars extra for an All-Star Cast."
I can make a bag of siller
Selling seats behind a pillar,
I can sell a seat twice over with a deep, dark craft;
And if folks exclaim, "You cheat, sir!"
My retort is rather neat, sir:
"I'm another Little Brother of the Great Big Graft!"

IV

O Broadway in summer! I fain
Its wonderful charm would explain;
You are hit in the face
By its beauty and grace
Till you murmur, "Say, cheese it!" in vain.
For Joy almost gives you a pain
As you view the Perpetual Fair,
The cars overloading,
The Subway exploding,
The skyscrapers pointing in air
Where lofty monstrosities glare
With details surprising:
It's "Art Advertising"—
Oh, Fiends that have plastered them there!—
Hosieries, groceries, corsets and dope,
"Dum Dum for Headache," "Use Sudsaline Soap,"
Electrical bottles that flash and die out,
Horrible pinwheels that spin round about,
Wriggly,
Jiggly,
Zaggly,
Ziggly,
Green-blazing serpents in weird incandescence,
Great fiery giants surmounted by crescents,
Colors that swear at you,
Letters that stare at you:

"Ugliest girl on the Stage—It's Polaire!"
"What are the Wild Wives Saying?—Ah There!"
Like a dragon of dread
Roars the "L" overhead,
Your brain throbs and aches like the very old Ned.
You think, "What a shame;
I've forgotten my name!"
You smell the hot odors of asphalt and paint,
The lights fade away and you fall in a faint—
The doctor says, "Heat," but you gasp, "No, it ain't!"

You flee to a Roof Garden show if you're able,
Squander a dollar and sit at a table.

Kind friend, did you ever sit through
That show called a Broadway Revue,
That folly of summer
Amusing the drummer?
Its warmed-over quips labeled "New,"
Though older than Chauncey Depew;
The show where the plot is the slightest,
The show where the tights are the tightest,
Where they serve you up Chantecler forty-six ways—
Chantecler broilers,
Chantecler boilers,
Chantecler stuffed with the crumbs of stale plays,
Till you get so dog-tired of that Chantecler mush
That you can't see an egg without wanting to blush.

But on with the show
Where they're crazy to go:
The show where the Elderly Fool
With the Chori attempts to get thick.
(They know him—he's good for a cool
Light supper with fizz at the Knick.)
The show where they dance with a will,
The show where they sing for their lives,
Where you always expect quite a thrill,
Yet find that it never arrives;
The show where the Tired Business Man
From soul-searching Thought may refrain
In the maze twirly-whirly
Of acts girlie-girlie,
Of stunts vaudevilly,
So totally silly
They never get up to his brain.

Kind friend, have you never sat through
That show called a Broadway Revue?
Then go with a rush,
O thou Student of Slush,
And do as the other Rubes do!

V

(The poem herewith is called The Electric Fan, and is nervously submitted as an improvement on The Brook, an obscure rhyme by one A Tennyson.)

Here in the great Café de Souse I sit
And watch the Deaf Man wrangling with the Waiter.
I mark the chorus of Electric Fans
That roar and whirl with such gigantic force
They almost blow the butter from the plates.
"O mighty Fan!" I cry, "O pesky Fan!
Whence come you?" And the Fan—why not?—replies:

I come from haunts of grafts and tips
To cool the soup of ox-tails,
With cyclone swirls o'er Chorus Girls
I fan the oyster cocktails.

By thirty lobstereen cafés
I whiz and whirl and beller,
I lift the rats 'neath ladies' hats
Like an aeroplane propeller.

I babble o'er the mayonnaise,
I chortle past the mutton,
I whistle songs like Norah Bayes
To wake the sleepy glutton,

Until at last the rich repast
Doth join the torpid liver;
For drinks may come and drinks may go,
But I go on forever.

VI

The Girl from Ohio confided to me,
"Oh, New York in summer is cute as can be—
It's such a Bohemian place!"
I struggle to smile, and I hope she won't see
The cynic expression which ripples Q. T.
Down the edge of my classical face.

Where *is* Bohemia?
Blessed if I know!
Where the Goddess Anemia
Shuns dull Abstemia,
Poets grow dreamier,
Pulchritude creamier—
There does it grow?
Once more I answer you—Blessed if I know!
Is it the land where the lotus is eaten
With oily French dressing
While Art says a blessing,
Where greedy-eyed Commerce is strangled and beaten,
Where none live for money
And all live for fame,
Where Love sips the honey
And Youth takes the blame,
While Wit flouts the world with the pop of a cork?
If thus you describe
Fair Bohemia's tribe,
Well, I guess you won't find 'em in Greater New York.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE GASOLINE GRAFT

Tales of the Taxi-Driver

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He'd Show the Hayseed in the Way He'd Look Dazed When His Ear First Caught the Roar of the Big Noise

LIKE a good many others in my present trade of taxi-driver, I was a bucker on a horse cab before gasoline killed the job—this is to say, you'll understand, that I was a public hackman, picking up my business on the street. In my time, too, besides this, I have worked for a livery stable and driven a hotel bus; and once, for a change, I did a year's lay-off duty as conductor on the old Third Avenue cable line. You can see for yourself that I've had a pretty wide taste of about all there is in the city's life on wheels. As for the graft and flimflam that goes with it, there's little, as you may well imagine, in which I haven't dipped my fingers.

I'm bound to say that at best the pickings in the old days were never very big—only a comfortable living and no more. However, the job was good enough and a man had no reason to complain.

But in the taxi trade, you can take it from me, there's good money. Of course things in the trade are changing now, getting tighter from day to day. All the same, if a bright man keeps his eyes open and knows how to work the ropes, there's still quite a bit of easy money to be picked up on the side. To be sure, there's no telling how long it is going to last, but, from the look of things, I should say that the motor trade in all its many lines will always be like horse-dealing in the good old bygone days—that is, full of fat and pickings. Anyway, that's what I think, because, in addition to running a taxicab, I've had jobs in both public and private garages, and have also worked as a private "chaffy" for a couple of rich families on the upper West Side.

It was about seven years ago, as I figure it, that the taxies began to kill off the horse-cab business. At the time, I was jobbing a four-wheeler and bucking the trade at the ferries and the Grand Central Station. By jobbing, as perhaps you understand, I mean that I hired my cab and didn't own it, or, as it is called in the trade, I was a "hirer" instead of a "boarder," a man who owns his own rig. The terms were two dollars and fifty cents a day of ten hours, and if you hired only by the day you got whatever rig the jobber chose to give you. If you hired by the week, however, at seventeen dollars and fifty cents, you got a regular turnout. In this case, though, you paid for the cab whether you "rolled out" or not, as the saying has it. In every instance, whether you hired by day or week, you laid down the money in advance. About three-fifths of the cabs running in the public street trade were rented turnouts, the rest were owned by the cabbies themselves.

In my case, I chose to work the station and the ferries because the trade there seemed to me more regular. Then, also, it offered the best chance to look for a soft snap, as a majority of the fares were strangers and knew little about cab rates or the distances to be traveled. I and all the others on the line would pick up a stranger by preference, and in this respect it is surprising how a man learns to tell, almost by instinct, which is the greenhorn and which the city-bred fellow, wise to all the games. Or, if there was any doubt about it, a word or so would soon settle the matter.

Supposing Mr. Hay Rube, a prosperous citizen of Bethel Four Corners, State of Maine, got off the train at Forty-second Street. If he had one of those embossed paper suitcases they sell in the up-country stores, or perhaps a bulgy gray duck telescope, I'd have him nailed at the very first look. Or maybe there were no earmarks of the guy about his valise and general getup; still, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he'd show the hayseed in the way he'd cringe back and look dazed when his ear first caught the roar of the big noise in Forty-second Street. Then, the next moment, one of us would have him nipped.

In the case of strangers that looked wise and were dressed like regular city folks, it needed only a word or so to give them dead away. Usually they'd call me "coachman" or "driver," and if they asked for a cab, in almost every case they'd call it a "hack." In New York now, as I need scarcely say, a public cabman, whether on a taxi or a horse cab, is always "cabby" to the folks who know. But somehow the reubens never seem to have learned this, and, whenever they display their ignorance in this way, it is still true that they are made to pay something extra because of it.

There was an instance of this, as I well remember, that was long a standing joke among the buckers-up at the Grand Central.

A train from the West had just pulled in, and among the crowd that came out into Forty-second Street was a tall, portly fellow in a long black coat, low collar and soft felt

hat. I sized him up at the first look as a prosperous country statesman on his first visit to the big village.

"Cab? Have a cab? Cab, sir?" I barked, the moment I caught his eye.

"Well, I don't allow to hoof it," he growled smartly, though I still could see he was a little dazed at all the noise about him. Then he demanded sourly, "Now, what do you pirates charge for a hack?"

"Depends on where you want to go," said I; when, after giving me the suspicious eye again, he snapped out roughly, "Why, to the hotel, of course! . . . Where'd you suppose?"

As meekly as possible I asked him which hotel, and, believe me, the rube nearly had my breath when he named the house. Believe me or not, as you like, but the place was just up the street, not more than a step or so away, and in plain sight of where we stood. Why, it was so near, in fact, that I could have taken his gripsack at the curb and heaved it right into the hotel lobby.

But, after all, there's nothing like bucking on a cab line to keep a man's wits sharp and lively.

"The regular fare is two dollars and fifty cents," says I, "but I'll carry you for even money. Two dollars it is," I told him, and reached out for his grip.

Naturally he put up an argument, as almost all outsiders do when they first run up against New York prices. He said it was robbery and was about to pick up his bag and walk when the cop on the beat came along. This was pie for me.

"Officer," says I, and tipped him the wink, "ain't two dollars and fifty cents the regular rate to the So-and-so House?"

Well, that almost took away the copper's breath, too; but when I winked again he got wise.

"He'll be lucky," says the cop, grinning in spite of himself, "if he ain't charged three or three-fifty."

Old Games

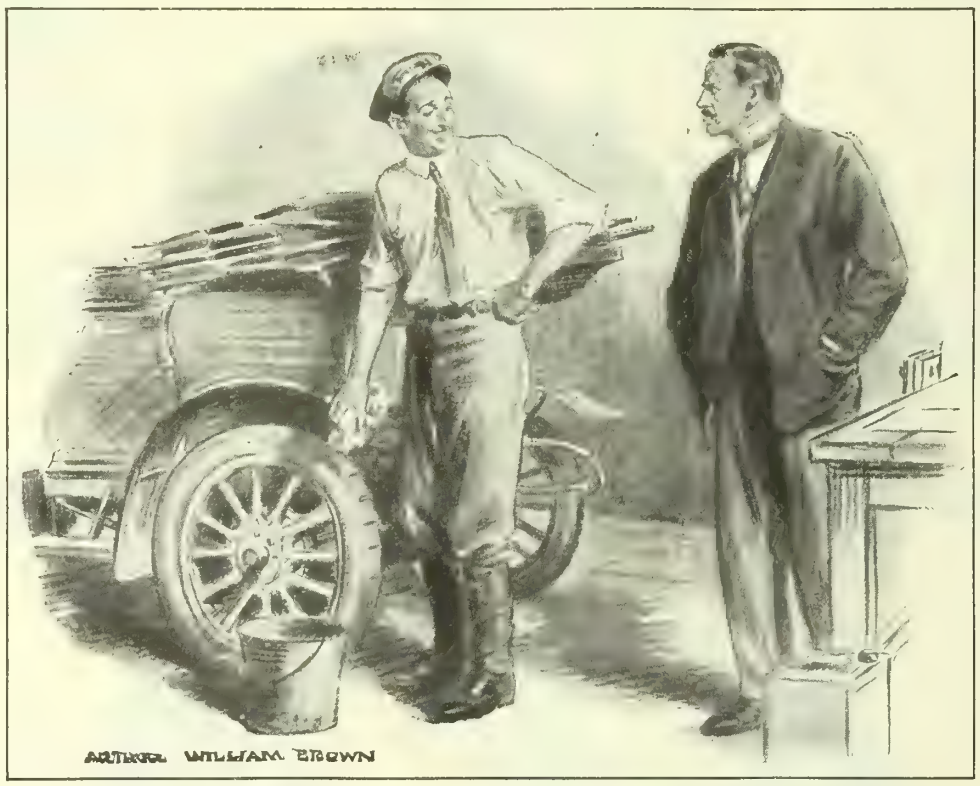
THAT settled it. The party in the soft felt didn't wish to look like a cheap one on his first visit to the city; so, in short, I collected the fare in advance, piled him aboard with his bag, and then whipped up my horse. It took us half an hour to get to that house across the street, because I made the journey by way of Broadway, Fifty-ninth Street, Central Park and back again on Lexington Avenue. And at the end of the route I let him out at the side-street entrance, where he could not see the station across the way. It was a good joke all right, but you can make up your mind for a week after I kept my weather eye peeled across the way for that same big fellow in the long coat and soft felt slouch. As for my friend the cop, I slipped him half a dollar the next time he came along the beat and had a hearty laugh with him.

But there was one game played regularly at Forty-second Street and the ferries for which I would never stand. This was the running of greenhorns to the "guy houses" as they were called, or immigrant boarding-places. Now almost every Ginny or Hunky or Dutchman who lands in New York has in his "kick," or wallet, the written address of some boarding-house or cheap hotel. When they showed this to me I used to charge them something extra over the regular fare, of course, but still I'd always take them to the place. Not so with some of the other buckers. In nearly every case these cabbies had an understanding with some boarding-house keeper that would pay them head money for every greenhorn they brought to his place. When this was so they'd either tell the greenhorn the house was closed or burned down, or out of business for some reason or other, or, making no bones of it whatever, they'd land the greenhorns in the clutches of the boarding-house keeper who was paying them and trust him to do the rest. As in each and every case the greenhorn was made to pay in advance. The bucker lost nothing, no matter what the outcome happened to be.

Besides this way of doing business, I have known cabbies to collect from a load of greenhorns and then dump them out in a side street halfway to their destination. If they contracted at Forty-second Street to go to a downtown ferry it was a regular game to drive them to the end of Thirty-fourth Street or even Forty-second Street and there turn them adrift. Greenhorns that had to catch a train at the Grand Central were often let out at some big department store, or any other convenient place where a crowd was going in and coming out.

There was one way, however, in which we picked up head money that was perfectly on the level. This was when strangers asked us to drive them to some good hotel. Today, several of the second-rate houses make a regular practice of paying cabmen a quarter a head for every new guest brought into their places. After the guest has registered and gone upstairs, the desk clerk gives the cabby a slip which he takes to the cashier's window. You'd be surprised to learn how much chance business these hotels pick up in this way.

After the motor cabs came in, it took a long time for us regulars to learn that our day had gone by. However, I was among the first to realize it, and when I got wise to the fact it didn't take me long to make up my mind. In good times, on a horse cab, I'd been able to knock out about forty-five dollars a week, but before long I was making only half of that, and then still less. Then I began to hear that the big liveries were getting rid of their hansoms and four-wheelers in bunches at a time. Rigs that were almost new and had cost upward of fourteen hundred dollars to put out on the street were being sold for half the money. In a couple of years, as I learned, it became a great deal worse. Brand-new hansoms and four-wheelers were sold practically for the price of junk; and in Jersey City, at this very moment, there are no less than two thousand hansom cabs mildewing in storage, some of them so new that they have hardly a scratch on their varnish. All came from the New York streets, and doubtless there are many more stored elsewhere. In the course of time—and a short time, too—each and every one will be broken up for the ironwork.



"You're Discharged—and Without Any References Either!"

What made me quit my old horse cab was this: One rainy day in March, 1906, I was waiting on the line in Forty-second Street when I saw a fellow in a swell waterproof come down the steps.

"Cab? Want a cab?" I barked listlessly, more as a matter of habit than anything. It had been a pretty bad day with me—wet feet, kinks in my legs from standing there, and a grouch on fit to bite a policeman. It wasn't because there was no trade going, because on days like that there's plenty. But every fare that came down the steps I'd seen beat it away in a taxicab. Time and again—yes! I'd collar a party only to have him turn his back on me when he heard I had only a hay motor, as we'd got to call it—my old horse and the four-wheeler. So when this fellow in the waterproof hove in sight I hadn't much hope of loading him aboard.

"Cab? Want a cab?" I yelps, shaking the rain off my nose. "Here you are, now; the cheapest rates on the line."

For a moment he gives me a look up and down, and then he begins to laugh.

"Blest if it ain't Tom," says he, enjoying it; "and still running a feedsack limousine."

I knew him then. The fellow was an ex-bucker who used to hire out of the same jobbing stable where I was still getting my horse and rig. For the sake of old times he turned his back on a fresh taxi-driver who was trying to butt in on my trade, and had me haul him to a Broadway hotel.

"Leave your hearse on the curb," says he when we got there, "and come inside for a little something warm."

Once we had our legs under a café table, he let me in on the mystery of his swell togs and the big roll he flashed at the waiter.

"Tom," says he, winking like he had a cinder in his eye, "I've gone in for the gasoline graft. I'm private chaffy to a wealthy Cleveland party," he tells me; "and it's so easy I'm ashamed to look myself in the face." After this he looked me over again, sizing up my outfit, my wornout hand-me-downs, the derby with a dent in it and a rubber coat that was about as rainproof as a tired porous plaster. "Son," says he, setting down his glass, "the horse cabs are dead. When you pull back to the stable tonight chuck away your number and come along to Ohio. It's the real thing. I own a house and lot already, and I'm thinking to hire a man to help me carry my money. Now, if you want to get rich quick," he says, "why, hit the railroad with me. I'll get you a place in the garage where I stable, and then you can learn in no time at all how it's pulled off and be able to get a piece of the money yourself."

To make a long story short, I went with him. I hated to quit the old home town, but, as my friend said, the West was still green to the new auto graft, while in New York they'd already begun to tumble to the tricks. So I went with him, come Saturday following, and to this day I can't say I ever regretted it.

What I saw going on in that big garage was a caution. The game's still pretty fierce in some garages, but it isn't a patch to what was pulled off there; in fact, it all would have put a gipsy horse-dealer to the blush. For instance, one of the big ends of the business was the repair trade. Even when you're on the level there's money in this, because no motor that was ever made is fool proof. But even that didn't suit those hawks. If a machine was O. K., and not in need of any repairs, they'd see to it that before long it had to have some. Once there was a brand-new electric that came in to have its batteries charged—to get a load of juice, as they called it. Well, while it was standing, a fellow got under it with a monkey-wrench, so that when it went up the street again it shed bolts and nuts all over the asphalt.

A Pioneer Garage

THEN there was another electric with new batteries, and when they hooked up the charging plug they jumped the full force of the current into the batteries and let them boil. When they were finished the battery plates were buckled up like a pasteboard box. Still another game was to go at the wiring with a fine chisel, so that the works would blow out like trolley fireworks the first time they got a strain. Putting sand or emery flour in the gear-casings and bearings was a regular daily game, and as for sticking broken glass into tire tubes and casings, that was pretty near a habit. According to their opinion, no tire should be allowed to make more than a certain mileage, and a pretty small mileage it was, I'm telling you. Beyond that, as they'd say, there was no profit in handling rubber goods; an idea, I'm thinking, that still keeps up certain people in the business. If you don't believe it just examine a few of the ruts on Riverside Drive or in Central Park. You're pretty sure to find a good many of them sown with broken glass, put there in the general interests of such fellows.

For six weeks, steady, I worked in this particular garage. Part of the time I helped wash the motors, and then, as my friend had stood for me, I was let in on the repair department and made wise to all the phoney games. In addition I was shown how to run the various kinds of cars, gasoline and electric motors as well as steamers. Usually, this instruction was at night, because, in every case, the car they took me out in was "borrowed" from a private owner. If, by chance, he 'phoned for it or came in himself he was told that the car was getting a "road test," and sure enough it was. Naturally the owners had to pay for all the gasoline used in these "tests," but somehow they never seemed to tumble.

All this instruction never cost me a cent. It was the idea of the garage people, after they had me broken in, to get me a job as private chaffy, though only, of course, with some one who stabled at this garage. Then I was to square my indebtedness by throwing trade their way; in fact, a good many of the private chaffies I have known had some understanding with outside parties by which one party got the trade and the other got a rake-off. This is about as general as in the old days when your coachman stood in with the feedman. Ten per cent is the usual rake-off on all supplies, and, though most of the supply houses and tiremakers are trying to fight the grafters, there is still a lot of easy money passed.

But, as I say, I hung to my first job for a six weeks' stretch. Then, just as I had a private job in hand, I had to jump the town. It was the result of a joy ride, of course, and if you like I'll tell you about it.

The man I was hiring to had a particular make of French car, one I had never driven. He'd asked the garage people whether I knew the machine, and as they'd naturally told him I did, I was sent out to pick up what I could in a night about running the car and its motor. For this purpose we used a car that another owner had stored with us.

Well, just as I was starting out with one of the boys, this owner 'phoned for his car.

"Sorry, sir," says the garage manager at the 'phone; "but your car's just gone on the repair floor. There's a cracked ball in one of the after bearings and the casing's all cut out."

That was all right, too; for if the owner came around in the morning he'd be shown a cracked ball and a casing that was out of business. Also, at the end of the month, he'd have a bill for the repairs. Hanging up the receiver, the manager gave me the nod to go out; so I and the other fellow beat it up the avenue. Five minutes later I was lying on my back in a front yard and seeing stars; the fellow with me lay in the gutter with a broken leg, and out in the street a high-priced French car was a piece of junk, all wound around the trunk of one of the avenue trees.

After the Joy Ride

WHAT had happened was this: A few blocks up the street a bicycle cop had come after us; I'd tried to beat him out, and just when I was making a getaway a kid taking home a basket of clothes in a little yellow express-wagon had tried to cross in front of me. Then, as I'd jerked over the hand-brake, the hind wheels struck a wet spot on the paving and we just naturally tried to go sideways through one of the biggest elms on the avenue.

As I came out of my trance, and began to feel for the place where it hurt most, there was already a crowd around us. Then I heard a voice saying, kind of indignant:

"Why, that's my own car, and they told me not ten minutes ago it had been taken apart for repairs."

I didn't wait for the ambulance. I got to my feet with the street going round and round like a circus parade, and beat it for all I was worth. Somehow I got back to the garage, touching only the high spots on the way, and once I'd told my story they lost no time in getting me away from there. They wouldn't even let me stay long enough to wash the grass and mud out of my hair, but, sticking the price of a railroad ticket in my hands, jumped me down to the station, where I was put aboard the first train back to New York.

You might think that an experience like that would have cured me of any taste for the motors. Not at all. Gasoline is mighty hard to get out of a fellow's veins, and once back in the big city I started out to hunt up another auto job. My advertisement read like this:

"Experienced chauffeur, a machinist, wishes situation with private party. Best of references."

"I'm Private Chaffy to a Wealthy Cleveland Party," He Tells Me; "and it's so Easy I'm Ashamed to Look Myself in the Face"

A good deal of this was bunk, of course; still, it was the regular thing. In those days, if a man knew the difference between a monkey-wrench and a grease-gun he called himself a machinist; in fact, about the most the usual chaffy knew was how to crank an engine, how to steer passably and how to replace a bursted tube. As for references, I'd tied up in the usual way to a big uptown garage and they'd supplied me with the letters. In this respect, I'm bound to say that the clerk who wrote them had a very good hand for writing and could use the language quite nicely. My first place was a one-car job. By that I mean my employer kept only a single motor. He was a new man, too, at owning an auto, though, as I soon enough found, he kept his eye skinned for all that was going on. This was so, I suppose, because he'd had a long experience with horses and carriages, and had been trimmed in the regular way by coachmen and grooms; but, as I was only the second chaffy he had employed, he still had a lot to learn.

"Now, understand me," said he when I went up to get the job, "I've been keeping tabs on my mileage lately and my car has cost me more than if I'd hired a taxicab. Unless you can keep the charges down," he added flatly, "I'll have to get some one who will."

This kind of talk got my boss in bad with me. It was so because, in my short garage experience, I'd caught the feeling that a man who kept an eye on running charges was a cheap skate, one to be trimmed at every chance. Still, for the first weeks I was perfectly on the level with him, so that neither he nor I had any cause to complain. Then things began to happen through no fault of mine—a regular mess of them, in fact; and as I was held to account I turned to and went out for the graft for all that there was in it.

It appeared, when I came to investigate, that his first chaffy had been a regular hummer. He could see a broken bottle around the corner, and, as he got ten per cent rake-off on every new tube and shoe, he never gave glass the go-by. On top of this, the ten per cent graft had been too little; so, toward the end, he'd taken to buying remade second-hand goods, which the garage fellows billed to the owner as the new A No. 1 article. In many cases where he had a simple blowout he'd never think of having a patch put in. In the matter of general repairs there was little that hadn't been done to the car. As I figured out when I got down to it, what he himself got in graft would have been enough to keep the car in condition; and on top of this he had double-worked his owner for "gasoline money." By this I mean that when he needed a two-spot, or even five dollars or so, he'd get it from the garage manager who'd charge it to the owner's account as "gas." This is the regular thing in all flimflam garages, but the man before me had worked it in a way I would never dare to. For all this cost, the breakages and general waste, he had a stock reply. He'd say that it was the fault of the car—that the car was not any good and ought to be scrapped for the junk. Of course this would have been clear to any one that understood, the idea being that he would induce his boss to buy some car on which the sales-agents were willing to drop to the chaffy a nice fat rake-off. But, instead of falling, my boss had got huffy in the end and had bounced him overnight.

Wherever a Taxi is Concerned, Time in Every Case Means Money

As I say, I tried to be on the level and had to make good with the junk on my hands. Naturally enough, it was no go, and when the tires got to popping off like peanut bags, and the worn-out engine took to stalling and bucking and playing tricks at every chance, I told him what was the truth—that the car and its fittings were nothing more than junk. But he had grown wise then, though at the wrong time and with the wrong man, and gave me a line of talk.

"Run the car or quit," said he; so, since I knew I could last only a few weeks, I went at him for all I was worth.

It was all on the level, too, in a way. At the garage, I told them to keep the car running no matter what it cost in repairs, but at the same time I warned them it mustn't be laid out so that the boss couldn't have it any time within an hour or thereabouts of when he 'phoned for it.

A New Job With a Young Sport

WELL, bit by bit, we replaced almost all the worn-out, defective parts, practically rebuilding the engines and gear from end to end. My graft on this was the usual ten per cent for the repairs, and in addition, since I helped in the work, I got the wages of an extra. This amounted to forty cents an hour, and was, of course, charged in the bill, so that I got double wages.

Toward the end of the month my boss leaned forward one afternoon in the tonneau and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Thomas," said he, as polite and nice as you could wish, "the car is running like a dream. You can see for yourself," he added, nodding, "that there's nothing like trying. I suppose you fixed it up yourself?"

"In a way I did," said I, and gave the wheel a jerk that nearly took the back off a delivery wagon. That kept him from asking any more questions, because he was too scared to do anything but yell. Also, when the garage bill came in the next day he gave another yell. Indeed, he had a right to, for it contained a list of items as long as your arm, one charge after another, that told him at a glance how I had done him up. Naturally I got the sack, though, so far from feeling bad about it, I had to laugh when he roared at me:

"You're discharged—and without any references either!"

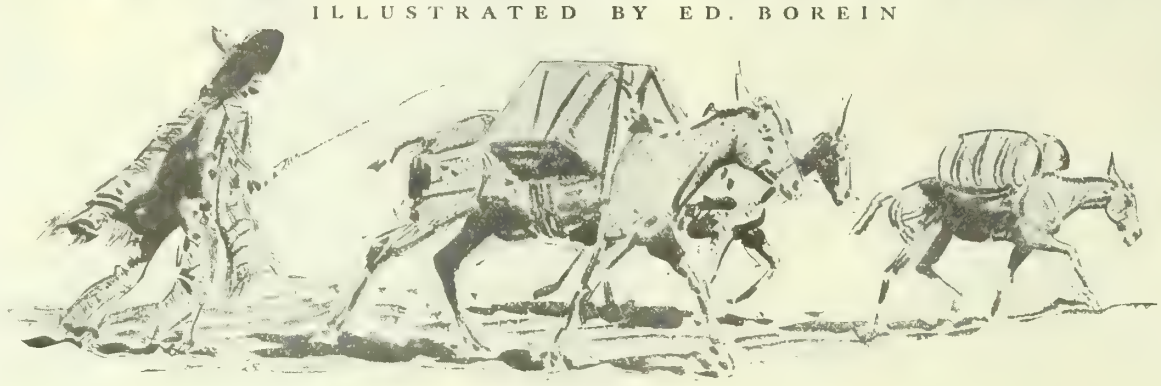
My next job was with a young cub just out of his teens, a young tin dollar who thought himself a sure-enough sport. He'd recently fallen into a pot of money, and, like the majority of his kind, nothing would suit him but that he must have the biggest, most powerful thing on wheels. In this case it was a sixty-hoss, six-cylinder, slate-gray racing car, with a hood that stuck out in front like a young house and a baby tonneau on behind. Before it was turned over to him, he'd taken a few lessons in a training garage, but about all he knew of motors when I came along

(Continued on Page 57)

Wall Street's Stake in Mexico

By EDWIN EMERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ED. BOREIN



Superintending "Pack"

ONE day, in Mexico City, when our last Wall Street panic was at its height, I thought I would like to see how the Mexican stock exchange was weathering the hurricane.

Nobody at the American Club had ever heard of a Mexican stock exchange. They did not even know what it was called. Somebody looked the word up in a Spanish dictionary, and told me it was *bolsa*, the Castilian for bourse—purse.

I hailed a yellow cab and bid the *cochero* drive me to the Bolsa. He stared stupidly and shook his head. Next I tried a red one, a fifty-cent cab, but to no better purpose. I got no further with a blue cab, the highest priced of all—for in Mexico you have to pay for your cab according to its color. A little brown-faced policeman here took a hand in the argument; but he, too, had never heard of the Bolsa.

At last I drove to my bank; and there they told the driver where to go. It turned out to be merely a small gathering-place in an open *patio*, or courtyard, of an insignificant house on a side street off the Cinco de Mayo Avenue. Only a few sad-faced, quiet men were gathered there, smoking and softly discussing their listless trades.

Under the cool shadow of the old arched doorway I had a sudden mental vision of the contrast between this peaceful scene and the howling mobs on the floors of our stock exchanges at home at that moment. These Mexican

All Freight is "Packed" This Way on the Mountains

gentlemen seemed to have plenty of time for friendly conversation with a stranger. One of them told me that they took no particular interest in our panic at home. Very few of the great American enterprises in Mexico, he explained, had their securities offered on the Bolsa. These stocks are practically unknown in Mexico. The native newspapers, outside of the official Government organs, print no stock reports or financial news.

Mexicans Above High Finance

YET there are all kinds of Mexican financial securities—national, municipal and private. Their fluctuations are quoted in Wall Street, on Lombard Street, and in the Bourses of Paris, Berlin and Frankfort; but few persons in Mexico, outside of the President's Palace, the Finance Ministry, and restricted banking circles in the capital, seemed to care a straw about them.

Such tedious matters are left to the foreign financier. No Mexican *hidalgo* would care to be taken for a financier. What wealth the country affords is expected to come out of the soil—"clean money" they call it, from ranches or from mines not from business enterprises or from speculations. Such sordid money-grubbing is mostly left to the red-faced *Yanquis*. Your self-respecting Mexican, when he feels like taking a flyer, buys a handful of lottery tickets on the street, or turns into the nearest *partida* for an hour's gambling. If he crave higher excitement he can always stake his all on his favorite gamecock.

Left to themselves, our neighbors to the south would have few of those gorgeously engraved "gilt-edged" stock certificates that are so familiar to those who deal under the shadow of Trinity's spire. Nor would there be many factories, farm machinery, puffing locomotives, trolley cars, jangling telephones, ore crushers, hydraulic engines or diamond drills from Yankeeland. Life would be simple, as it was in the good old days "before the *Gringo* came."

Instead of American steam plows in Mexico there would still be the ancient Aztec forked branch, drawn by bullocks. Instead of up-to-date stamp mills there would be old Spanish *arrastras* turned by blindfolded horses plodding around their ring. Packmules and burros would still climb over the zigzag trails of the Sierra Madre, where Yankee engineers are now blasting tunnels and swinging cantilever bridges. Nude Indian *cargadores* with loads on their heads would still haul the ore from the depths of the old Toltec mines, where the cursed *Americanos* are now "stealing" the honest bread of hundreds with their hydraulic hoists. The vast estates of the old *hidalgo* *hacendado* would still stretch for many thousands of acres with never a fence, instead of those hateful colonizing and development schemes of Yankee real-estate companies with their barbed-wire fences and patent windmills. In a word, life would still be sweet in the sunny land across the Rio Grande.

The joys of that simple old life were best explained to me once by an American whom I met far in the interior of Mexico. I was rather surprised to come across him there, for I had last known him as an eminently successful Wall Street broker with a seat on the big Exchange. Now he was wearing a huge sombrero and seemed to be dividing his time between rolling cornhusk cigarettes, strumming a guitar and taking siestas.

"What on earth are you doing here? Is it a mining deal?" I asked.

"No, indeed. Nothing like that," he drawled. "My doctor sent me here. Not here, in particular, but just anywhere out of reach of civilization. I was a wreck when I came away. It was insomnia that did it, and nervous prostration Now you see me as I used to be before I went on the Street—fine and hearty. I tell you this place is a paradise. Just think of it! No telephone bell ringing at your elbow at all hours of the day and night! No confounded stock tickers reeling off yards of worry! No messenger boys! No special delivery letters! No telegrams! No mail deliveries every other hour! No Bears nor Bulls, and no friends and clients going to the wall! Nothing to worry about or fret over! Nothing but just sunshine and shadow, good horses, pretty señoritas, with now and then a horserace or bullfight to keep your blood from getting torpid!"

I left him blowing smoke rings in the air. Later I learned that he got restless, started prospecting on his own account and, discovering valuable copper deposits near by, wheedled a "concession" out of the old *hacendado* who owned all the country thereabout, on the strength of which he organized a mining company with a capital of a million dollars, the shares of which are now selling around par on the "curb."

When you push through the noisy, gesticulating mob of eager young brokers that fills Broad Street from curb to curb every day between the hours of ten and three, it sounds queer to hear some of those healthy young Americans shout such names as Guanajuato or Cananea.

To those young fellows with loud voices and often louder clothes those queer sounds are merely names to conjure with for a rise or a fall, implying possible large gains or losses, to be sure, but with no more significance behind them than the deuce of spades.

Once, in the days when the Mitchell Mining boom in Wall Street was at its dizziest height I asked a curb broker where the properties were located. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "How should I know? Somewhere down in Mexico. All I care a rap about are the fluctuations right here on the curb."

Only a few of the curb brokers have ever seen a working mine in their lives. They have no inkling of all that must lie behind one of those names they shout so glibly before that property can have reached the point of having its name bandied about from curb to curb on Broad Street. No one who has not ridden across the hot, dusty deserts of northern Mexico can have any realization what it means to establish a paying mine in the wild wastes of Chihuahua or of Sonora.

You must have crossed those rough trails on muleback, over mountains where wagons and even wheels are unknown, fully to understand what it takes to ship heavy mining machinery on the backs of burros into the interior of Mexico.

Only when you have seen the naked native miners dragging their loads of ore from the shafts in long, plodding lines from such mines as those of Guanajuato or Guerrero can you begin to apprehend all the moil and toil that must go into a mine before its outlandish-sounding name will ever reach the ears of those dapper young traders on the curb.

Lost Capital in Old Mexico

ON THE curb at present they only know the names of a dozen, at most, of Mexican mining properties. Yet the mountain provinces of Mexico fairly teem with American projects. Every American who manages to get a concession for a mine that looks promising wants to develop it, and begins to look for capital—not in Mexico, but at home.

There is no telling just how much American money each year goes into Mexican mines, since only the more successful ventures assume corporate form. Those who lose their money in such speculations generally prefer to keep silent. But certain districts of Mexico are eloquent with abandoned shafts, forsaken mills and rusting machinery, all of which was once laboriously imported from the States.

Often such machinery has to be abandoned because the people in the country don't know how to handle it. Some distance out of La Ensenada in Lower California, stands an old rusted American locomotive that was abandoned by an American engine-driver who suddenly quit his job years ago. No one could be found to fill his place, so the engine was simply left to rust.

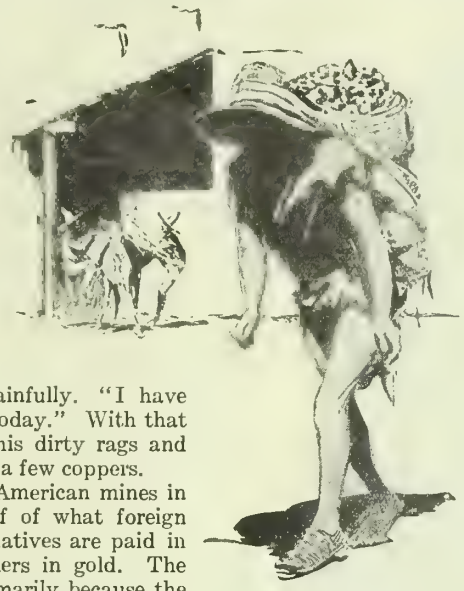
In this same town of La Ensenada the owner of an American mine there once had the luminous idea to lighten the work of the poor Mexican miners, who carried all those heavy sacks of ore on their bare heads, by importing a lot of American wheelbarrows. As soon as the wheelbarrows arrived by the steamer from San Francisco they were distributed among the native miners. The poor *cargadores* accepted them with apparent gratitude, but not one of the men knew how to handle these newfangled *Yanqui* contraptions. With much difficulty, at last, they managed to hoist the wheelbarrows full of heavy ore to their heads,

A Mexican "Rodeo" or Roundup

and so they patiently bore their double loads day in and day out until the American boss at last saw them and put a stop to it. With the help of his American engineer he showed those peons how to handle a wheelbarrow. But it was too much for them. Even after his demonstration it took an average of three men to move each wheelbarrow. In the end the wheelbarrows had to be abandoned.

The biggest Mexican mining proposition today, both from the actual operating standpoint and from that of Wall Street, is an American copper company which operates in the State of Sonora in northern Mexico. This company claims to be the largest owner of operative mineral lands in the world. Its holdings comprise about thirty-seven thousand acres, or nearly sixty square miles.

This company had to face continuous labor troubles. Its experiences were typical of the difficulties constantly encountered by those Americans who have to handle Mexican labor in the development of large enterprises. Americans in Mexico are apt to find that money does not talk so loud there as it does at home.



Cargador Carrying Ore Out of the Mines

In Guadalajara one day I asked a peon who was sunning himself in the plaza if he wanted to earn some money by doing a little errand for me. By way of inducement I gently waved a paper peso—a whole day's wages for the hardest kind of labor in that country.

"Why should I work?" he said disdainfully. "I have plenty of money for today." With that he fished around in his dirty rags and drew forth in triumph a few coppers.

Native laborers in American mines in Mexico earn just half of what foreign laborers get, for the natives are paid in silver and the foreigners in gold. The reason for this is primarily because the natives can live on less, and furthermore because the natives will quit work in the middle of the week as soon as you double their pay. Still, the apparent injustice of this discrimination causes constant labor troubles wherever natives and foreigners are employed together.

These Mexican miners a few years ago rose in their wrath for this very reason. A committee of them called on the superintendent demanding the same pay as the American miners. By way of a soft answer the superintendent, who was watering his flowers at the moment, turned the hose on them. Mexican peons resent baths. The committee promptly killed the superintendent. In the enthusiasm of the moment they also killed his foreman and a few other Americans who happened to be around.

Where Alvarado's Fortune Went

MANY of the biggest stock exchange houses and operators in Wall Street are interested in Mexican mines. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, James R. Keene and Charles M. Schwab of the Steel Trust, John Hays Hammond of South African mining fame—all of them are dabbling with mining claims in different parts of Mexico. I met a New Yorker in the State of Jalisco in Mexico who had been drawing an annual salary from Lawson several years for doing nothing but keeping his eyes peeled for possible copper prospects. The Guggenheims hold extensive ore deposits in different parts of Mexico. Their smelters and mines are kept so busy that they find it worth their while to run a regular line of freight steamers between the United States and Mexico.

But all of the American money that goes into Mexican mines by no means comes from Wall Street alone. The Mining Directory of Mexico gives page after page of American-owned mines that have been financed from all sorts of private sources.

Our Sunday supplements used to tell us about one Pedro Alvarado, vaunted as the richest miner of Mexico. It was even reported that Alvarado offered to pay off the entire national debt of Mexico. As a matter of fact, Alvarado did have the luck to stumble across a rich silver mine in Chihuahua, which in eight years yielded $6,000,000. He could not keep his money. What with bad management, generous gifts to the church and senseless extravagance, Alvarado lost about all his money. At one single sitting in a *partida* he once lost $400,000 at monte. Finally, one fine day, there was a big fire, and shaft-houses and machinery valued at hundreds of thousands were destroyed. Alvarado had no ready money and could not replace the equipment, but a live American who made it his business to be in the vicinity soon after the fire leased the mine from Alvarado on royalty basis and organized an American company to operate it.

The mines of Mexico have been synonymous with fabulous wealth since the days of Cortez. And within the last thirty years, since American activities in the Mexican mining field began to produce such rich results, many a man in the United States has come to believe that the hundredfold increase of every dollar invested in Mexican mines is almost automatic. The path of the small investor in mining shares, whether in Mexico or the United States, is beset with pitfalls. Of course the probability of loss in the case of Mexican mines is greatly increased because the properties are located in a far country, where strange laws and peculiar labor conditions exist. Then there is the manipulative end of it. Sometimes, when everything else is all right, the poor investor loses his money because of too much Wall Street.

All of this should make the average men ponder carefully over the statement of the dean of the New York curb market, who recently said to me, "The public never hears of the stock of a real mine."

Unfortunately the public hears too much about the stocks of mines that somehow are not quite real. I had a talk recently with a Brooklyn man who had had a bitter experience with such a mine. He had been in Mexico and was impressed with the great mineral wealth of the country; so it was very easy to get him interested in a company that owned copper-bearing lands there. The man who brought the scheme to New York was an experienced smelter, and his company had all kinds of good names in it, both among its officers and on its directorate.

The proposition looked solid all through. My Brooklyn friend, together with a committee from among the other stockholders, went down to Mexico and inspected the company's mines and the subsidiary ranches and other properties. The company's engineers told them all about the immense tonnage that had been blocked out, the company's lawyers assured them that the titles were all right, and the stockholders' committee went back to the States very well satisfied.

Every day my friend looked in his newspaper for the quotations and transactions in his stock on the curb. The stock went up and up. A dividend was declared and the stock was quoted above par.

But all of a sudden the stockholders' rosy dreams were dispelled, and they saw with dismay the crumbling of the price of their shares. Soon it became known that the advance in the price was due wholly to the support and

But the Rurales Were Called Away to Fight the Hostile Yaquis

A Ranchero and His Primitive Plow, a Wooden Stick

manipulation of a highly speculative Wall Street house that was behind the promoters of the company. When the support was withdrawn the price naturally fell, and it fell more rapidly when it was learned that the dividend had not been earned. The deluded stockholders now found out that their ore, although existing in large quantities, was extremely low-grade, and the greatest economy was necessary for profitable operation. Instead of this economy, the grossest extravagance had prevailed.

The property was thrown into the hands of a receiver and the price of the stock continued to fall, until today anybody can buy any quantity of it at ten cents a share. My Brooklyn friend showed me a certificate for a thousand shares that had cost him ten thousand dollars. Today it is barely worth a hundred.

Mexican Fear of Trusts

OUR Post-Office Department has just got through putting the finishing touches on another scheme, this time an alleged gold mine proposition, that was an out-and-out swindle. The one that burned my Brooklyn friend was a transaction in high finance. The gentlemen who are now languishing in jail as a result of the prying activities of the post-office inspectors were a little too crude in their methods. To start out with, they had a couple of claims in one of the Mexican states on which there was supposed to be gold On this supposition the owners organized a company, issued highly ornate stock certificates, and went after the gullible public.

It is well known in Mexico that the conversion of the Mexican national debt is largely the work of our most important Wall Street banking houses. J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., and Speyer & Co. have at various times underwritten with great success issues of Mexican national bonds since Finance Minister Limantour began in 1899 to bring order into the rather chaotic condition of Mexico's foreign obligations. These New York financiers are reaching further and further into Mexico's interior finances. Only last April saw the election of the first Wall Street representative to the directorate of the Banco Nacional de Mexico. He is Mr. E. N. Brown, a Speyer man, who is president of the National Railroad of Mexico.

The Mexican Government, in its fear that the American trusts might do in Mexico as they have done in the United States, has fostered the formation of buffer companies to stand between these trusts and the Mexican people. That is the popular explanation of President Diaz' strenuous efforts to nationalize Mexico's railroads. This lately accomplished nationalization was precipitated a few years ago when the late E. H. Harriman's expansion into the Mexican railroad field became alarming to Diaz. The old General feared—not without cause, perhaps that Mr. Harriman had designs on the two Mexican trunk lines, the Mexican Central and the Mexican National.

Harriman had got into Mexico through the extension of his Southern Pacific Railway from Nogales, in Arizona, southward along the West Coast with a view toward connecting with the Southern Pacific railroad properties in Guatemala. One of the links in this big project is the Pan-American Railroad, which ex-Ambassador Thompson has lately acquired in connection with Mr. Paul Morton, ex-Secretary of the Navy and now president of the Equitable Life of New York.

The two Mexican trunk lines that were thus whisked out of Mr. Harriman's reach by Diaz were both American enterprises controlled in Wall Street. The Mexican National had been financed by Speyer & Co., who had admitted the Mexican Government into partnership in the control. The Mexican Central was rated as a Standard Oil property, since it was controlled by H. Clay Pierce,

(Concluded on Page 60)

The Line of Least Resistance

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IX

A HUNDRED terrible seconds before, Kennedy had spurred from behind his sheltering knoll on the mountain crest. One look across the Gap, the gleam of a white dress by the wagon; the line of least resistance led straight to death and shame. As he followed it, in that wild downward plunge, his mind, in some impregnable inner citadel, planned steadily, calm and cool. A flashing vision of chances, dangers, hopes; he settled on the one sure way as swift and straight as ever shot fell from tower.

He dragged the dazed girl up before him. As he passed the wagon he snatched a canteen that swung cooling from the brake. He turned southward, up the wide, smooth draw. He looked back. The Indians were mounting, streaming down the steep slope in furious pursuit. Dolly moaned in his arms: "Father! Father!"

Noche was strained and bruised in every tendon and joint; he was failing under the double weight. A bullet had plowed across Kennedy's cheek; otherwise he was unhurt. Had Noche fared as well, had the girl been able to find her way or to stand the terrible ride, he might now send her on alone and keep the pursuit off long enough; but it would not do. She could never find her way out of the hills—the horse would die. He took the right-hand prong; the Indians were gaining. He began with a lie.

"Listen, Dolly. There are two of them"—he had not seen Quinlan—"they are behind shelter, they may escape. We can do them no good. I can save you and, perhaps, save them. But you must do what I tell you—and it is no light thing. Here you must ride alone. He can't carry us both up this hill."

He leaped off and clung to the stirrup-leather as the gasping horse lunged bravely, jerkily, sobbing up the steep. The foremost Indians were still more than a rifle shot behind.

"I'll stop 'em a little while Noche gets his breath," said Kennedy. "Look! Noche's shot through his thigh! No wonder he's giving out."

They passed over the little divide. Kennedy drew his rifle from the scabbard, crept back and shot several times at long range. One of the horses fell at the fire. The Indians dared not follow up the bare hillside. They turned aside to right and left for a long détour. That would give them half an hour—enough. Kennedy's hand brushed the holster at his hip. His revolver was gone—lost in the desperate ride down the mountain. His face—caked with dirt and blood—grew a shade graver. This would complicate matters, hurry his purposed signaling.

Ride along now, Dolly, and I'll tell you my plan. I've checked the Indians for a while. Before they get sight of us we'll be in the thick timber. They'll follow our trail, but they'll be slow and cautious. They'll never know when I may stop and waylay them."

They clambered up the hill. "There's a cave up there that Hiram knows about. I'll have to leave you there."

"Leave me? Oh, Don!" She was shaking with fear.

He lied again. "It is to save your father's life, Dolly. I could stay with you and fight them off. But I'm going up on the mountain to signal with a fire for help to come. If I don't your father will have no show." All of which was untrue. The plan was that the Apaches should follow him—leaving her scatheless. As for Otis, Don believed him dead.

She shuddered, but straightened up like the brave girl she was. "I'll do it—for Father. How will you signal?"

Don was breathless from the furious pace. "I can't talk here. We must hurry. Wait till we get in the trees, where the red devils can't see us and shoot at us."

Five minutes later they reached the friendly shelter. The Apaches were not in sight. Don slowed to a walk. Black Noche was foam-white, failing, but stumbled gallantly along as if he knew how much depended on him.

"It'll be dark before I leave you. I'll go on clear to the top of Timber Mountain. There I'll build a fire right on the crest, undouble my saddle blanket, hold it up before the fire, take it away, hold it up again; so they'll see the fire at Dundee in short dots or long dashes—just like the Morse code, only for the eye instead of the ear. It's an old dodge. Everybody knows it. I told you I used to be a telegrapher."

"Couldn't you do that here?"

"It will take a long time. They may not see it at first. [illegible]ark I'll gain on the Indians, and when I get to the top I'll be so far ahead that I'll have time enough. But Noche can never take you to the top. I'll lead him up as far as he can go and then leave him. That's one reason. There are two better ones. They can see a fire better if it is built on the skyline. Then they can see the signal at Palomas to the northwest, just as they do at Dundee on the northeast. If any one in Palomas or Vega Blanco can read Morse that gives your father a much better chance—and us too. It's only six or seven miles to Palomas, and eighteen to Dundee. Come, Dorothy—be brave! It's the only way."

"They'll See the Fire at Dundee in Short Dots or Long Dashes"

"I will," she said. Her tears were falling fast. She dried them now. That appeal—for Father—nerved her for her terrible task as nothing else could have done.

"I won't go very near to the cave. It's hidden by a big juniper in front of it. A smooth rock ledge runs off from it, where you'll leave no tracks. I'll watch till you get safely there. Take the canteen. Oh, and you'll find canned stuff there, and a blanket. That's where I've made headquarters while I've been hiding out. I call it my kitchen. You'll be safe. I'll tear a piece from your dress, and leave little bits of it sticking on the brush as I go up. Give me one of your shoes, too. After I leave Noche I'll make a track with it once in a while. And—here's the place."

A shout reached them faintly from far below. He helped her off. Her body was quivering. He kissed her pale cheek.

"It's pretty tough for you, Dolly. Remember, it's for Daddy. One thing more—the most important of all." He handed her the rifle and lied again. "I've got my revolver I'll be all right. They won't know but what I've still got the rifle. After I get an answer I'll try to come back to you. Keep awake. There's a bend in the cave. Stay in the back part. If Hiram comes he will call. If any one comes"—he faltered, he pressed her hands tight—"wait—wait—be sure! But if by any chance it should be the Apaches ——" He touched his heart. "Be sure; you understand?"

"Yes, Don. I'll—I'll not fail you. Just a minute." She clung to him. "There I'll be brave now—for Daddy! Good-by!"

"I'm trusting you, Dolly—trusting you with a great deal more than my life. You have the hardest part. I'm proud of you." He tore a strip from her dress and took off the little shoe. "Straight along the rock behind that juniper. There—I'll not say good-by, but, as Aloys Priesser always says—*Auf Wiedersehen!* Good little Dolly, brave little girl! We'll make it yet—see if we don't! Go now."

She held up her lips silently. He watched the little figure to the juniper. Then he took Noche's bridle and went on his appointed upward way.

. . . . . .

Pappy Sickles washed up after supper, paused at the tent door to bite off a generous portion of navy plug, dropped the flap behind him and went sauntering across the plaza toward the post-office. He stopped. On Timber Mountain a sudden light flared along the wind-blown sky; a high and leaping flame. "Some fool prospector set fire to a Curajo pole," sniffed Pappy. "Cur'us how some folks likes to climb." He walked on, but checked again. "Hey! What's that?"

It was a smaller, steadier light a little to one side of the first one. While he looked it disappeared—flamed again—went and came in purposed brief eclipse.

Pappy turned and took to his aged heels. He burst into the telegraph office.

"Daglish! Dalton Daglish! There's a message on Timber Mountain! Green grass—time for Injuns!"

The night operator looked out through the open window and saw the winking light above the roof of Armstrong's store. Dot dot, dot dot dot, dot dash, dash! He snatched up pad and pencil, slipped through the window, took the message down under the blood-red glare of the semaphore. Pappy followed through the corridor and stood beside him, to read, white-lipped:

—ast Dolly Otis hid in kitchen Apaches out Kennedy Apaches out Tell Hiram Yoast Dolly Otis hidden in my cave ——

Pappy filled his lungs and bellowed across the startled dark. "*Ho-o-o! Hiram Yoast!*" The agent stuck his head through a second-story window. "Got a gun?" yelped Pappy. "Then shoot, damn ye, shoot! 'Paches in the Gap!"

Shots, shouts, lights streaming into the night from opened doors, running feet.

"*Hiram Yoast!*" High voices took up the relayed call and shrilled it across the town. "*Hiram Yoast! Hiram Yoast!*"

Pappy pointed. They saw the twinking light Daglish scrawled over the paper. The sweat dropped from his brow. A loose sheet fluttered to Lewis as he tore it off. Lewis held it to the light. A roar went up: "Here he is, here's Yoast!" Hiram Yoast and Kaylor pushed through the circle. "Read it, you numskull, read it out loud!" screamed Pappy.

Hiram Yoast Apaches out Dolly Otis hidden in our cave Otis killed in Palomas Gap Don Kennedy ten to twenty braves Hiram Yoast Apaches out ——

Daglish was left alone. Men were running in every direction; to the stables, to their tents for guns. "Build a fire, some of you damned fools, out to one side. Boxes, barrels, whisky, coal-oil!" That was Polk Armstrong at the store door.

The slow, steady message came from the hill:

Dolly Otis in my hide-out Otis killed in Gap Answer Indians close Kennedy Hiram Yoast Apaches Dolly hid in cave Don Kenn——

The beacon twinkled no more. For a little space it burned clear, then sank dimly to darkness.

The swiftest, readiest thundered on ahead - Lewis, Yoast, Kaylor, Teagardner, Horsethief Fisher, Smith-Leonard, Springtime Morgan, Pappy. Far behind came others. In Dundee the slower or less fortunate were yet arming, saddling; strangers' horses, stage horses, all that

were in Dundee stables; saddles levied from the store, saddles from tentmen whose horses were hobbled out. And in every direction from town went men afoot, to drive in the hobbled and picketed and loose horses—saddle horses, freight horses, mules—to follow later.

"Here, fellows, this won't do!" It was the gray veteran Teagardner who took the lead of the leaders, as they breasted the slope of Three-Mile Hill. "We're doing up our horses. Slow down. We save time in the long run. We got to take it on a trot. Hiram—in case you get wiped out—tell us, so there can't be no mistake, where the girl's cave is." So Hiram told them.

"All right—we can't miss that. Pres, you and Pappy fall back, and check them fellows up. Killin' their horses won't get 'em there. We'll push on for the girl first. After we get her we'll see what we can do for Don. Pres, you pick out ten or twelve of the best-mounted and come after us. Pappy, your horse is better'n Pres's. Change with him. Then you take the rest of the men and go to the Gap. Put the best trackers out at daylight, lookin' for sign. When you get it follow it to hell. If you find Otis and Pat and Jimmy dead, leave 'em and go after the 'Paches."

"Jimmy ain't there," said Pappy. "His mules run away and come to town. He started back just before sundown. We'll catch him. He'll see the fire and stop. No, he won't. He'll see the fire and hurry on like hell beatin' tanbark."

"Well, if you find him, leave him and the mules and three or four men in the Gap. We'll bring the girl and—the others—in the wagon."

"All right." Pappy reined up. "Here's your horse, Pres."

The van pushed on at a long, swinging trot, leaning forward, standing in the stirrups.

"Hiram, you jest happened to know where this cave is, I s'pose?" said Kaylor.

"Happened, yes. He's my pardner."

Smith-Leonard touched the sheriff's elbow. They fell back into the dust. Behind them, in the trail, bits of torn paper eddied and spun in the soft nightwind.

X

OTIS felt water splashed on his face, trickling down his throat. He gulped it greedily and opened his eyes. A savage face bent over him, swarthy, repulsive, hateful. In the clear starlight he could see the smeared paint, the dirty headcloth bound turbanwise above the beady black eyes. Dim shapes were busy in the gloom behind.

His last conscious thought had been of Sleiter falling slowly, slowly; of Kennedy and Dolly flashing through the broad bar of sunlight before the Gap to the black shadow beyond. It came to him now with a thrill of pride and triumph and grateful joy—Don would save her. A terrible racking pain throbbed and beat through his shoulder, but he made no outcry. His head whirled dizzily. He concentrated all his thought on that one picture: Sleiter's bending knees, his red beard about the propping gunstock; far below, in a golden haze, the black horse and his burden laboring across the glory and glow of sunset.

Another Indian came. They threw him roughly into the saddle. The pain was unendurable; he gave a stifled shriek. They bound his feet under the horse's belly and led him away. Every step was agony worse than death. His hands were free. He clutched desperately at the high, sharp saddle-horn. The gripping muscles helped him, but the groans came. He was very weak. His clothes clung to his flesh, soaking in blood. They went down the hill, by the wagon, crossed the head of the Gap and climbed back up the mountain from which Kennedy had come. The pain cleared his senses, his eyes grew wonted to the night. There were shadowy, silent riders before—five, six, seven. Thorns dug at his legs, branches whipped his face, clutched at his shattered shoulder; the bitterness of death was on him. He set his mind stubbornly on the one thought: Dolly was safe; once for all he abandoned hope for himself. He thought of Lena; and then for a long, long time he set his teeth and groaned no more.

They crossed to the west side and crawled southward along a rocky ledge near the top. They crept along a hog-back, hugged close under the crest of Timber Mountain—on, ever on, to the south. A merciful lethargy of weakness came to him. He drooped over, the elbow of his good arm clinging to the high-pointed horn; his hair was in the horse's mane.

Centuries afterward the journey came to an end. He roused himself and looked about numbly. They were in a craterlike sink on the mountainside. He could not see the peak, the plains, the westward rim or the mountain ranges beyond. A clump of dwarfed and stunted trees grew in the hollow, a narrow circle of jagged and crumbling rock shut out all the world beside. So, he thought, this was the end of radiant life. To this undreamed-of narrow valley his feet had tended since childhood—to Gethsemane.

There were but two of the Indians with him now; the others had fallen out on the way, unseen by Otis. They dragged him off and bundled him down by a lightning-blasted tree; they wrenched his arms around the stump behind his back and tied him fast. Then they left him.

The thirst which had tormented him from the beginning tortured him now. His wounds, aggravated as they were by the rough journey, were nothing to this; but it was the wounds that made the thirst so terrible. His tongue and lips had already begun to swell. There was not even a cooling dew.

No weakling, this! Waiting, he braced his soul firmly to meet the end. The stars burned warm and near in the violet-black sky. He watched them, waiting. Then he closed his eyes. Faces, thronging, vivid, real—Dolly, her dead mother, smiling, tender; Lena's face, rosy-flushing; Hiram's, bright, wide-eyed; Don's, resolute and high and strong. Again that flashing vision, the Titan Sleiter tottering to his fall, the black horse racing forever across the blazing sunset.

He could not see the stars—warm tears were in his eyes. Not of sorrow—of love and pride.

The far-off, measured beat of soft footsteps; they came nearer to him—the trampling of many feet. The moon rose radiant over the crater's low rim; the rocky circle became a shore, bordered on a pool of dancing, rippling light; the soft air was sweet and pure and cool.

The trampling feet came into the circle behind him. Forms monstrous, barbarous, fantastic, silent, flitted from the shadowed barrier into the silver fire. There was a horse with a shapeless burden; they cast off ropes and threw a bundle at his feet. A man, fast bound; his head touched Otis' foot, his face was in the dust, his sunny hair dabbled and dank with blood. He rolled over silently.

"God! Dolly?"

"Safe!" said Kennedy. "Safe!" The man was beautiful; the glory of strength and courage and manhood glowed through flesh and stain.

"Thank God! Where?" exclaimed Otis.

"I dare not tell you. One of these devils speaks English," he whispered. "But I've sent word, smoke-talk. Hiram'll get her."

The Indians were bunched together, talking in deep, low gutturals. "Now they're making medicine. Bad medicine for you and me, Professor."

"Are you wounded?" said Otis.

"No such luck. Just this scratch on my face. But I see you are. Is it bad?"

"I'm dying of thirst. How could they get you this way?"

"Unwounded, you mean? I left Dolly my gun. I had mighty little time to telegraph. Slow work. But they got it. I saw a big blaze at Dundee just as the Indians picked me. How bad are you hurt?"

Otis told him. "Good for you!" said Don grimly. "You won't last so long."

"They'll—torture us, then?"

"Sure thing. Who was the shooting-man with you? He seemed to understand his business. Dead?"

"Sleiter. . . . Dead."

At this Don lay silent a little. Then he raised his head out of the dust. His eyes were bright in the moonlight. "A real nice little old world, isn't it, Professor?" he said slowly and gently. "'And God saw . . . and behold it was very good.'"

Otis did not answer, grasping slowly the measure of the man. The Indians came back. They rolled Kennedy on his back; they lashed him, in the form of a cross, between four trees, slipping a loop on wrist and ankle, straining the ropes tight. Then they melted silently away, all but one. This one was evidently the leader. He gave directions to the others. Then he came back and looked silently from Kennedy to Otis. A brutal bulk of body; cruel, watchful eyes; a broad face, debased, fiendish, leering; from its blunted outlines, the moonlight tinge of the copper skin, there might be a drop of white blood in his veins. The footsteps died away.

"This is going to be a bad business. I wish it were over," said Don. Already, beyond the bruising ropes, the flesh was beginning to swell and blacken.

The breed spoke—broken Spanish and English, but intelligible. "*Tengo hambre.* I eat now. You mek veesit wit' friend. *Poco tiempo* you tell me where hide *mujer*, eh?" He kicked Kennedy in the ribs and turned away.

"I'm afraid you're letting yourself in for a disappointment, old man," gasped Kennedy when he could get his breath. "Too bad. But it isn't done, you know."

The Indian looked over his shoulder. "You tell purty soon. You mek fire-talk for men, eh? But my man mek big trail. White man tek follow. You tell me soon."

He made a very small fire. From his saddle he brought a canteen and a chunk of dirty beef, which last he threw on the fire.

Otis spoke. His head drooped forward on his breast.

"You believe that now?"

"Believe? What? Oh, I see. God saw the world and the rest of it? And 'I shall not wholly die'—or annihilation?" Kennedy laughed; the gorging Indian raised his eyes and stared. "The ruling passion! Oh, Professor, you're a keen one for arguing. . . . I believe. It probably don't mean to me at all what it does to you. Names, you know . . . . as Lena said. . . . But God? I believe in a loving and merciful God. I know. I can't give logic for it, but I know—now more than ever. Now more than ever. I thank Him for His gifts—for strength, for courage, for the knowledge that—I shall not tell! . . . . And, perhaps . . . . I shall not wholly die. . . . Perhaps. *Quien sabe?*"

After a little he spoke again. "There's one more thing, Professor.

"I Thank Him for the Knowledge That—I Shall Not Tell! . . . And, Perhaps . . . I Shall Not Wholly Die. . . . Perhaps"

(Continued on Page 53)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

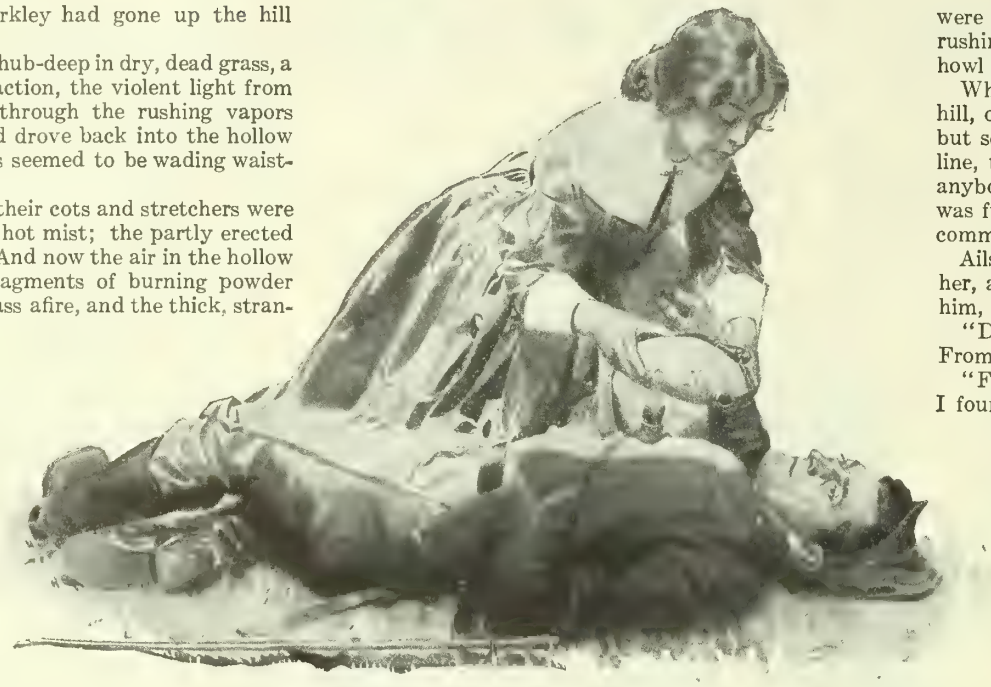
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XXII

AILSA was told that Berkley had gone up the hill toward the firing-line.

On the windy hilltop, hub-deep in dry, dead grass, a section of a battery was in action, the violent light from the discharges lashing out through the rushing vapors which the wind flattened and drove back into the hollow below so that the cannoneers seemed to be wading waist-deep in fog.

The sick and wounded on their cots and stretchers were coughing and gasping in the hot mist; the partly erected tents had become full of it. And now the air in the hollow grew more suffocating as fragments of burning powder and wadding set the dead grass afire, and the thick, strangling smoke spread over everything.



She Set Her Canteen to His Blackened Lips

Surgeons and assistants were working like beavers to house their patients; every now and then a bullet darted into the vale with an evil buzz, rewounding, sometimes killing, the crippled. To add to the complication and confusion, more wounded arrived from the firing-line above and beyond to the westward; horses began to fall where they stood harnessed to the caissons; a fine, powerful gun-team galloping back to refill its chests suddenly reared straight up into annihilation, enveloped in the volcanic horror of a shell so near that Ailsa, standing below in a clump of willows, saw the flash and smoke of the cataclasm and the flying disintegration of dark objects scattering through the smoke.

Far away on the hillside an artilleryman, making a funnel of his hands, shouted for stretchers; and Ailsa, repeating the call, managed to gather together half a dozen overworked bearers and start with them up through the smoke.

Deafened, blinded, her senses almost reeling under the nerve-shattering crash of the guns, she toiled on through the dry grass, pausing at the edge of charred spaces to beat out the low flames that leaped toward her skirts.

There was a leafy hollow ahead, filled with slender willow trees, many of them broken off, shot, torn, twisted and splintered. Dead soldiers lay about under the smoke, their dirty shirts or naked skin visible between jacket and belt; to the left on a sparsely-wooded elevation, the slope of which was scarred, showing dry red sand and gravel, a gun stood, firing obliquely across the gully into the woods. Long, wavering, irregular rings of smoke shot out, remaining intact and floating like the rings from a smoker's pipe until another rush and blast of flame scattered them.

Another gun had been dismounted and lay on its side, one wheel in the air, helpless, like some monster sprawling with limbs stiffened in death. Behind it, crouched close, squatted some infantry soldiers, firing from the cover of the wreckage. Behind every tree, every stump, every inequality, lay infantry, dead, wounded, or alive and cautiously firing. Several took advantage of the fallen battery horses for shelter. Only one horse of that gun-team remained alive, and the gunners had lashed the prolonge to the trail of the overturned cannon and to the poor horse's collar, and were trying to drag the piece away with the hope of righting it.

This maneuver dislodged the group of infantry soldiers who had taken shelter there, and, on all fours, they began crawling and worming and scuffling about among the dead leaves, seeking another shelter from the pelting hail of lead.

There was nothing to be seen beyond the willow gully except smoke, set grotesquely with phantom trees, through which the enemy's fusillade sparkled and winked like a long, level line of fireflies in the mist.

The stretcher-bearers crept about, gathering up the wounded who called to them out of the smoke. Ailsa, on her knees, made her way toward a big artilleryman whose right leg was almost shot away at the thigh.

She did what she could, called for a stretcher, then, crouching close under the bank of raw earth, set her canteen to his blackened lips and held it for him.

"Don't be discouraged," she said quietly; "they'll bring another stretcher in a few moments. I'll stay here close beside you until they come."

The artilleryman was dying; she saw it; he knew it. And his swollen lips moved.

"Don't waste time with me," he managed to say.

"Then will you lie very still and not move?"

"I only don't let the horse step on me."

She drew her little notebook and pencil from the pocket of her gown and lowered her head until one ear was close to his lips.

"What is your name and regiment?"

His voice became suddenly clear:

"John Casson—Tenth New York Battery. . . . Mrs. Henry Casson, Islip, Long Island. My mother is a widow. I don't—think she—can—stand ——"

Then he died—went out abruptly into eternity.

Beside him, in the grass, lay a Zouave watching everything with great, hollow eyes. His body was only a mass of bloody rags; he had been shot all to pieces, yet the bleeding heap was breathing, and the big, sunken eyes patiently watched Ailsa's canteen until she encountered his unwinking gaze. But the first swallow he took killed him horribly; and Ailsa, her arms drenched with blood, shrank back and crouched shuddering under the roots of a shattered tree, her consciousness almost deserting her in the roaring and jarring and splintering around her. She saw more stretcher-bearers in the smoke, stooping, edging their way—unarmed heroes of many a field who fell unnoted, died unrecorded on the rolls of glory.

A lieutenant of artillery, powder-blackened but jaunty, called down to her from the bank above:

"Look out, little lady. We're going to try to limber up, and we don't want to drop six horses and a perfectly good gun on top of you!"

Somebody seized her arm and dragged her across the leaves; and she struggled to her knees, to her feet, turned, and started to run.

"This way," said Berkley's voice in her ear; and his hand closed on hers.

"Phil—help me—I don't know where I am!"

"I do. Run this way, under the crest of the hill. . . . Doctor Connor told me that you had climbed up here. This isn't your place! Are you stark mad?"

They ran on westward, panting, sheltered by the grassy crest behind which soldiers lay firing over the top of the grass—long lines of them, bellies flattened to the slope, dusty blue trousers hitched up, showing naked ankles and big feet pendant. Behind them, swords drawn, stood or walked their officers, quietly encouraging them or coolly turning to look at Ailsa and Berkley as they hurried past.

In a vast tobacco field to their left, just beyond a wide cleft in the hills, a brigade of cavalry was continually changing station to avoid shell fire. The swallow-tailed national flags, the yellow guidons with their crossed sabers, the blue state colors, streamed above their shifting squadrons as they trotted hither and thither with the leisurely precision of a peaceful field day; but here and there from the trampled earth some fallen horse raised its head in agony; here and there the plain was dotted with dark heaps that never stirred.

. . . . . .

The wailing flight of bullets streamed steadily overhead, but, as they descended, the whistling, rushing sound grew higher and fainter. They could see, on the plain where the cavalry was maneuvering, the shells bursting in fountains of dirt, the ominous shrapnel cloud floating daintily above.

Far away through the grassy cleft, on wooded hillsides delicately blue, they could see the puff of white smoke shoot out from among the trees where the Confederate batteries were planted, then hear the noise of the coming shell rushing nearer, quavering, whistling into a long-drawn howl as it raced through the gray clouds overhead.

While he guided her among the cedars at the base of the hill, one arm around her body to sustain her, he quietly but seriously berated her for her excursion to the firing-line, telling her there was no need of it, no occasion for anybody except the bearers there; that Doctor Connor was furious at her and had said aloud that she had little common-sense.

Ailsa colored painfully, but there was little spirit left in her, and she walked thankfully and humbly along beside him, resting her cheek against his shoulder.

"Don't scold me; I really feel half sick, Phil. . . . From where did you come?" she added timidly.

"From the foot-bridge. They wanted a guard set there. I found half a dozen wounded men who could handle a musket. Lord, but the rebels came close to us that time! When we heard those bullets they were charging the entire line of our works. I understand that we've driven them all along the line. It must be so, judging from the firing."

"Did our hospital burn?"

"Only part of one wing. They're beginning to move back the wounded already. . . . Now, dear, will you please remain with your superiors and obey orders?" he added as they came out along the banks of the little stream and saw the endless procession of stretchers recrossing the foot-bridge to the left.

"Yes. . . . I didn't know. I saw part of a battery blown up, and a soldier shouted for stretchers. There was nobody else to start them off, so I did it."

He nodded. "Wait here, dear. I will run over and ask Doctor Connor whether they have moved Colonel Arran ——"

"Colonel Arran! Oh, Philip! I forgot to tell you ——" She clutched his arm in her excitement, and he halted, alarmed.

"Has anything happened to him?" he demanded.

"He asked for you."

"Is he worse?"

"I fear so."

"Dying?"

"Phil—I am afraid so. He—he—thinks that you are his son!"

"W-what are you saying?" he stammered. "What are you trying to tell me, Ailsa?"

"Phil—my darling!—don't look that way!" she exclaimed, frightened.

"What way?" He laughed as though crazed. "Where is he? Do you know? I want to see him You'd better let me see him."

"I'll go with you, Phil; I'll be close beside you. You mustn't become so terribly excited; I didn't know what I was saying; I think he is delirious."

"Where is he? I can't endure this much longer," he kept repeating in a vacant way as they forced a path among the litters and ambulances and came out through the smoke blowing from a pile of débris that lay where the east wing of the seminary had once stood. Charred and battered, every window smashed and the blackened rafters of the roof still smouldering, the east wing rose before them, surrounded by the wounded.

A surgeon told them that Colonel Arran had been carried out of the barn, but to what place he did not know. Letty with Doctor Benton passed them by the stables, but they knew only that Colonel Arran had been placed in an ambulance which had started for Azalea Courthouse.

This was confirmed by Doctor Connor, who came hurrying by and who halted to scowl heartily at Ailsa.

"No more of that!" he said roughly. "When I want a nurse on the firing-line I'll detail her I've sent two hundred invalids to the landing and I wanted you to go with them, and when I looked around for you I saw you kiting for the line of battle! That's all wrong, Mrs. Paige! That's all wrong! You look sick, anyway. Are you?"

"No. I'll go now if you'll let me, Doctor Connor."

"How are you going to get there? I haven't another ambulance to send—not a horse or a mule ——"

"I—I'll walk," she said with a sob in her throat. "I am fearfully sorry—and ashamed ——"

"There, there," muttered Doctor Connor, "I didn't mean all I said. It was a brave thing to do—not that your pluck mitigates the offense! Be a little more considerate; think a little faster; don't take to your legs on the first impulse. Some fool told me you'd been killed—and that made—made me—most damnably angry!" he burst out with a roar to cover his emotion.

He seized Ailsa's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Excuse my profanity. I can't avoid it when I think of you—dead! There, there, I'm an old fool and you're

a—younger one. See if you can find somebody to take you to Azalea. I want that batch of invalids carefully watched. Besides, there's a furlough there for you. Don't say one word! You're not well, I tell you. I had to send those invalids back; the place here is atrociously crowded. Try to find some way of getting to the landing. And take care of your pretty little self, for God's sake!"

She promised, shook hands with him again, disengaged herself from the crowd around her, turned about to search for Berkley, and caught sight of him near the stables saddling his horse. He buckled the last strap as she came up; turned a blank gaze on her, and did not appear to comprehend her question for a moment. Then, nodding in a dazed way, he lifted her to the saddle in front, swung up behind her, passed one arm around her waist, gathered bridle and edged his way carefully through the crowd out into the road.

The Third Zouaves in heavy marching order filled the road with their scarlet column, moving steadily southward; and Ailsa, from her perch on the saddle, called to Colonel Craig and Major Lent, stretching out her hot little hand to them as she passed.

Engineers blocked their progress farther on; then Wisconsin infantry, young giants in blue, swinging forward in their long, loose-limbered stride; then an interminable column of artillery, jolting slowly along, the grimy gunners swaying drowsily on their seats, officers nodding half asleep in their saddles.

"Philip," she ventured timidly.

"Yes."

"Is there—anything—you wish to tell me? Anything that I—perhaps—have a faint shadow of a right to know?"

For a long time they rode in silence, her question unanswered. A narrow cart-road—less of a road than a lane—led east. He turned his horse into it.

For a moment no sound broke the silence save the monotonous clank of his saber and the creak of girth and saddle.

"Ailsa!"

"Yes, Phil."

"Move closer; hold very tight to me; clasp both arms around my neck. . . . Are you seated firmly?"

"Yes, Phil."

He encircled her slender body with his right arm and, shaking out the bridle, launched his horse at a gallop down the sandy lane. Her breath and his mingled as they sped forward; the wind rushed by, waving the foliage on either hand; a steady storm of sand and gravel rained rattling through the bushes as the spurred horse bounded forward, breaking into a grander stride, thundering on through the gathering dusk.

Swaying, cradled in his embrace, her lips murmured his name, or, parted breathless, touched his as the exquisitely confused sense of headlong speed dimmed her senses to a happy madness.

She closed her lids, fever-flushed face transfigured, pressed to his shoulder; then the blue eyes opened vaguely; trees, bushes, fences flew past and fled away behind in the dusk. It seemed to her as though she were being tossed through space locked in his arms; infinite depths of shadow whirled and eddied around her; limitless reaches, vistas unfathomable, stretched toward outer chaos into which they were hurled, unseeing, her arms around his neck, her soft face on his breast.

Then a lantern flashed; voices sounded in far-off confusion; more lanterns twinkled and glimmered; more voices broke in on their heavenly isolation.

Was the divine flight ended?

Somebody said: "Colonel Arran is here and is still alive, but his mind is clouding. He says he is waiting for his son to come."

Dizzy, burning hot, half blinded, she felt herself swung out of space on to the earth again, through a glare of brightness in which Celia's face seemed to be framed, edged with infernal light. . . . And another face, Camilla's, was there in the confusing brilliancy; and she reeled a little, embraced, held hot and close; and in her dulled ears drummed Celia's voice, murmuring, pitying, complaining, adoring:

"Honey-bell—oh, my little Honey-bud! I have you back in my a'ms, and I have my boy, and I'm ve'y thankful to my Heavenly Master—I certainly am, Honeybee!—fo' His goodness and His mercy which He is showing eve'y day to me and mine."

Camilla's pale face was pressed against her hot cheeks and the girl's black sleeve of crape encircled her neck.

She whispered: "I—I try to think it reconciles me to losing Jimmy. . . . War gave me Stephen. . . . Yet—oh, I cannot understand why God's way must sometimes be the way of battle!"

Ailsa saw and heard and understood, yet all around her fell an unreal light—a fiery radiance, making voices the voices of phantoms, forms the outlines of ghosts.

Through an open door she saw a lamplit room where her lover knelt beside a bed—saw a man's arm reach feebly toward him and saw no more. Everything wavered and dazzled and brightened into rainbow tints around her, then to scarlet; then velvety darkness sprang up, through which she fell into swift unconsciousness.

. . . . . .

One of the doctors, looking at her as she lay on the hospital cot, dropped his hand gravely on her thin wrist.

"You cannot tell me anything that I don't know about Mrs. Paige," he said wearily. "This is a complete breakdown. It's come just in time too. That girl has been trying to kill herself. I understand that her furlough has arrived. You'd better get her North on the next transport. I guess that our angels are more popular in our hospitals just now than they would be tuning little gilt harps aloft. We can't spare 'em, Mrs. Craig, and I guess the Most High can wait a little longer."

Doctor, ward master, apothecary and nurses stood looking down at the slim, fever-flushed shape moving restlessly on the cot—babbling soft inconsequences, staring out of brilliant eyes at nothing.

The doctor whispered to the apothecary, and his gesture dismissed those who stood around her waiting in silence.

XXIII

EARLY in October the Union cavalry began their favorite pastime of "chasing" Stuart. General Pleasonton, with a small force and a horse battery, began it, marching seventy-eight miles in twenty-four hours; but Stuart marched ninety in the same time. He had to.

About ten o'clock in the morning of October tenth, General Buford, chief of cavalry, set the Sixth Pennsylvania Lancers galloping after Stuart. Part of the First Maine Cavalry joined the chase, but Stuart flourished his heels and cantered gayly into Pennsylvania to the amazement and horror of that great state and to the unbounded mortification of the Union army. He had with him the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the Seventh and Ninth North Carolina and two legions; and after him went pelting the handful that McClellan could mount. A few tired troopers galloped up to White's Ford just as Stuart crossed in safety, and the game of "chasing" Stuart was over. Never had the efficiency of the Union cavalry been at such a low ebb; but it was low-water mark, indeed, and matters were destined to mend after nearly two years of neglect and misuse.

Bayard took over the cavalry south of Washington; Pleasonton collected the Sixth Regulars, the Third Indiana, the Eighth New York, the Eighth Pennsylvania and the Eighth Illinois, and started in to do mischief with brigade headquarters in the saddle.

The Eighth New York went with him, but the Eighth New York Lancers, reorganizing at Orange Hill, were ordered to recruit the depleted regiment to twelve companies.

In August Berkley's ragged blue-and-yellow jacket had been gayly embellished with brand-new sergeant's chevrons; at the Stone Bridge, where the infantry recoiled, his troop passed over at a gallop.

The War Department, much edified, looked at the cavalry and began to like it. And it was ordered that every cavalry regiment be increased by two troops, L and M. Which liberality, in combination with Colonel Arran's early reports concerning Berkley's conduct, enabled the company tailor to sew a pair of lieutenant's shoulder-straps on Berkley's soiled jacket.

But there was more than that in store for him; it was all very well to authorize two new troops to a regiment, but another matter to recruit them.

Colonel Arran, from his convalescent couch in the North, wrote to Governor Morgan; and Berkley got his troop and his orders to go to New York and recruit it. And by the same mail came the first letter Ailsa had been well enough to write him since her transfer north on the transport Long Branch.

He read it a great many times; it was his only diversion while awaiting transportation at the old Hygeia Hotel, where, in company with hundreds of furloughed officers, he slept on the floor in his blanket; he read it on deck, as the paddle-wheeled transport weighed anchor, swung churning under the guns of the great fortress—so close that the artillerymen on the water battery could have tossed a biscuit aboard—and, heading northeast, passed out between the capes, where, seaward, the towering black sides of a sloop-of-war rose, bright-work aglitter, smoke blowing fitfully from her single funnel.

At Alexandria he telegraphed her: "Your letter received; on my way north," and signed it with boyish pride: "Philip O. Berkley-Arran, Captain Cavalry, U. S. V."

To his father he sent a similar telegram from the Willard in Washington; wasted two days at the State, War and Navy for an audience with Mr. Stanton, and finally found himself waiting among throngs of officers of all grades, all arms of the service, for a chance to board his train.

And as he stood there he felt cotton-gloved fingers fumbling for the handle of his valise, and wheeled sharply and began to laugh. "Where the devil did you come from, Burgess? Did they give you a furlough?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, you got more than I. What's the matter—do you want to carry my bag?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't have to."

"No, sir. . . . If you don't object, sir, I'll carry it."

They found seats together; Philip, amused, tried to extract from Burgess something besides the trite and obvious servant's patter—something that might signify some possibility of a latent independence—the germ of aspiration—and extracted nothing. Burgess had not changed, had not developed. His ways were Philip's ways; his loftier flights mounted no higher toward infinity than the fashions of 1862 and their suitability to his master's ultimate requirements.

For his regiment, for its welfare, its hopes, its glory, he apparently cared nothing; nor did he appear to consider the part he had borne in its fluctuating fortunes anything to be proud of.

Penned with the others in the brushfield, he had done stolidly what his superiors demanded of him; and it presently came out that the only anxiety that assailed him was when, in the smoke of the tangled thickets, he missed his late master.

"Well, what do you propose to do after the regiment is mustered out?" inquired Philip curiously.

"Wait on you, sir."

"Don't you want to do anything else?"

"No, sir."

Philip looked at him, smiling.

He Buckled the Last Strap as She Came Up

(Continued on Page 70)

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The Freight Rate Investigation

VERY likely the hearing recently begun by the Interstate Commerce Commission upon the proposed advance in freight rates will be the most important inquiry into railroad charges ever held; but probably it will not be the most important one that ought to be held. This investigation will deal, it seems, with rates in the mass, and the great trouble is not with rates in the mass but in detail.

That railroad capitalization, taken together, greatly exceeds the present worth of railroad property is not likely. Engineering-Contracting, of Chicago, prints a summary of the physical valuation of railroads in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Washington showing an average reproduction-cost of forty-one thousand dollars a mile. Capitalization the country over averages about ten per cent higher; but in three of the states named there is no costly mountain-construction, and in the East the cost of terminals and of triple and quadruple tracks materially increases the construction-cost per mile. If the roads are not overcapitalized they are not, as a whole, earning any very excessive return upon the investment; but, while the average of all rates may not be extortionate, some rates are too low and others are too high.

A Western merchant writes:

"For hauling oil from Chicago to St. Louis the roads charge six cents a hundred pounds; for hauling overalls between the same points they charge forty-three cents a hundred pounds. Either oil is too low or overalls are too high." A like inequality exists as to rates between certain points and those between other points the same distance apart.

Law Here and Elsewhere

MILITANT suffragettes in England got results. By ringing bells at public meetings, mobbing statesmen, "booing" at Parliament, organizing monster demonstrations and getting themselves locked up by wholesale, they so impressed the British mind that a female suffrage bill easily passed to its second reading in the House of Commons.

That this tentative victory is a fruit of riotous tactics most observers agree, and more than one observer has pointed out that the same obstreperous behavior in the United States would discredit and retard female suffrage rather than help it.

To Runnymede is a long way back; but, since the Great Charter was extorted from John at the point of the sword, intimidation has been a prime factor in English politics. Fear carried through the electoral reform of 1832. "The aid of crime was needed to carry the Reform Act," says an eminent British publicist; "the rights of the people could be extorted from the Peers only by terrorism and the menace of civil war."

And Mr. Stead intimates that when their lordships assent to the needed reform of their House it will probably be from the same gentle motive.

Fear of civil commotion is not a political factor here. A cause that relied upon intimidation or resorted to riot would provoke disgust. Americans, we believe, have no sympathy for any reform that will not submit to orderly discussion and the arbitrament of a regular election.

Once in a while, it is true, some densely stupid or merely insane person shoots at a public official; but the act of an idiot or lunatic seems hardly relevant in judging a nation's attitude toward the law. Undoubtedly archaic forms of judicial procedure have encouraged resort to lynch law; but there are phenomena besides lynchings to be taken into account before one accepts the stock assertion that Americans have less regard for law than any other supposedly civilized people.

An Error by Mr. Aldrich

SENATOR ALDRICH seems to have permitted his pen to slip. He has explained all about his rubber company and all about how he feels toward Senator Bristow. Also, he explains that in raising the duties on manufactures of rubber he was merely deferring to the wishes of Treasury officials, judging it would be handier for them, all around, to collect a higher duty than a lower one. In a like spirit of accommodation, perhaps, the Senator's committee omitted this increase of the rubber duty from that sapient summary which it prepared to show the country how the new law affected duties on articles of common consumption.

Having raised the duty in order to avoid bothering the Treasury officials, the committee omitted to mention the raise in order to avoid bothering the public.

Up to this point the Senator's defense has the true protection ring; but he says: "If crude rubber, which competes with no domestic product, should be placed upon the dutiable list the duty would clearly be added to the cost of the rubber to the manufacturer or to the consumer, and would not affect the producer."

This is the very nub of what Senator Bristow and the other Insurgents are talking about—that the duty raises the price to the consumer. And we see here what consideration the framers of the new law gave to the declaration of the Republican platform that the duty ought to "equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad."

The duty on rubber manufactures was increased nearly seventeen per cent. Was this because the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad had widened seventeen per cent? Oh, not at all! It was done merely because a Treasury official dropped in and suggested it. The box was on the sideboard; almost any friendly caller might help himself.

The Leisurely Amble of Progress

IF YOU read a newspaper whose moral habitat is somewhat remote from the gutter you will find in it from time to time a Washington dispatch saying that the chemical bureau of the Department of Agriculture has issued a warning against certain proprietary articles—that various "soothing syrups," for example, being merely preparations of morphine, chloroform and other noxious drugs, are about as fit for infantile consumption as so much whisky and water.

Inducing people, by gross lies, to poison their babies with morphine seems a rather nasty sort of business. Formerly your same newspaper was the most efficient agency in that business. It advertised the dope, and resented suggestions that it ought not to. Some newspapers will still advertise it, and maintain that they can't leave off saving the country to bother about a few poisoned babies. But they find their gutter unpleasant exactly in proportion as it grows lonesome.

When nobody wore clothes nobody minded. Every man that adopted a shirt made a bare back more impracticable. Presently no newspaper will hire itself out for baby-poisoning, and in the fullness of time none will assist in poisoning even an adult belonging to the opposite political party.

This is mentioned simply as an illustrative instance. You can beat the drum till your arms fall off, but Progress will not charge. She merely ambles along, and at what seems the most crucial moment is as apt as not to sit down and make a yard of crochet.

The Best Security

FOR the first time in half a century banks may now issue circulating notes that are based not upon bonds but upon commercial paper—merchants' notes-of-hand, secured simply by the credit and good faith of the signers, which is the best security in the world. From the passage of the national bank act the Government insisted that bank circulation must be secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasury Department, and that whenever the department deposited money in a bank the bank must secure it by hypothecating bonds. Senator Aldrich's emergency currency bill of 1907 retained this wrong notion that bonds are the best security; but the Aldrich-Vreeland compromise measure provides that emergency circulation may also be issued on the basis of merchants' notes. The recent formation of currency associations under that law makes possible the issue of note-secured circulation.

During the tremendous crisis of the Franco-Prussian War the French Government arbitrarily extended the time of payment of all commercial paper for eleven months. The Bank of France held nine hundred million francs of such paper, consisting mainly of the notes of small tradesmen. It was feared that many debtors, taking advantage of this arbitrary extension of the time of payment, would wind up their affairs and default.

As a matter of fact, the bank's losses on this immense amount of merchants' notes amounted to eight-tenths of one per cent. In forty-five years—a period including two great and two smaller panics—losses of the banks of this country on legitimate commercial loans have been infinitesimal.

Boycotting and Being Boycotted

ANOTHER boycott of American goods has been declared by the Chinese at Canton—a heathen proceeding which is all the more exasperating since a former boycott cut deeply into American trade with China. It appears that the Canton Chinamen are dissatisfied with certain detention sheds which we maintain at San Francisco for the temporary occupancy of such of their countrymen as happen this way. That is no good reason for refusing to buy American goods; and boycott is a word of ill savor among us, because, on the whole, we are more interested in avoiding boycotts than in enforcing them.

Formerly it was different. Washington, in 1769, proposed a general agreement to refuse English goods, and in the pre-Revolutionary period boycott was about the most effective and popular weapon in the hands of the colonies. By it, repeal of all the disputed import duties, except that upon tea, was procured. Merchants who persisted in importing English goods in spite of their neighbors' opinions were posted as public enemies, and sometimes suffered indignities of a painful and personal nature. It is popular nowadays to call the boycott un-American, which means simply that in our present circumstances we do not find it advantageous. That is what "un-American" usually means.

Insurgents and Populists

TO SAY that the insurgency of 1910 is merely a passing recrudescence of the populism of 1892 comforts a good many souls that are sadly needing comfort nowadays. The Populist platform described the gold standard as a "vast conspiracy against mankind, organized on two continents"; demanded immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver, and a "speedy" increase of the circulating medium "to not less than fifty dollars per capita," or double what it then was. Since then, without free coinage of silver, the circulating medium has advanced to thirty-five dollars per capita, and the coincidental rise of commodity prices has scarcely proved beneficial to the poor. The Populists demanded Government ownership of railroad and telegraph lines and indorsed the boycott in labor disputes.

Compare this with the platform of the Insurgents, whose chief demand is that tariff schedules shall no longer be dictated by protected trusts which benefit by high duties. As against Government ownership of railroads they want reasonable Government regulation. As against the reclamation of lands held by aliens and by corporations in excess of industrial needs, the Insurgents want corporations to keep out of politics. On the one hand we have highly imaginative proposals by persons who didn't know what ailed them. On the other hand we have a practical and essentially very conservative protest against certain tangible, remediable abuses.

The Good That Men Do

THE close of A. J. Cassatt's life was shadowed by an exposure of graft in the great railroad of which he was head. A number of subordinates were caught taking money and other valuable things from certain shippers to whom they granted favors at the expense of the road. It was just a case of till-tapping on an extended scale, and some half-dozen men, we believe, were implicated. No doubt the ensuing storm of criticism told heavily upon Mr. Cassatt.

The other day, at the new Pennsylvania terminal in New York, there was unveiled a bronze statue of President Cassatt, "whose foresight, courage and ability," as the inscription justly says, "achieved the extension of the Pennsylvania system into New York City." That extension involved building two tunnels under the Hudson and four under the East River; piercing Manhattan Island from side to side beneath the heart of the city; the erection of a splendid station, and equipment of the whole extension, capable of handling a thousand trains a day, for electrical operation. The outlay exceeds a hundred million dollars, and the project is one that would have staggered any Cheops, Cæsar or Louis.

This immense and highly useful work is a monument to President Cassatt, and a reminder that we ought not to lose a certain sense of proportion. Graft is sometimes only the one mildewed ear in a measure of good corn.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The National Voice

"THERE is only one national voice in this country and that is the voice of the President," said Dr. Woodrow Wilson at a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick a time back, the date being, if I remember aright, the seventeenth of March; in fact, I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction, the date was the seventeenth of March. It always is well to be correct about these details.

Having established the fact that there is but one national voice, the doctor continued: "If we want national processes of unification of thought and action we must have Presidents who will possess national thoughts and aspirations." That seemed to the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick a sort of a slam at somebody, and they sat up and took notice, being keen, at the moment, for unification of thought, and not being so all-fired friendly that a good slam at somebody was not appreciated properly.

Moreover, there was a bit of a plaint in the good doctor's voice when he let go that national-voice assertion, a haunting touch of a lament, a sort of an oh-h-h-la-hay-me-on-the-hillside-with-my-face-turned-toward-the-West minor strain that made a hit with the Friendly Sons, being loyal Irishmen and loving to cry when they sing. They saw it in a minute. Here was the good doctor who had been striving valiantly, for years and years, to be a national voice, and he had to stand up before the Friendly Sons and confess he couldn't make it. It was plain enough he might be a New-Jersey voice, or an Eastern-States voice, and perhaps a Middle-States whisper; but, so far as being a national voice was concerned, the good doctor was forced to acknowledge he couldn't come across.

Not that he hadn't tried. Not that. He had tried. He had taken his voice out and stroked it before dinners in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, before alumni associations and university dinners, and commercial clubs and bankers' associations, and mothers' congresses, and preparatory schools, and organizations having to do with education for the high, the middle and the low, and Chautauquas and lyceums, and at commencements—and about everywhere else they allow a man to speak; but it didn't quite fetch. He might be a subnational voice, or a semi-national one; but when it came to the broad, national-voice proposition he was not there with the language.

Nor must it be supposed the good doctor left untouched any topic that might, through its weight, put him in the national-voice class. He did not. Not a topic—from the coördination of government and business and the relation of the individual conscience to the necessities of the mass, to the provinciality of New York; from the barren cry of the tariff to the proper disassociation of the Samoan root; from the failure of the higher education to the convolutions of female suffrage—escaped him. For years he had been browsing around in the fields of human endeavor and knowledge, and not a spear—from the revision of the paleocrinoidea to the proper way to boil eggs—had he left unchewed. Still, he was not a national voice.

No call has been left unanswered. Did they want him to talk to the bankers at Denver? He was on the spot. Was he required at the conference of the Internationale Vereinigung für vergleichende Rechtswissenschaft und Volkswirtschaftslehre in Berlin? He was there. Wherever a voice has been needed the voice of the good doctor has been available. It has rung out in San Francisco and clarioned in Portland, Maine. It has trafficked with the Traffic Club at Pittsburgh and been soothly Southern before the Southern Society in New Orleans. It has stirred up the ancient welkin in London and followed the introduction of Brand Whitlock in Toledo, Ohio. He had exuded wisdom, warning, wit and wizardry in all parts of the globe, in all parts of these United States; and still the frigid fact has remained: it is not a national voice.

A Simple Remedy

NOW, then, what to do? How to correct this obvious injustice? How to remedy this wrong? Three questions, you will observe, each of tremendous import; but, as is usual with questions of tremendous import, the answer to each and every one is surpassingly simple. What is the answer? inquires the gentleman on my left. This: If, as it seems, it is imperative that Dr. Woodrow Wilson, having failed thus far, must be the national voice, and if, as he says, the only national voice is that of the President, the thing to do to bring about this consummation is to make the good doctor President. That solution is so elementary as to be almost childish, isn't it? How stupid of you not to have seen it before! And as a punishment for your obtuseness you may stay in after school and write "White House" two hundred and thirteen times.

We are informed some of the students of our politics have realized that when it comes to a national voice the good doctor has the materials if he can only get the right rostrum, and are conspiring and perspiring together, at this early date, to fix it for the doctor so he shall labor no longer under this weary load of disappointment. There is a plan on foot—that's right—it hasn't got on a train or an airship yet, but is walking—to name the good doctor as the Democratic standard bearer in 1912. This has been bruited about before, the chief bruiter being Colonel G. B. McClellan Harvey, who lives in New Jersey occasionally, in which state the good doctor also resides. We are told the doctor is to be made governor of New Jersey this fall and then put in the field against Harmon and such others as may be in the field or in the barn; and that the financial powers of Wall Street, rounded up by Colonel Harvey, Tom Taggart and Roger Sullivan, are in on the play.

This brings to mind a pregnant thought voiced by the voice—not national yet—of the doctor a time ago: "The most striking fact about the actual organization of modern society is that the most conspicuous, the most readily wielded and the most formidable power is not the power of government, but the power of capital"; and then we learn that Wall Street looks with favor—but—however—did you ever read the doctor's History of the American People, a charming little volume weighing not more than seven pounds?

Nor is this movement to make the doctor the national voice without logic. The doctor is a Scotchman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia. He is an Irishman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia. He is a Scotch-Irishman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia; a Democrat, who was born at Staunton, Virginia. Main fact: He was born at Staunton, Virginia. Can you see the South rallying about him?

Moreover, in his attempts to be the voice the doctor has, naturally, taken a whack at most of the things the present majority party has advocated; and—whisper!—one day he let go one at T. R., to wit: "As soon as Mr. Roosevelt thinks, he talks—a simultaneous miracle that is not, according to our education, the customary way of forming an opinion." The Democrats could go a long way further and do a good deal worse than nominating Woodrow Wilson, and it is probable they will.

PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, PA

A College President in Big Politics

He is now president of Princeton University, where he has shown his courage on several occasions by attacking the modern system of college education. He once was a lawyer in Atlanta and after that a professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr, and of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton for ten years before they made him president, in 1902. He has a string of degrees to put after his name that looks like an alphabet hung out on a line, has written half a dozen books, is keen—alive to present-day problems, both educational and political -a man of integrity, courage and wide fame; and he was born at Staunton, Virginia.

Should it fall out that this scholarly politician is named for President by the Democrats there will be several things to tie to. The first is that he will be the national voice all right, if elected. The second is that we shall surely go back to those happy times when the day that saw no literature produced at the White House was a dull and dreary one; and the third is that our people, who haven't been instructed much since T. R. left Washington, will come into their full meed of imparted knowledge, preaching and precept again, for T. R. has nothing on the good doctor. I remember two gems that sound so T.-R.-y they might have come from the Little Father himself: "The malady of the age," said the good doctor, "is the lack of individual courage and the lack of individual integrity of thought and action," and "No man should be accepted as a husband who cannot drive a nail."

One on Oulahan

RICHARD V. OULAHAN, publisher of the New York Sun, was invited to dinner in New York recently to meet a distinguished guest. Several literary men were at the dinner. The distinguished guest was late. Finally he arrived, much exhilarated, and explained volubly that he had been to a fashionable wedding where there was much punch and had lingered too long. The distinguished guest was introduced all around. He was in a merry mood and there was a lot of fun at the dinner. When it came time to go Oulahan said he was going to walk up Fifth Avenue, and the distinguished guest said he would stroll with him. They started out, arm in arm. As they left the house the distinguished guest said: "Now tell me all about those people who were at the dinner."

"There was So-and-So," began Oulahan.

"Yes," said the guest, "I remember him."

"And This-and-That."

"I remember him perfectly."

Oulahan finished the list, modestly refraining from mentioning himself. Then the distinguished guest stopped and took Oulahan by the coat lapel. "Thanks very much," he said; "but tell me, pray, where the dickens was this man O'Houlihan?"

Not Enough Eats

BUFF COBB, the seven-year-old daughter of Irvin Cobb, the humorist, was ailing last spring and the doctor put her on a diet.

Naturally she protested, but the Cobbs were firm. One night when, according to her standard, Buff had not had sufficient dinner her parents told her to go to bed.

"Now, see here," said Papa Cobb in his most paternal manner, "run right along to bed and quit your complaining. You are a pretty lucky little girl, with all the toys and friends and fun you have."

Buff started up the stairs. At the first landing she stopped and said slowly: "Yes, I guess I'm a pretty lucky little girl, except along the line of eats."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Brander Matthews, the author, has an abundance of whiskers—in spots.

℄ James Barton Adams, the Colorado poet, served through the Civil War with an Iowa regiment.

℄ The Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers, who used to be a Presbyterian before he became a Unitarian, preached first at Eureka, Nevada.

℄ Sherby Hopkins, the Washington lawyer, knows more about the complicated politics of Central America than the Central Americans themselves.

℄ William Randolph Hearst has fun with his editors by sending in long editorials by cable, when he is abroad, about midnight and marking them "Must go tonight."

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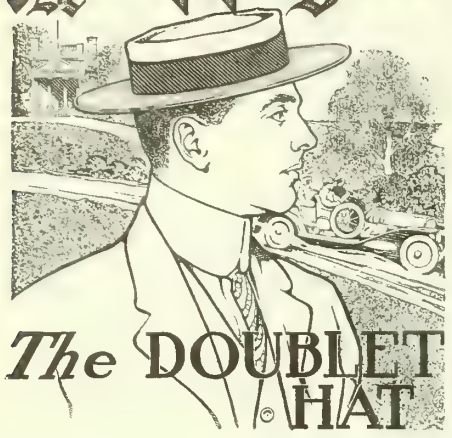

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PLAYING POLITICS

Notes on the Great American Game

NOW that the smoke of the battle has cleared away—N.B. Absolutely the best usage for opening a story of this kind is that smoke-of-the-battle gambit, employed by our best authors—it is apparent that the recent state convention in which the Ohio Republicans indulged themselves was a nice, neat, neighborly affair—not so as you could notice it!

When they had finished maneuvering, manipulating and massacring there was a crop of acrid aftermath as big as Senator Burton's grouch, which, in turn, is as big as Pike's Peak. Usually the Senator's grouch—that is, his ordinary, every-day grouch—is only as big as Mount Washington, but this one grew to the proportions of Pike's Peak and, possibly, to the size of Mount McKinley. Moreover, a whole lot of things seemed reasonably well established.

Among those present were the following pleasantries and evidences of good feeling, party unity, unterrified organization and united front to the enemy, to wit: Mr. Boss Cox said Mr. Senator Burton is a pinhead and Mr. Senator Burton retorted that Mr. Boss Cox is a liar in addition to being no gentleman. Also, a bully and a dictator. Whereupon Mr. Boss Cox made affidavit to his conclusion that Mr. Senator Burton is a pinhead with the additional information, upon knowledge and belief, that Mr. Senator Burton is the head of a rusty pin. In the mean time, Mr. Jimmie Garfield, the original goldilocks of the T. Roosevelt fair-haired-boy contingent, had been kicked and cuffed all around the place. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the son-in-law of the Faunal Naturalist, had been grievously defeated for the nomination for governor; Mr. Senator Dick had missed out in his plan to get an indorsement in the platform for his campaign for reëlection, and Mr. William Howard Taft, the genial President of these United States, was discovered in his well-known specialty of holding the bag.

Oh, it was a lovely affair, that convention, dominated by pique, personal politics and pessimism. It developed a number of useful political propositions, however—that is, useful to the Harmon folks. It showed pretty conclusively that Mr. Taft had decided to give smiling assent to whatever happened, provided he got an indorsement in the platform for himself, for the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, and for those of his other politicues as such reactionaries as Burton and Dick could see their way to let in. He got his indorsement. They named Mr. Taft as Ohio's candidate for President in 1912, than which they could do no less, as the Democrats had named Governor Harmon as theirs. They gave three cheers for the Payne-Aldrich tariff, not only indorsing that law but also defending it, for Aldrichism and Cannonism, and they nominated for governor a man who has been, and probably is yet, the closest political friend of Joseph Benson Foraker, the greatest reactionary.

Taft and George B. Cox

Mr. Taft suppressed whatever emotions he may have had in the way of favoring a progressive candidate and a progressive platform for his O. K. He took whatever came in return for his bouquet. Now that is a curious situation, for many reasons. In the first place, the basis of all the insurgency in the Republican party is the tariff law. It is held to be iniquitous and not in accord with party pledges, not only by a handful of men in the Congress, but by a great number of men who vote regularly with the Republican party, many, very many of whom live and vote in Ohio. Then, again, the candidate for governor, Harding, was nominated only by the grace of George B. Cox, the Cincinnati boss. And yet, though this tariff is indorsed by the Ohio convention as perfect, root and branch, President Taft is on record as saying that a part of it, at least, is indefensible. Further, it is not so many years ago that Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, made a speech at Akron, advising Republicans to vote against Cox's ticket in Cincinnati, which they did, enough of them to defeat the ticket; and it was in the campaign of 1908 that the President refused to speak on the same platform with Foraker, whose faction leader is now the candidate for governor whom Mr. Taft congratulates.

The broad, national view of the results of that convention cannot fail to be that Mr. Taft, thinking that the case in Ohio is hopeless for the Republican party, decided to get his O. K. out of it and let the rest go hang. There was a story that he wanted Nicholas Longworth, or some other like him, named for governor. This was borne out, in part at any rate, by the great efforts of some of the leaders to find a candidate with whom to oppose Brown and Harding, the two men who had most votes among the delegates. They canvassed many names, beginning with Judge Kinkade, who was acceptable at Beverly and at Sagamore Hill, but could get nowhere until they hit on Longworth.

It was determined that Garfield should have nothing, which is precisely what he got. The platform has some platitudes about conservation, but Garfield didn't get them in. He didn't get anything. When they lighted on Longworth, who had made a strong speech on opening the convention, eloquent, convincing and logical from a standpat viewpoint, the plan was not to name Longworth formally, but to give him votes on each ballot, and finally bring the convention over to him when it was disclosed that neither Harding nor Brown had enough votes, and there was a deadlock.

In the Ohio Convention

Cox says he had a conference with Burton in which Burton promised to deliver the Cuyahoga County votes to Brown on the second ballot, Brown being Cox's candidate. Burton denies he made any promise. When the second ballot was taken the Burton votes went to Longworth in accordance with the agreement outlined above, it is claimed. They tried to get Cox to swing into line for Longworth. He asked for another ballot, and when it came time to vote his delegates he voted them for Harding, abandoning his own candidate, Brown, but nominating Harding, defeating Longworth, and putting a dent in Burton that will remain for many a long day.

The United States Senators in Ohio have long been the party leaders. The two men who preceded Burton and Dick—Foraker and Mark Hanna—used to dominate the party. Burton undoubtedly had an ambition to be the leader, but the events of this convention showed that he is as dismal as a leader as he is as an orator, which means he is most melancholy. Burton is an able legislator, but he is not a leader and never will be. He is hesitating, indecisive, grumpy, querulous, nine parts intellect to one part red blood and not a part of the nine intellectual ones political in its nature. On the other hand Cox is a politician, no more and no less and all that the term implies. He saw the chance to wipe Burton out and he wiped him out, not caring whether the Republican party in the state got the worst of the affair in the election results or not.

There was another slant to it too. Cox and Charles P. Taft, who owns the principal Republican newspaper in Cincinnati and who is the brother of the President, are friends. Taft has usually supported Cox and Cox supported Taft when Burton defeated Taft for the United States senatorship upon the retirement of Foraker. Mayhap that had something to do with it. Whether or not, Cox, angry at Burton, took the right moment to land on Burton with crushing force.

Burton and Dick had been to Beverly before the convention. They had a long conference with President Taft. Undoubtedly all these things were talked over, the platform especially. Senator Dick had himself made chairman of the Resolutions Committee to see to the platform end of it. He had hoped for a few kind words in the platform for himself, but they wouldn't have that. However, the platform committee was especially handpicked and selected, and the ringing indorsement of Taft, Taft's tariff and all the rest of it, went through nicely. Jimmie Garfield and some of his friends pleaded for something Rooseveltian in that document,

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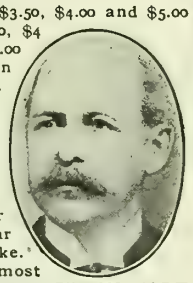

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but were shooed off the place. Before the convention Mr. Roosevelt had hoped "the platform would be progressive." It is as progressive as Nelson W. Aldrich and Joseph G. Cannon. He had "hoped" privately for a progressive candidate. The candidate, Warren G. Harding, is the closest friend of Mr. Roosevelt's most implacable enemy, Joseph Benson Foraker, one man in Ohio politics, at least, who has the courage of his convictions.

Hence, Mr. Roosevelt got nothing out of the convention—if he expected anything—Mr. Taft got his O. K., Mr. Cox got the candidate, and platforms mean nothing to practical politicians like Cox. Candidates are what he is looking for. If Harding should be elected the man he will be most beholden to is Cox, not because Cox wanted him originally but because Cox named him, and no one else.

It was a common saying that the Republicans of Ohio, before the convention, were split as wide apart as Lake Erie and the Ohio River. It would be interesting to hear the men who ran that convention explain how these divergent Republicans were brought closer together by anything that was done at Columbus, or has been done since. A great many Republicans voted for Governor Harmon when he ran in 1908. Just what the party leaders did to cause these Republicans to vote for their candidate, instead of Harmon, this time, is not so clear as some of the other motives that actuated the gathering.

Mr. Bryan's New Issue

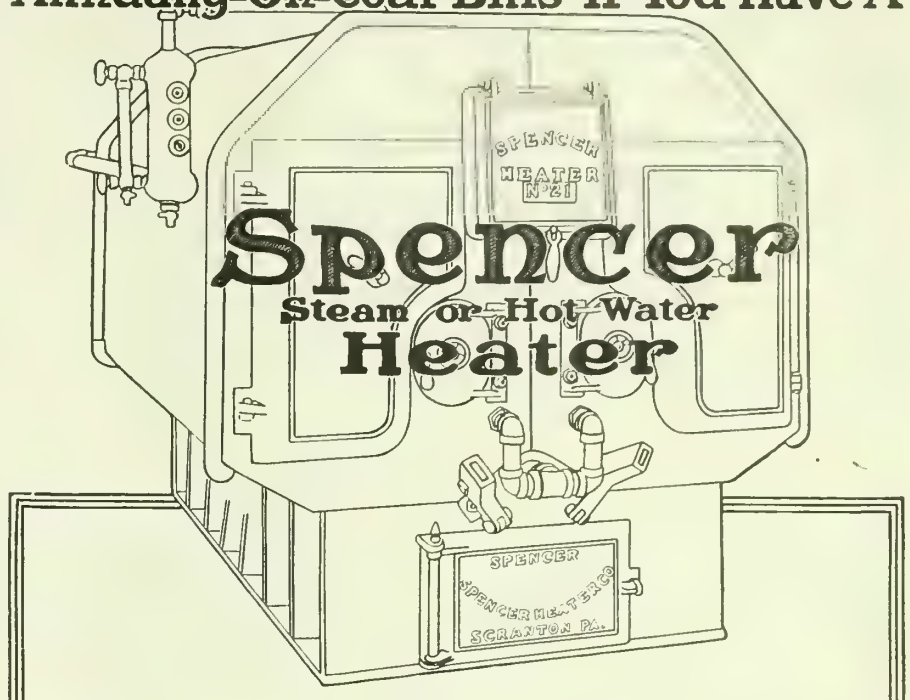
And while this was going on in Ohio, or thereabouts, that peerless leader, William Jennings Bryan, was most grievously put upon, not to say sat upon, by the Democrats of his own state, Nebraska, in platform convention assembled. To make it clear just what happened to Mr. Bryan a little history must be recited. Mr. Bryan is always in need of a paramount issue. He has tried several, with no flattering results so far as his own fortunes are concerned, and all political. Now, the list of political paramount issues in a country where the crops are generally good and the people, except when they read about themselves as among the downtrodden, are generally satisfied, is, of necessity, rather short. And Mr. Bryan, as conditions have arisen, has played out the string.

Hence it was his task to secure for himself a paramount issue of a new type, for it is impossible for Mr. Bryan to exist except as an advocate of something, just as it is impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to exist except as an agitator of something. Mr. Bryan cast about and lighted on temperance, which he took for his own in the shape of county option. Nebraska now has a local option liquor law that shuts the saloons at eight o'clock in the evening and allows them to open at eight in the morning—it may be seven to seven in some localities—it is eight to eight in Omaha—and provides stringent penalties. Mr. Bryan decided he would paramount with county option, which would not give the municipality or town a chance to vote for or against liquor-selling, but would have that voting done by county units.

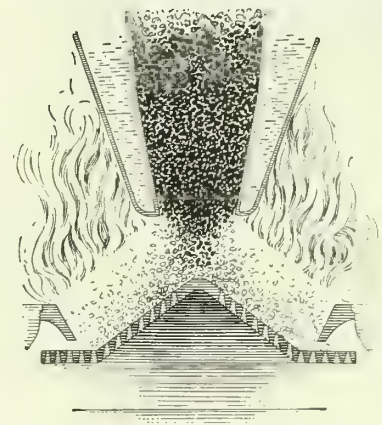
He came out for county option in his paper and campaigned for it before the platform convention. Other leading Democrats, including some former close friends of Bryan, were against the plan, and they were so powerful that they not only defeated the Bryan plan in the convention, but shut off his flow of oratory about it—a most deplorable circumstance, as all will admit. Bryan went home and declared himself satisfied. He had lost on his county option plan, but he had saved the initiative and referendum, he said.

Satisfied is as relative a term as pleased. The degree of Mr. Bryan's satisfaction must be measured by his idea of how far he got with his paramount issue. If he succeeded in identifying himself with it, for such an inseparable time as he may need it, he will be in a position to make a fight along similar lines at the next Democratic National Convention, as those who know him well, or some of them, insist he surely will do, not in the hope of carrying it through this time, but in the expectation of building up with it so he can use it in 1916, provided nothing paramounter occurs to him in the interim. Those persons who think Mr. Bryan does not play politics with both eyes on the far-distant future think a very poor brand of thought.

You Will Save 30% to 50% Annually On Coal Bills If You Have A



The "Spencer" successfully burns No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton than the size used in ordinary heaters and *uses no more tons* of this cheap coal than others do of the larger sizes.

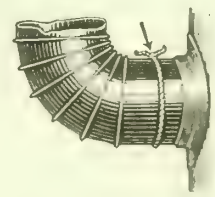


Cross-section of water-jacketed magazine showing raised grates

Magazine Feed The "Spencer" is only coaled every 24 hours in ordinary weather and never more than twice a day in severe. Fill its magazine in the morning, shake it down morning and evening and you have an even temperature all day long—all night in fact if you choose. There's no need to get up in the cold gray dawn to shovel coal and put on drafts. The magazine feed, with its water-jacketing and raised grates, makes this unnecessary.

Water Tubes Being a combination water-tube and return tubular boiler, the water is split up into thin streams so the fire gets at it from all sides—making it the quickest steaming type of boiler in existence. The tubes are made of the finest knobbled wrought charcoal iron.

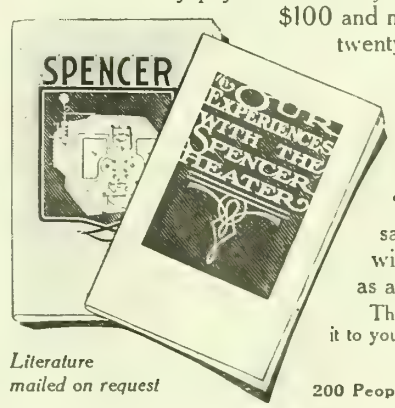
No Waste Heat A string tied around the smoke pipe of an ordinary heater quickly burns thru, showing that a vast quantity of heat is going up the chimney. A string tied about the smoke pipe of the "Spencer" will remain intact indefinitely, which means that the "Spencer" utilizes more of the heat liberated in the fire-pot than any other heater on the market. According to a thermometer, the flue gases in a "Spencer" boiler are taken into the chimney at 100 degrees lower than with any other house-heating apparatus made.



Tie a string around the smoke pipe

Use One Side With a horizontal "Spencer," during the mild weather of Spring and Fall you need use only one side of the heater, reducing coal consumption one half.

It will pay you to invest in a "Spencer"—the saving in coal alone in a few seasons will easily pay for it. Many "Spencer" users report an annual saving of $100 and more, while hundreds of "Spencers" put in twenty years ago are still saving this amount every year.



Literature mailed on request

Our 40-page catalog explains the "Spencer" in detail—with it we'll send the endorsement of 60 users. Here are a few quotations from recent letters—"Coal bills reduced more than half"; "$135 saved in coal"; "Warm house 48 hours without attention"; "As warm in the morning as at night."

The heater problem is an important one—you owe it to yourself to read these two books before you decide.

SPENCER HEATER CO.
200 Peoples National Bank Bldg. Scranton, Pa.

THRIFT

Saving to Replace an Income

AN INSURANCE official of long experience says that it is human nature to regard life as something upon which one's hold is not going to be relaxed. The average man hears of people dying about him, but regards death as a remote contingency in his own case.

For every-day purposes that is probably the best way to look at life and death.

"What if I should die tomorrow, or my income stop?" is a chilling sort of reflection.

But it is a sound idea upon which to build thrift plans. When money is put away with a view to replacing income in case of emergency, the incentive to save is more direct, and money will be invested with a view to its safety and earning power, which is an ideal basis.

A Salesman's Permanent Income

A salesman who earns between four and five thousand dollars a year in commissions figures that his family could live comfortably on $1500 a year in the event of his death. The first step in providing emergency income was taken when he fell heir to a legacy of $1500. This was paid on a $5000 home in a suburb, and as $50 a month had been paid for rent in the city he arranged to pay that much upon the $3500 mortgage which was assumed. At the same time he insured his life for $5000 on the twenty-payment plan, involving an annual premium of about $140. This would have left his family in such shape that it would have $1500 cash and a home free from debt if he were called away, while every payment on the house increased the margin of cash which would remain from the insurance. When the mortgage had been reduced to half he bought another life-insurance policy for $3000, and thus, after the mortgage had been wholly cleared off, in a little more than five years, there was a home and an assured income of about one dollar a day, assuming that the $8000 was invested to produce four per cent. As he now had $600 a year which had been paid as rent and installments, he purchased another house for $3500, a bargain secured because the owner wanted to sell quickly, and which was paid for with $500 borrowed on his life-insurance policies and a $3000 mortgage. A third policy for $3000 was taken out to cover this mortgage. The second house was rented for $28 a month. That left a surplus above taxes and repairs sufficient to pay the annual premium on the third policy, as well as interest on the life-insurance loan and a hundred dollars a year of the principal. His monthly payment upon the second house was $40, so that now, while he paid not much more than the rent of his old city apartment, he had brought his resources up, in six years, to a point where his family would have had an income of nearly $750 a year in case of his death, this money coming from rent of the second house and interest on his life insurance if invested at four per cent. The second house was paid for in a little more than six years, and now he is paying for a third. Real estate and insurance would yield an income of nearly $1000 a year and rent free if he were to die, while if his income from business stopped he would still have his home and forty or fifty dollars a month. Besides, there is a constantly increasing margin upon which to borrow as his life insurance is being paid up, using the policies as security. His whole estate if he died tonight, figuring increased value on property and actual cash yield of insurance, would aggregate fully $27,000. The money has all been put away without seeing much of it—that is, instead of piling cash away in a bank, he has been meeting insurance premiums, interest on loans, mortgage payments and other obligations steadily falling due. At various times he has been a little pinched for ready cash, but some way of meeting payments has always been found.

An Eastern college professor has $2500 salary, and makes about $1500 additional by writing and editorial odd jobs. Until five years ago he had saved little, apart from premiums on $7500 in life insurance. It was his custom to spend three months each summer at the seashore, or boarding at some country place. One autumn he visited a section of New England where farm lands are still cheap, and bought a hundred-acre place with a tight old house and fair outbuildings. Like every city man, he had always meant to have a farm to retire to in his old age, but did not think himself old enough yet, at thirty-seven, to look into the actual purchase. This place, however, was in the market at exceptionally attractive terms. It had been abused by heirs who had finally sold out and moved to town. The purchaser had paid very little for it, and was willing to sell for a small profit. The professor got it for $2500, of which he paid $250 in cash, $250 more within six months without interest, and the rest on five-per-cent mortgage, interest and at least $250 principal to be paid annually. Several hundred dollars were spent in alterations the following spring, but these and the yearly payment came to no more than the cost of a season at the seashore. The hay cut from some old meadows met taxes and interest on the mortgage. A kitchen garden and some hens made up the chief farming activities that year, but even these effected economies, and the family liked the place and the life. The professor was only a "summer farmer," and could keep no livestock apart from an old horse. So coaxing his land back into fertility was a problem. Before going back to town in the fall, however, he had several acres of meadow plowed, harrowed and sowed to rye. This was plowed under next spring for green manure, and potatoes and beans were sowed with commercial fertilizer. During the summer the professor himself cultivated these with his old horse, harvested a satisfactory crop, and had a piece of ground in excellent shape for a trial of alfalfa. Several hundred fruit trees were also put out. Local demand for broilers being good, and the season long enough to raise them, with some help, an incubator and a suitable poultry plant were installed.

The professor now spends five or six months a year on his farm. It pays its own way and yields some profit, and will return more as fruit comes into bearing. If he wanted to leave the city tomorrow, in an emergency, this place would support himself and family, with the aid of his income from writing, while if he were taken from his family the latter could live there comfortably upon his insurance money and the produce of the farm.

Life Insurance Investments

Some of the best results of thrift plans carried out with this idea of providing income are attained by taking steps to assure the safety of the income in the event of the breadwinner's death.

Not long ago a salaried man who had $5000 insurance on the twenty-payment plan bought another policy of a sort now being sold by insurance companies. His wife is not a good business woman, and he had seen one or two sad cases where widows left with a lump sum of insurance money were victimized by worthless investment sharpers. So his new policy was of a kind that, as the agent who sold it said, gave "two dollars a day income for a dollar a day in premiums." Briefly, the salaried man pays about $300 a year in premiums—he is thirty-seven years old—and whenever he dies his widow will begin receiving fifty dollars a month. This income will continue as long as she lives, and she cannot change the form of payment. If she dies before the income has been paid twenty years, her children or heirs will receive it until the twenty-year period is ended.

As the insurance money, by this plan, remains partly on deposit with the company, such a policy yields more in the long run than one under which a lump sum is paid down at death. Among the many new insurance companies organized the past few years is one in which policies are based wholly upon the income principle. A man of thirty, by paying thirty-six dollars a year as long as he lives, or fifty-two dollars on the twenty-payment plan, can provide an income of $100 a year for his widow for twenty years, with $500 additional to be paid in a lump sum when he dies.

MARSHMALLOW DAINTY

Peel thinly six large oranges and six lemons, then put the rinds into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of boiling water and allow to remain covered for thirty minutes. Strain the juice of the oranges and lemons into a basin (there should be one pint), add the water drained from the peel and allow to cool. Add two quarts of Walker's Grape Juice, one and a half quarts of ice-cold water and two pounds of sugar. Cut up half a pound of marshmallows into quarters and allow four pieces to each glass. Serve in stem glasses with lady fingers.

Walker Purity

Walker's Grape Juice contains no adulterant nor diluent; it is guaranteed under Serial No. 2224A, in compliance with the U. S. Pure Food Act; it meets the State Pure Food requirements of any state in the Union.

Those are the common standards of purity to which probably all grape juices conform. But the makers of Walker's Grape Juice are not satisfied with nominal purity. In this grape juice there has been established a new and higher standard of purity.

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because It's Pure"

Walker purity means not only no foreign matter, but it also means no particles of ground-up skins and seeds, no cloudiness, no tannin-bearing sediment to impart the astringent after-taste common to some other grape juices. It does not discolor tongue, lips or teeth. This purest of grape juices is the most graceful and gracious of social beverages. All ages, all tastes find it delightful. It is acceptable on every occasion, always in good form.

Its appearance is clear and brilliant, glowing with a deep ruby hue, its flavor is rich and smooth, its effect invigorating and refreshing. It is a food-drink.

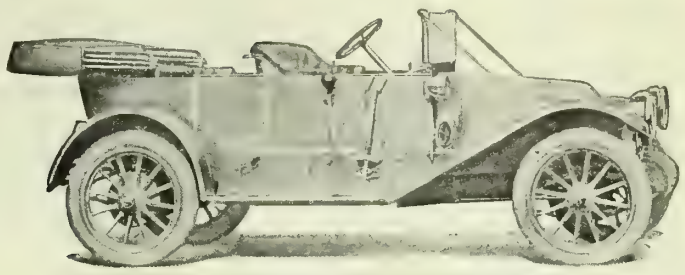
The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

Write for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many delicious drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice.

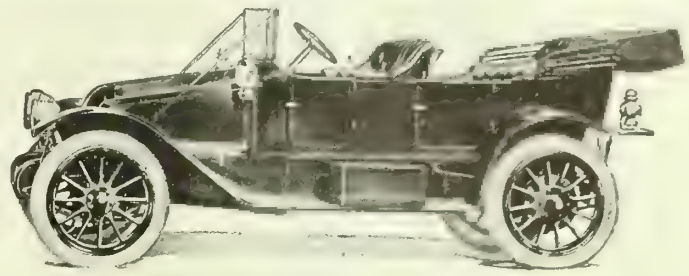
Your grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice. It is served at soda fountains. Walker's is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle. Write to-day for the Recipe Book.

The Grape Products Company, North East, Pa.

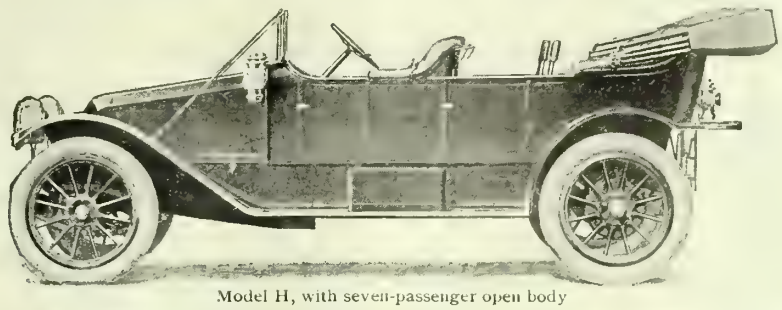
Franklin "The Car Beautiful"



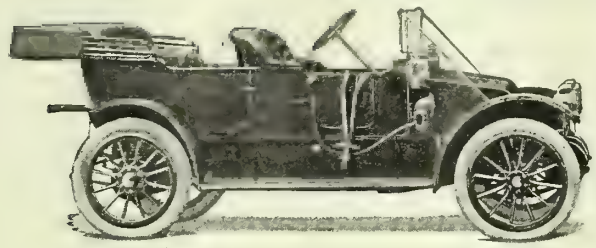
Model D, with four-passenger torpedo-phaeton body



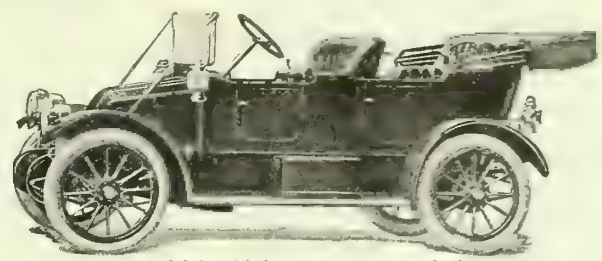
Model D, with five-passenger open body



Model H, with seven-passenger open body



Model M, with five-passenger open body



Model G, with four-passenger open body

Utmost satisfaction in the use of a motor car demands one selected to suit the individual requirements and taste.

Each Franklin is designed to meet a definite demand, and each combines everything that gives grace and distinction of design, efficiency and dependability of operation.

Franklins for 1911 are made in four chassis sizes and horse powers. All are of the same high quality. Two chassis have six-cylinder motors, and two have four-cylinder motors, with eleven styles of open and closed bodies.

The distinguished types of body with the graceful new hood, the lines of which blend harmoniously with the body, make the Franklin the most beautiful car manufactured.

List of Models and Specifications

Model H, with seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body.

Specifications: Six 4½ x 4½ cylinders; 48-horse-power; 133-inch wheel base; tires, rear 38 x 5½ inches, front 37 x 5 inches; weight, touring car 3300 pounds; price, $4500; wheel base of torpedo-phaeton, 126 inches; weight, 3200 pounds; price, $4500.

Model D, with five-passenger open body, double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Six 4 x 4 cylinders; 38-horse-power; 123-inch wheel base; tires, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; weight, touring car 2800 pounds, torpedo 2700 pounds; prices, touring car $3500, torpedo-phaeton $3500, limousine or landaulet $4400.

Model M, with medium five-passenger open body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Four 4 x 4 cylinders; 25-horse-power; 108-inch wheel base; tires, rear 34 x 4½ inches, front 34 x 4 inches; weight, touring car 2300 pounds; price, $2700; limousine or landaulet, price, $3500.

Model G, with four-passenger open body, is the only high-grade small car built in America.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; 18-horse-power; 100-inch wheel base; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1850 pounds; price, $1950.

Special runabout, G type, with single torpedo-phaeton two-passenger body.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1800 pounds; price, including top and glass front, $1950.

Standard equipment, all models, includes top.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

BRANCHES

Albany N Y	242 Washington Avenue
Baltimore Md	Mount Royal and Maryland Avenues
Boston Mass	671 Boylston Street
Buffalo N Y	683 Main Street
Chicago Ill	1450 Michigan Avenue
Cincinnati O	216 East Ninth Street
Cleveland O	6016 Euclid Avenue

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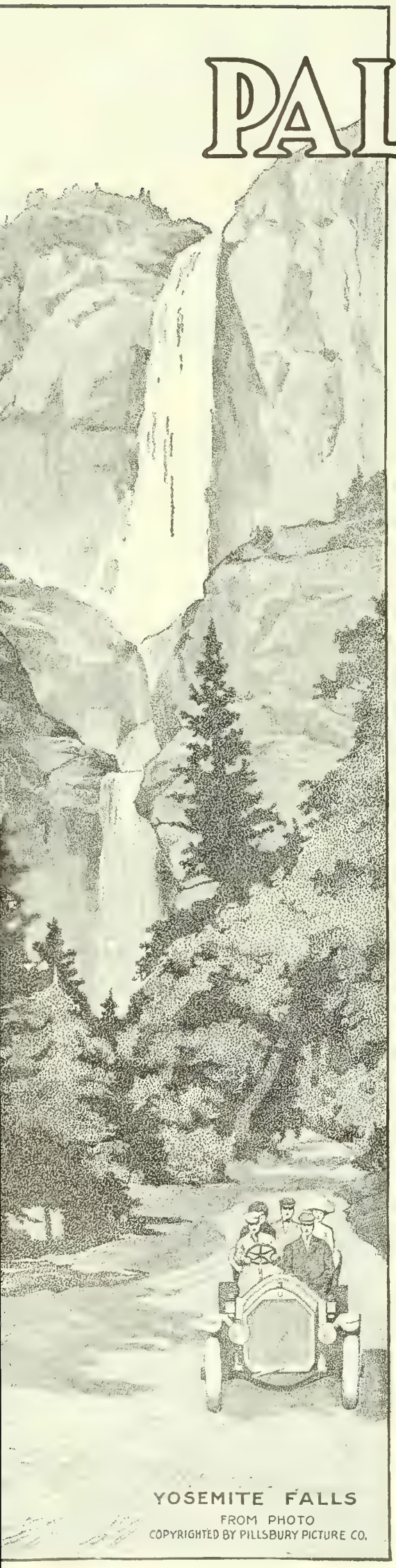
Write for catalogue and name of nearest dealer

Deliveries are on schedule; selection of date is on order of sale

BRANCHES

New York City	Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue
Pittsburg Pa	5926 Baum Street
Rochester N Y	74 North Street
San Francisco Cal	406 Golden Gate Avenue
St Louis Mo	1306 Olive Street
Syracuse N Y	242 East Water Street



YOSEMITE FALLS
FROM PHOTO
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PALMER & SINGER

THERE IS NO LIMIT to the touring possibilities of a well-made, powerful motor car. An endless vista of beautiful country opens up before its owner that can not be reached by other means without subjecting one's self to many discomforts. Much of this country is inaccessible to little cars.

There is No Better-Made, Reliable Car than the 1911 Palmer-Singer. Each car is amply powered. Each model is enlarged and refined beyond previous models, all of which won signal favor among experienced motorists who know relative motor car values.

We Offer Four 1911 Touring Car Types, ranging from $2,500 to $4,200 and from 30 to 60 horsepower, four and six-cylinder models, with the widest range of body styles and equipment to be desired.

ENTHUSIASTIC OWNERS attest the satisfactory service which Palmer-Singer cars have rendered to them. Moreover, each car is sold with an unequivocal one year's guarantee. Our 1911 book completely describes them. Write to Dept. S for it.

PALMER & SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

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Factory: Long Island City Western Distributors: E. M. Fowler & Co., Santa Barbara, Cal.
Southern Distributors: Apperson-Lee Motor Co., Lynchburg, Va. Boston: F. H. Dike, 49 Fairfield Street

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336 N. Broad Street

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Wagner Motor Car Co.
533 Van Ness Ave.

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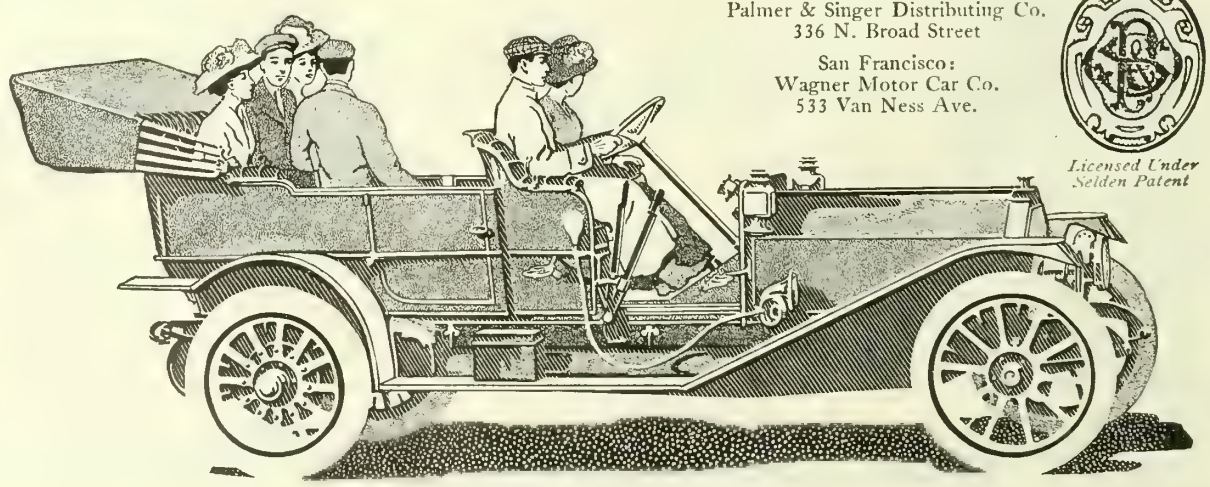


A HUNTER OF TASTE

"Say, what's the use hunting quail," says this hunter man, "when you can hunt a jackknife, a hunk of bread, and a can of Underwood so easy, and feast on a taste just as good?"

And it does taste good because it is ham, salted and sugared and hickory smoked; boiled *en casserole* to hold the good ham flavor; ground fine, and mixed with mustard and forty-two spices.

TASTE THE TASTE

you hunters, fishers, campers, picnickers.

For all out-dooring, handy, great.

For teas, luncheons, card parties, meal emergencies—all in-dooring—handier, greater—such sandwiches and delicacies as it does make!

"Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News" is a book that tells how to make little cookery niceties you never thought of.

And "Underwood's New England Sea Foods" is another book that tells of a taste New Englanders know—the salt sea taste of Underwood's flavorous Fried Sardines in Oil, Mustard, Tomato Sauce, or Souse; Clam Chowder; Clams in their own delectable juice; Herring; Lobsters, etc.

For your grocer's name, we'll send you these books free.

For 15c and your grocer's name we'll send you can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try.

Before you forget it, get some Underwood's New England Sea Foods and some Underwood Deviled Ham from your grocer. You'll be glad you did.

William Underwood Co., 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Branded with the Little Red Devil

YOUR SAVINGS

Pitfalls in Real-Estate Buying

A YOUNG clerk once sought the advice of his employer about buying a lot for a home site in a remote suburb of the city in which he worked. "The payments are easy," he said, "and the company's agent says the city will build up to it."

"Don't buy it," said the employer, who owned a lot of real estate. "The city won't grow up to it in your day. There are no adequate transit facilities. Men who have bought that kind of land would have saved money by burning their money, because taxes and interest usually exceed the original cost."

This hard-headed business man summed up a situation that is costing the American wage-earner and others millions of dollars in savings each year. The traditional desire to own land causes people to plunge into speculation. Yet no security is more stable than real estate, for it is the basis of the world's wealth. Likewise it is the cornerstone of the home. For this reason, and in view of the widespread dealing in land, it seems an opportune time to call attention to some facts, notably the pitfalls, in connection with real estate buying that everybody ought to know.

No matter where he lives, the buyer or the prospective buyer of advertised real estate, and especially the city dweller, is confronted by the same arguments that are used to exploit all kinds of speculative enterprises. Take, for example, the case of New York, the most valuable city in the world, whose land valuation is worth more, by a billion dollars, than all the land with improvements in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. The suburban land promoter there—and his tactics are universal—points to his stretch of undeveloped country located hours—not forty-five minutes—from Broadway, and says: "It will be worth a fortune in a few years." Then he employs the time-worn comparisons. He points, for one thing, to the example furnished by the site of the Astor House, which sold for less than two thousand dollars back in 1720 and which is now worth more than three million dollars. He shows how a lot on Broadway near Forty-sixth Street, which brought four hundred and fifty dollars in 1850, was recently sold for two hundred thousand dollars, and so on. It is just like the good-as-Bell-telephone-stock lure which is held out by every vendor of securities exploiting a mechanical device. As a matter of fact, this kind of comparison is unfair because the sites quoted have attained their phenomenal increase in value through years of steady upbuilding of the whole community. The average man has no more chance at something as good as this than he has to get in on a real "ground-floor proposition."

The Basis of Land Values

In discussing real estate buying you must first consider the reason for buying; second, the kind of money employed. This article is concerned mainly with savings, on which no chances should be taken, which may be put into land either for a home site or for safe investment.

At the outset, and in the consideration of any real estate for purchase, it is good to keep in mind one big, fundamental, economic fact, which is that land values are determined by the presence of people. Pioneering on land is usually costly, and it is wise to let the rich indulge in this activity.

Therefore, one of the first and most important rules to be observed in buying real estate for your own use is to buy where there are people. Another primary rule is to consider carefully the accessibility of the home site to the place where you work. At this point the question of transportation comes in. A site may be healthful, attractive and ideal in every way, but, if it is not on a line that furnishes quick and cheap transit, living there will become a burden and an expensive luxury.

The question of conveniences is likewise most important. The neighborhood should have streets and a water supply. Other conveniences may come in time, but these are essential. One handicap in buying a lot in an undeveloped community is that there is no legal requirement to build or maintain highways. A highway makes traffic, and traffic, in turn, brings people, business and increase in value all around. If there are no streets people will not build, and thus the element of population, which is so vital to realty appreciation, will be lacking.

Land Schemes Risky

The real estate buyer should be wary of what are technically known as developments. These are areas, usually farms or suburban stretches near cities, that are cut up into lots and exploited by shrewd advertisers. Usually the principal work done on these subdivisions is the labor of the surveyor who plants the stakes that mark the lots. The advertisements of these tracts are often misleading, for they show rows of shaded streets with many houses and happy suburbanites at play. The process of careful investigation which should precede all employment of money is highly necessary here. Many of the promoters of such land schemes run free excursions as an inducement to lot buyers. Others give the lots free if you pay for the recording of the deed. The more "free doings" that there are about property for sale, the more cautious you should be about buying it. Good land that has legitimate prospects of increase in value does not need brass-band salesmanship.

Every big city has its long list of tragedies in arrested developments. Not long ago I took a motor trip across Long Island. In three hours I passed twenty developments that had gone to seed. In most cases they were weed-grown patches, and about the only tangible signs of man in what was once advertised as "the queen of suburbs" and "the garden spot of Long Island" were the weather-beaten stakes proclaiming the lots for which people had paid their good savings. At one place the one evidence of life was a poultry farm run by a negro who lived in the railway station. The reason why these and most other developments fail is that there is no provocation for them. Either there are no industries to attract people or the soil is too poor for truck farming. Many of those on Long Island were too far from New York for the average wage-earner to commute. The people who bought the lots were the victims of smooth-tongued speculators. In many instances the purchasers did not even go out to see what they were buying. They were dazzled by the mere prospect of "owning property," and by the beautifully engraved certificates of ownership.

In buying real estate for investment a safe rule to lay down may be summed up in this sentence: buy only where you would like to live yourself. This means that some other person will be very apt to want to reside there, and therefore you can probably sell your plot without difficulty.

The right kind of unimproved property, according to the experience of wise buyers, ought to double in value every seven years. Therefore if this has not happened to your lots something must be wrong, and an investigation or a sale is in order.

The study of real-estate buying, especially in developments, leads to one phase that calls for particular attention. It is installment buying, a process that is in wide practice and is, in the main, a menace to savings. Like installment buying of household goods it not only often costs much more than outright buying, but tempts people to buy who have no business or means to do so.

Buying on Installments

In many instances the promoters of speculative land schemes add twenty-five per cent to the price of lots sold on the installment plan. The installment buyer does not stop to realize that he would really save money by letting his savings accumulate in a savings bank where they will earn more money. Then, when he has accumulated enough, he can buy the lot outright. The average man who falls for the installment game is misled by the agent who says: "Buy now, because if you wait it will be too late. The price will go up next month." This is seldom the case. Besides, a man

YOU can drink as many cups of coffee as you want—**IF** it is Baker-ized Coffee.

Baker-izing takes the chaff and the dust out of coffee. You will find both in any coffee ground in the old way.

The chaff—fine white flakes—contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy. It is not good for the coffee flavor or for the human system.

You can see coffee dust in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody and it is indigestible. It enters the stomach with the coffee and causes trouble.

Now mark you—the coffee which is freed from dust and chaff, with their injurious effects, is

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Only the choicest crops are used for Baker-ized coffee. The coffee beans are hand-picked to remove the dead and tasteless ones. They are roasted to a rich brown, every bean alike.

They are split open and the chaff is blown out. Then they are steel cut with sharp knives—into pieces of uniform size—**with no dust.**

Baker-ized coffee is put up in Sealed Tins and reaches you with full flavor and aroma.

It is a delicious, smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful after-taste, and no *unpleasant* after effects.

It is the coffee that touches the spot, invigorates the spirits, braces the nerves.

Trial Can FREE

Enough for six cups of full strength. Note the absence of dust and chaff. Note the uniformity of the grains—which allows the coffee to be brewed to the exact strength desired—without oversteeping any of the grains. A pound of Baker-ized Coffee will make 15 to 20 cups more than ordinary coffee. Sold at Grocers at 35c to 40c a pound, according to quality. Use the coupon.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name _____

Address _____

Baker Importing Co.
New York
Minneapolis

Every Genuine Mallory Cravenetted Hat Bears This Trade-Mark

Style

NEW, exclusive shapes and shades—becoming refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt.

Since 1823 Mallory Hats have been famous for their quality and style.

Service

In these hats you also get the weather-proof feature, which comes from the cravenetting process.

You can get this exclusive weather insurance only in Mallory Hats.

This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply makes it weather-proof. That is why Mallory Hats stay new.

All That You Like In a Hat

$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

Dealers Everywhere Have Them — *Send for Free Booklet*

In New York City, 1133 Broadway
In Boston, 412 Washington Street

E. A. Mallory & Sons
13 Astor Pl.
Cor. B'way
New York

Factory:
Danbury
Connecticut

A Chocolate *of* Rare Quality

Huyler's

METROPOLITAN SWEET CHOCOLATE

A Chocolate of such Superior Quality, Smoothness and Flavor as has never before been produced

A Chocolate for Chocolate Connoisseurs

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

5c & 10c Cakes

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. Write nearest agent.

443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis | 736 Old South Bldg., Boston
217 Front St., San Francisco | 516 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
24 Whitehall St., New York | Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia

with the cash in hand can usually get what he wants. By keeping his money in a savings bank he runs no risk. There have been instances where installment buyers have lost all that they paid in on property. This is in cases where the promoter did not own what he was selling, but had given a blanket mortgage on the whole tract. Instead of applying the receipts from buyers to the reduction of his own debt he speculated with it. When his mortgage came due he could not meet it and it was foreclosed. The people who had paid many installments on their lots had no legal claim on the property and were wiped out.

Here is where the value of getting title to your property may well be emphasized. In most installment buying you only get the deed when you have paid a certain sum. Up to that time you are at the mercy of the company.

There are times when installment buying of real estate is justified. This is where the land scheme is not speculative and where a group of people get together and buy on a coöperative plan, like a building and loan association, for instance. The difficulty about ordinary installment buying, removed from promoting schemes, is that the buyer pays a penalty or a bonus for the privilege of buying on easy terms.

Even if the real estate buyer gets a site that promises satisfactory increase in value in a community that is developing fast, his path is strewn with pitfalls. No matter where the property is located his first task should be to see that the title, which is the claim to the land, is good. It must be thoroughly "searched," and this can only be done by a title company that has the proper facilities to do the work. People who try to save money on title investigation usually find it a pretty costly economy in the end.

Friends Who Get Commissions

Ignorance about restrictions has caused careless real estate buyers much loss. The restrictions should be the subject of careful inquiry. If, for example, the property adjacent to your lot is unimproved and there are no restrictions on it, a factory or a stable may be built on it which would greatly depreciate the value of your site for a home. See that the buildings that may be erected next door are dwellings.

If you buy in an undeveloped community find out what the "established grade" is. This is the grade at which the streets are built. If your house is built before the street you may find that it is below the established grade when the highways are constructed.

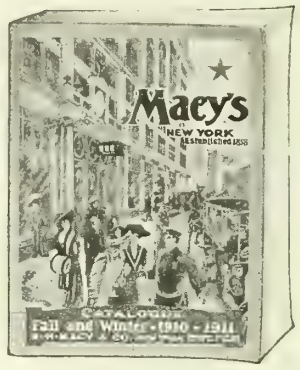
This detracts from its value and sometimes from its renting possibilities. It is advisable to build in a community that has proper sewerage facilities, for hygienic as well as economical reasons.

If the lot is in a developed neighborhood it is of the utmost importance to ascertain whether there are any assessments for improvements on the property. These assessments may be the lot's pro rata of the cost of streets, sewers, gradings, sidewalks, asphalt or other kinds of paving. Likewise there may be arrears of taxes. Some people have bought real estate without proper investigation and found it encumbered with heavy assessments that wiped out part of their bui ding capital. The information about assessments may be obtained easily at your local assessor's office. While you are getting these data it might be well to inquire whether any expensive city improvements affecting your property are planned for the future.

I have saved for the last one homely but effective rule to follow in buying real estate—don't buy a lot because a friend of yours advises you to buy. In nearly every city where there are speculative land schemes you find men who get a certain commission or a discount on their own lots by getting their friends to buy in the same subdivision. Here, as in other employment of money, beware of your friends, especially those who have the "sure things." Never go out to look at real estate with the agent or with an interested party. If possible get some one who knows real estate values and who is not concerned in your particular piece.

Thus in real estate buying, as in all other kinds of investment, whether for comfort, safety or profit, you find that the universal maxim holds good, which, summed up, is that you must look before you invest, for in careful investigation lies the safeguard of savings.

For Fashion's Sake and Economy's Sake, Madam, Get This New Macy Fashion Book and Household Catalogue!



Every woman who cannot do her shopping personally in New York City ought to do the next best thing:

Shop by Mail at Macy's From Macy's Big Fashion Book and Household Catalogue

The Fall and Winter number of this great store publication is now ready for mailing.

We send it postpaid to any address upon request.

It is the whole story of authoritative Fall and Winter Fashions in Apparel for all the family, Millinery, Dress Accessories, Fabrics and Novelties attractively combined with staples and hundreds of household needs.

This is not the ordinary catalogue of the ordinary Catalogue House, but a great 450-page Book filled from cover to cover with selections from the stocks of one of the largest and best known stores in the world.

It goes out to you from the heart of the **greatest retail shopping district in America.** It tells of newer, better and **vastly more up-to-date** articles than any ordinary catalogue house could possibly offer.

It brings to you, no matter where you live, the same shopping advantages that have drawn as many as *a quarter of a million shoppers* to the Macy store in a *single day.*

It tells you who live distant from New York stores how you can shop by mail at the *most famous* of them, and have the newest New York styles and adaptations of the latest Paris creations *many weeks earlier* than your home stores.

Judge for yourself. Send for the catalogue—a postal card request will bring you the big Book by return mail. ***Merely Ask For "New Season Fashions."***

R. H. Macy & Co. {Broadway at Sixth Ave. | 34th St. to 35th St.} **New York**

210 Automobile Dealers Were Asked This Question:

"On your honor, now, what speed indicator, irrespective of price, is of even quality with your car?"

The answer in 204 cases was:

"The Warner Auto-Meter"

We wanted to know what dealers really thought of our mechanical masterpiece and went to the expense of having a man not connected with our organization call on every dealer in the largest cities and ask this question. The result is given above.

Yet, nearly all of these dealers offer other speed indicators for sale, because—as they frankly admit—they do not believe the buyer of a popular-priced car appreciates or will afford the Auto-Meter, as it costs from three to five times as much as other "speed indicators."

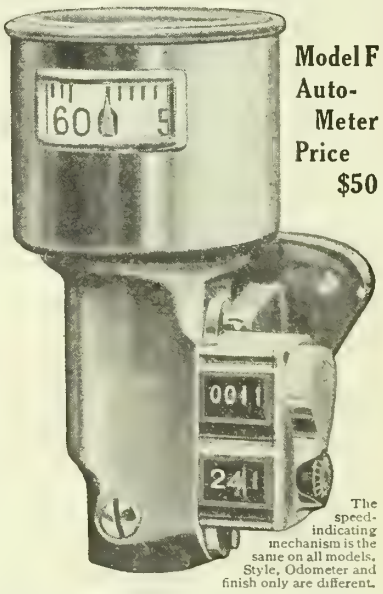
Yet, even so, the Auto-Meter is by far the cheapest if you figure the price by *miles of travel* or *years of service.* The first Auto-Meters made—over eight years old—are as sturdy, reliable and accurate as when new.

If the maker of your favorite car does not equip with the Auto-Meter, it will be wise judgment on your part to pay for it—or *pay the difference,* if you can afford Quality and care for the trouble-proof satisfaction which goes with it.

Warner Instrument Co. 984 Wheeler Ave. BELOIT, WIS.

Branches:

ATLANTA, 116 Edgewood Ave.
BOSTON, 925 Boylston St.
BUFFALO, 720 Main St.
CHICAGO, 2420 Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, 807 Main St.
CLEVELAND, 2062 Euclid Ave.
DENVER, 1518 Broadway
DETROIT, 870 Woodward Ave.
INDIANAPOLIS, 330-331 N. Illinois St.
KANSAS CITY, 1613 Grand Ave.
LOS ANGELES, 748 S. Olive St.
NEW YORK, 1902 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 302 N. Broad St.
PITTSBURG, 5940 Kirkwood St.
PORTLAND, ORE., 14 N. Seventh St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 36-38 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE, 611 E. Pike St.
ST. LOUIS, 3923 Olive St. (93)



Model F Auto-Meter Price $50

The speed-indicating mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different.

Model K This represents the open face type of Auto-Meter with Warner large-figure Odometer. Season, 100,000 miles and repeat; trip, 1,000 miles and repeat. It is the most popular model and by far the best seller. Price **$75**

Model M Same as above but with Chelsea Auto Clock. Price . **$125**

Model O—"The Twins" This is the same instrument as Models K and M, with large Chelsea Auto Clock. Has the Warner large-figure Odometer. The ultimate in high-class instrument making. Price **$145**

Any of the above designs can be secured with 100-mile speed dial at a slight advance in price.

You should take an active interest in choosing your varnish maker.

NO matter how far removed you may be personally from the actual use of varnish, if it is *your* money that pays the varnish bills you should know what Berry Brothers, Limited, can do for you.

As the largest varnish makers in the world, with 52 years of quality experience, we occupy an authoritative position that commands the business confidence of millions of varnish users the world over.

There is no varnish need we do not understand; none that we cannot meet with goods that mean great ultimate economy to the man who pays the bills.

If you fully realized how money can be wasted by the improper use of varnish, you would dig into the subject a good deal deeper than you do.

Whether you are a painter, home-owner, architect, or a manufacturer using varnish on your products, it will pay you to know what we can tell you about varnish.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

FOR ALL KNOWN PURPOSES

Our free book, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker," is of interest to all the following men for whom Berry Brothers' Varnishes are made:

Painters and Decorators
Home-Owners
Owners of Public and Private Buildings
Architects
Agricultural Implement Manufacturers
Wagon Manufacturers
Carriage Manufacturers
Automobile Manufacturers
Furniture Manufacturers
Refrigerator Manufacturers
Piano and Organ Manufacturers
Paint Manufacturers
All Users of Baking Japans
All Users of Lacquers
Toy Manufacturers
Label Manufacturers
Railway Corporations
Street Railway Corporations
Boat Owners and Builders
Trunk Manufacturers
And all other Varnish users

Painters, decorators, architects, and owners of buildings will be especially interested in the following varnishes:

Berry Brothers' Four Great Architectural Varnishes for Finishing Homes and Other Buildings

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

FOR FINISHING FLOORS IN THE BEST AND MOST DURABLE MANNER POSSIBLE

LIQUID Granite is tough, elastic, durable. It won't crack even if you dent the wood under a severe blow with a hammer.

It is the logical finish for floors—for beauty, economy and durability. No other single varnish on the market has as wide a sale and reputation as Liquid Granite.

It pays to use Liquid Granite.

WOOD LUXEBERRY FINISH

FOR FINEST RUBBED OR POLISHED FINISH ON INTERIOR WOOD WORK

FOR the beautiful rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior wood work, Luxeberry Wood Finish has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

For many years it was known as Berry Brothers' "Hard Oil Finish," but so many worthless imitations were offered as "Hard Oil Finishes," that we changed the name for your protection.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

FOR INTERIOR WOOD WORK EXPOSED TO SEVERE WEAR—FULL GLOSS

WINDOW sills and sash, inside blinds, bathroom and kitchen wainscoting, and other interior wood work subject to severe wear, soon look shabby if not finished with a varnish like Elastic Interior, especially made for the purpose. Elastic Interior will resist the action of hot water, soap, etc. Ordinary varnish will turn white, or check and crack under similar conditions.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

FOR ALL SURFACES, SUCH AS FRONT DOORS, EXPOSED TO THE WEATHER

BESIDES its great durability when exposed to the weather, Elastic Outside will dry quickly enough to prevent the surface from catching the dust. The official reports of the Master House Painters and Decorators Association show that Elastic Outside will dry dust-proof in less time than any of 24 other varnishes tested by the Association.

SUPPLIED BY LEADING DEALERS AND PAINTERS WHEREVER GOOD VARNISH IS USED

A 10c BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN

On receipt of ten cents in stamps we'll send this very entertaining and instructive 56-page book for children—"Around the World in a Berry Wagon."

It contains 25 full-page drawings in color by W. W. Denslow (who illustrated "The Wizard of Oz"), representing the children of the leading nations of the world at play. Accompanying each picture is a description and brief history of the country and its people.

With the book we tell how children can get the famous Berry Wagons.

Any dealer or painter can supply **Berry Brothers' Varnishes** and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

If manufacturers, who look into their finishing rooms, see the Berry Label, they can feel absolutely sure that the varnish got there solely through its merit—not through favoritism or for any other reason.

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1858

Largest Varnish Makers in the World

Address all Correspondence to DETROIT

FACTORIES—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

BRANCHES—New York Boston Philadelphia Baltimore Chicago Cincinnati St. Louis San Francisco. DEALERS—Everywhere.

A FREE BOOK FOR ALL VARNISH USERS

"Choosing Your Varnish Maker" is of interest to users of all kinds of varnishes.

It contains complete lists of the various Berry Brothers' products made for all classes of users.

Start your more active interest in varnish by sending for a copy today.

A Royal Dealer in your town means a Broadway tailor-shop within walking distance

At Work and at Play— America Wear Royal Ta

Suppose you lived next door to one of the great Fifth Avenue tailors in New York City—an artist-craftsman with a trade among New York's clothes connoisseurs.

Suppose that tailor, as a neighborly courtesy, would work *for you*, putting his genius and needlework into your every suit or overcoat.

Yet charging you *not one penny* more for his services than you have paid for ill-fitting, factory-made, "stock" clothes!

The 1,000 Brain-Power Tailor Shop

There is no more remarkable business-institution in All-America than this Myriad-Minded Tailoring Establishment—where art and craftsmanship are united with shrewd-management and organization—where many tailor-shops are joined under one system and one expense—with every wasteful method cut out and every quality-insuring resource put in.

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made To Your Measure
2 All Pure Wool
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

It is as though we had cornered the *hand-skill* and *brain-craft* of a thousand master journeymen—had lifted from each the cares and burdens of running individual tailor-shops—and left them free to vie with each other in the sole work of producing master clothes!

Free, each to devote himself exclusively to that part of the garment-making he does best and likes most—putting in that passion for perfection in finest detail which only specialization makes possible.

The Only Reall

Mark well this claim of ours—Royal best local tailor can give, but much that is

You pick the cloth for a Royal suit of Pure Woolens to be found in America weaves, selected not from one, two or thr his, but culled by an army of expert buyer

You deal with your own home mer scientifically thorough and graphic that it And when the garment is shipped it is ac out in your name. That guarantee insu Construction, All Complete Satisfaction o rejecting the garment without paying one

Royal Tailored To Your Order Clothes

The Roya

Chicago

Joseph

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE ROYAL TAILORS

ne Best Dressed Men in
ored-to-Order Clothes

You'd be glad to have a service like that, wouldn't you? Yet that is xactly what The Royal Tailor System brings to you—*in your home city!*

We are bringing into every town in America the made-to-measure serv-ce and handicraft of picked metropolitan tailors. We are making it easy or clothes-wearers everywhere to have their clothes built to individual rder in the best organized tailor shops in New York and Chicago.

And big output makes it feasible to charge but half the usual tailors' fee!

Your Dealer takes the measures by a system that gives us a virtual blue print of your body

ranteed Clothes

ng not only puts on your back all that the l the local tailor's vision or resources.

coat from the richest and rarest collection alf a thousand brilliant and characterful smen's samples, as the local tailor selects ll the great mills and markets in existence.

who takes your measures by a system so ur cutters a virtual blue print of your body. ied by a remarkable guarantee card made Perfect Fit, All Pure Wool, All Staunch lainly stated and unrestricted privilege of for it!

Let Us Tailor Your Fall Suit On a 6-Day Schedule

The prices? We build to order at $20, $25, $30, $35, the very acme of finely-finished, luxuriously-appointed tailor-made clothes. And for the man who must spend less we make, even at $16.50 and $18. most remarkable values, irreproachable in style and fit.

Incidentally, you will get your Royal Tailor garment the day you expect it. We build every garment on a definite 6-day schedule. We forfeit $1 a day when a garment is delayed.

Important:—Do not be misled into buying a substitute for Royal Tailoring. There is no "just as good." Look for our tiger head trade mark on all woolen samples you see. Get our legal guarantee card with the garment. Your local dealer will gladly show you the resplendent Royal Fall woolen display. If you don't know him write us to-day for his name. Better still, include 4c in stamps for our handsome Style Portfolio.

This Guarantee comes button-holed onto the garment
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

T a i l o r s

New York

148 Branch Royal Stores

The Clothes That Real Men Wear

Sense and Nonsense

The Rose and the Thorn

You have seen:

Dim, cool, expectant, hushed and still,
With ribboned bars adown its aisles,
The silent church begin to fill
With guests all wreathed in tender smiles—
With husbands, wives and maids in droves,
With men reluctant to decide—
To prove that all the world still loves
A gallant groom, a blossomed bride.

Yet:

Blossoms of orange and veils,
Bridals romantic and rash,
Music and altars and rails,
Must all be settled—in cash.

You certainly have noted:

The open house, the floral line,
The murm'rous music up aloft,
The wedding breakfast and the wine,
The bridal garments quickly doffed;
The chauffeur cool, the waiting car,
Which humor decks with boot and bow,
The stairs where maidens progress bar,
The groom and bride who hate to go.

Nevertheless:

After the splurge and the splice,
After the tears and the thrills,
After the blossoms and rice,
After the blisses—the bills.

Moreover:

The honeymoon has waned. The pair
Dovecoted in a tiny flat,
Now wrestle with domestic care
In quarters that might cramp a cat.
New brides and grooms have wed since they
Were the cynosure of all eyes;
Ennui has come its part to play,
And soon they'll cross the Bridge of Sighs.

Then they will learn that:

After the gilt has faded
The wife in the bride must wake,
And learn that husbands jaded
Eat bread and not wedding cake.

—Joseph Smith.

The Evolution of an Entomologist

I AM an entomologist; I did not start to be one; there was a time I'd not have known one had I chanced to see one. I would have been a gardener—alas, my hopes were blighted, for bugs and flies and worms and things came to me uninvited. Last spring I set a garden out, such dainty beds and patches. Said I: "'Twill be a gladsome sight, provided my seed hatches." (Now hatch may not be quite the word, but rhyme is such a fetter to synonym I have to yield, though *sprout* would suit me better.)

I AM an entomologist; of insects once so wary I'm deep in entomology that's quite involuntary; upon my few potato stalks are cross-barred bugs and striped, with appetites omnivorous and greed that's truly biped. I hear them call across the field to feathered bugs and furry: "There's lots of green stuff over here, so hurry, hurry, hurry!" And then there comes the bug parade from all the fields surrounding; I hear the locusts' rusty legs across the greensward sounding; I see the worms come trundling in, the lord bug and the lady; they get beneath some luscious leaf, and in seclusion shady they eat my peas and spinach up, bugs robust and bugs pallid; they make my cabbage into slaw and string beans into salad.

I AM an entomologist; I have red bugs and white ones; bugs young and old and middle-aged, and heavy bugs and light ones. I have them lean, I have them stout, dry-land bugs and aquatic, and bugs that leap from leaf to leaf—I have bugs acrobatic; I've bugs that crawl and bugs that fly, bugs of each kind and venue: potato bugs, tomato bugs, and bugs for every menu; I've some that dig in earth for roots, and some that feed on topses; I've bugs that pick the early fruits and bugs for all my cropses. And so I've lost my interest in garden stuffs and "sasses"; I'm listing all my bugs and things and sorting them in classes.

I AM an entomologist; my heart I will not harden; I gather every kind of bugs and feed them in my garden; I roam the byways of my plot with lustrous eyes and eager; what if the cabbages are nil and foliage is meager! I see a new bug and I know I've scored another capture; so I behold it with delight and watch it eat with rapture; a stranger worm goes wriggling past, I watch its pathway finish, to learn if it likes corn or peas or beans or squash or spinach. I've learned the names of them by heart; I know their moods and tenses; I feed them daily à la carte regardless of expenses. And so from humble gardening, from toil's remorseless prison I tread the scientific clouds—pray note how I have risen. I may not as a huckster shine—(greenstuffs, I beg your pardon)—but, oh, the world of bugs is mine! Pray come into my garden!

—J. W. Foley.

A Little Odd

THOMAS B. REED, the famous Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Maine, of course, and so was Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man.

One day, a year or two before his death, Mr. Reed went up to Mr. Munsey's office to call on his friend. Munsey's secretary told Reed that Munsey was busy and could not be seen. Reed waited patiently for half an hour. When Munsey finally appeared at the door of his private office he exclaimed:

"Why, Reed! I didn't know you were here. How long have you been waiting?"

"Half an hour," Reed replied.

Munsey turned to his secretary. "Why did you keep Mr. Reed waiting without announcing him?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Munsey," explained the secretary, "I didn't know he was Mr. Reed. I thought he was Dr. John Hall."

"Pshaw!" said Munsey; "Dr. John Hall has been dead for two years."

"Yes, sir," assented the secretary; "I knew that, and that is why I thought it was so odd for him to be here."

Around the Fire

When we've finished washing the plates of tin,
When the darkness falls and the gang comes in,
That's the time when the tales and the talk begin
In the circle about the fire;
The talk of the way the day was spent,
Of the things we did and the roads we went,
Of pleasant ventures that brought content
And sated the heart's desire.

The pipes are lighted, the fellows sit
Or sprawl about as the shadows flit,
And there is freedom of thought and wit
Till the light of the embers dims;
And then comes singing—from foolish tunes
Of "pretty maidens" and "kindly moons,"
To old, old songs like your mother croons,
Soft lullabies—or hymns.

The night breeze rustles the leaves above,
And we talk of the things we are fondest of,
The men we like and the girls we love,
Who make life worth the fight,
Till the ash grays over the glowing coals
And the spirit of drowsiness controls,
And each man into his blanket rolls,
With the sleepy word, "Good night!"

—Berton Braley.

A Runaway Calaboose

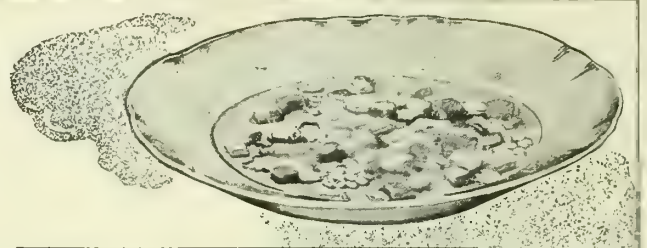
"BIG BILL" EDWARDS, who is boss of the whitewings in New York and a most efficient street-cleaner, was born in Lisle, an upstate town in New York.

When big Bill was little Bill, a village character ran amuck through the place one afternoon and the village constable arrested him. There was no calaboose in Lisle and the constable locked his prisoner in a convenient freight car that stood on the siding.

When the man awoke next morning he was halfway through Pennsylvania on his way to New York. It was a through freight and he never did get out until he landed in the yards in Jersey City; nor did he ever return to Lisle.

The incident made a deep impression on Bill's mind, and he decided to travel himself some day. He did, and eventually he landed as boss of the street-cleaning department in New York. The first man who applied to him for a job was the hero of the freight car adventure.

"Hello, Bill!" said he. "How did you get away from Lisle? Did they lock you in a freight car too?"



Franco-American Quality

WHEN Nature has produced finer ingredients, when chefs have acquired more skill, when science has inaugurated greater cleanliness—then and only then will Franco-American Soups be excelled in richness, flavor and quality. They are the acme of culinary achievement.

In sterilized cans convenient for any sized family (3 sizes).

Heat and Eat

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

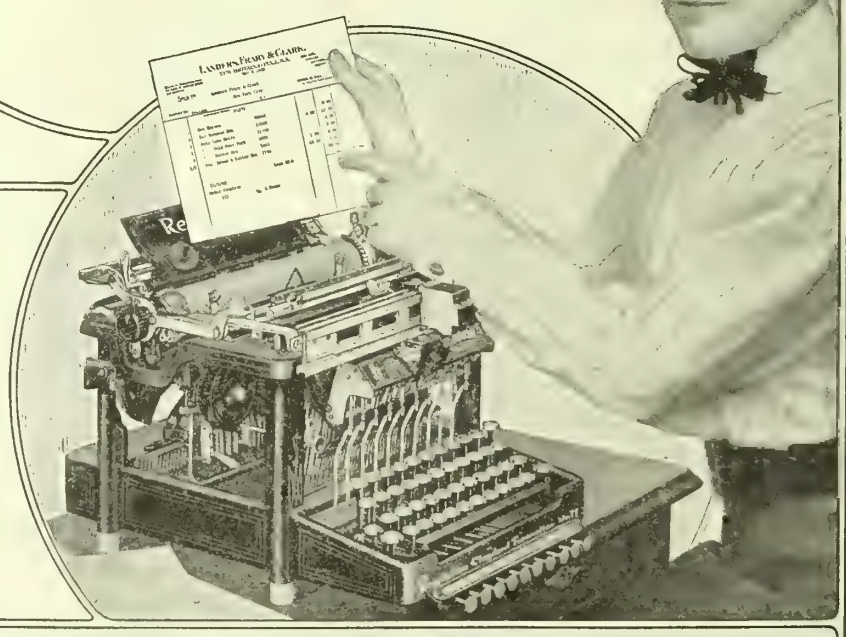
The List of Foods We Make

Soups	Broths for Invalids
Potted Beef	Plum Pudding
French Entrées	Custard Sauce
Pates Truffled	Punch Sauce

The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine is the Model 11

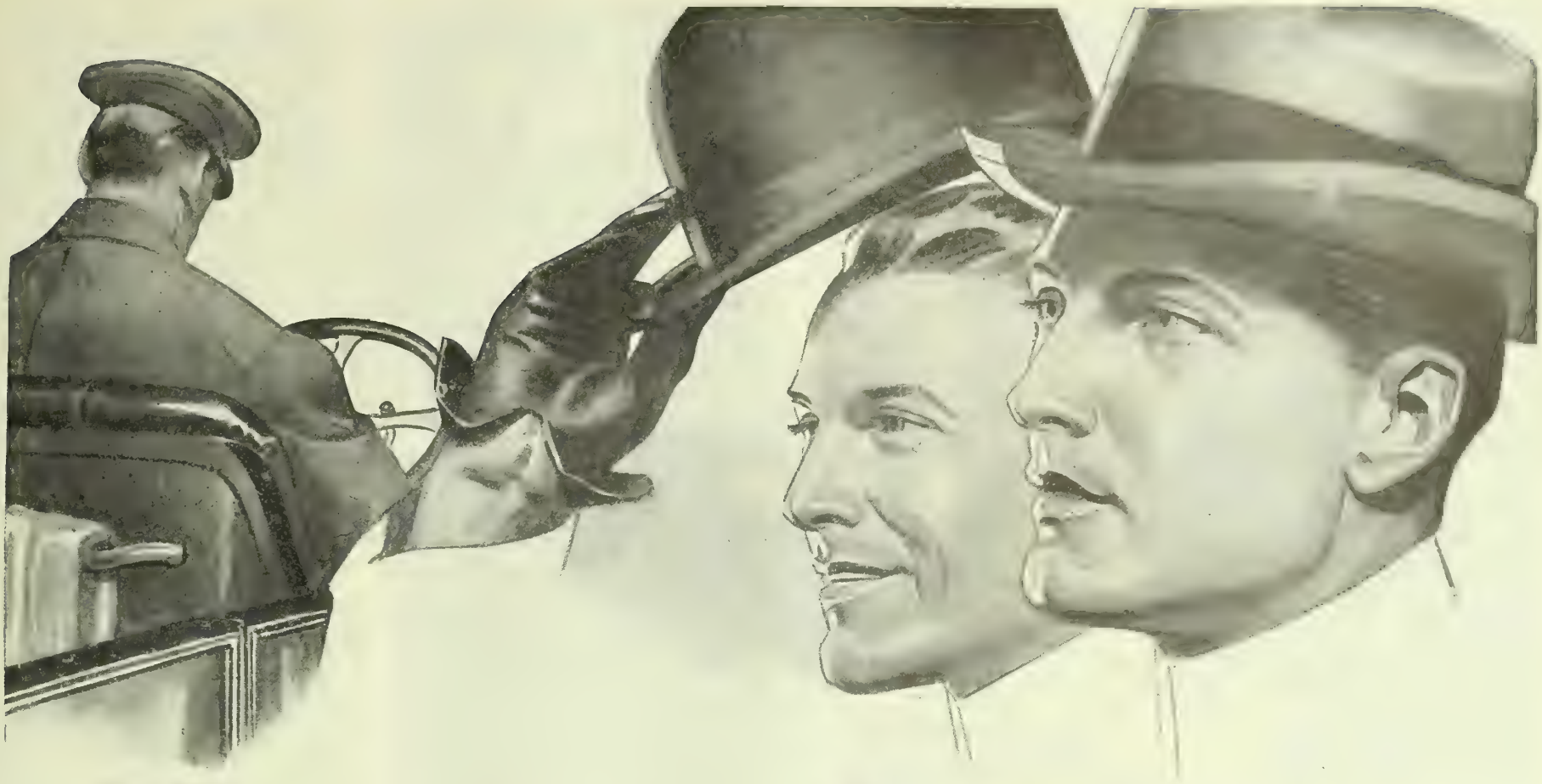
Remington Typewriter

with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment



It writes the headings; it writes the items; it writes the amounts; it adds the amounts; it makes subtractions from the amounts; it gives the totals; it writes the totals; it proves the totals; it writes as many copies as you want; *it does everything.*

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE



Hawes, von Gal HATS

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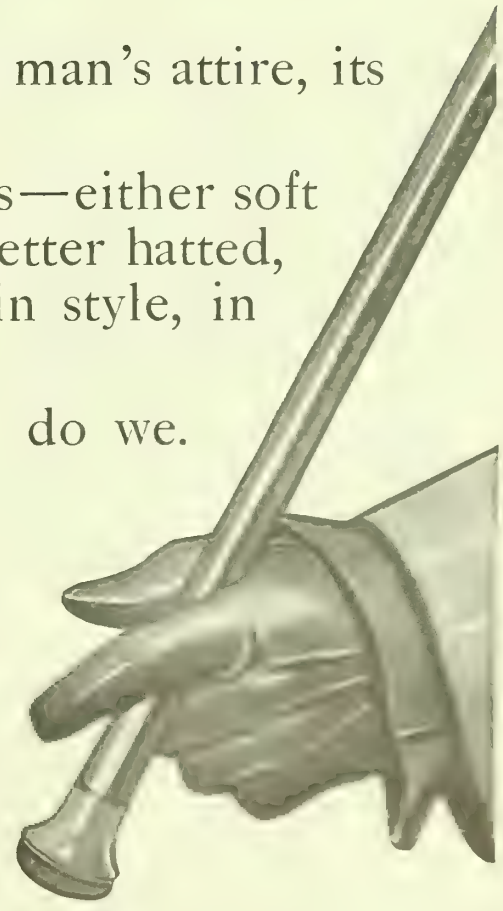

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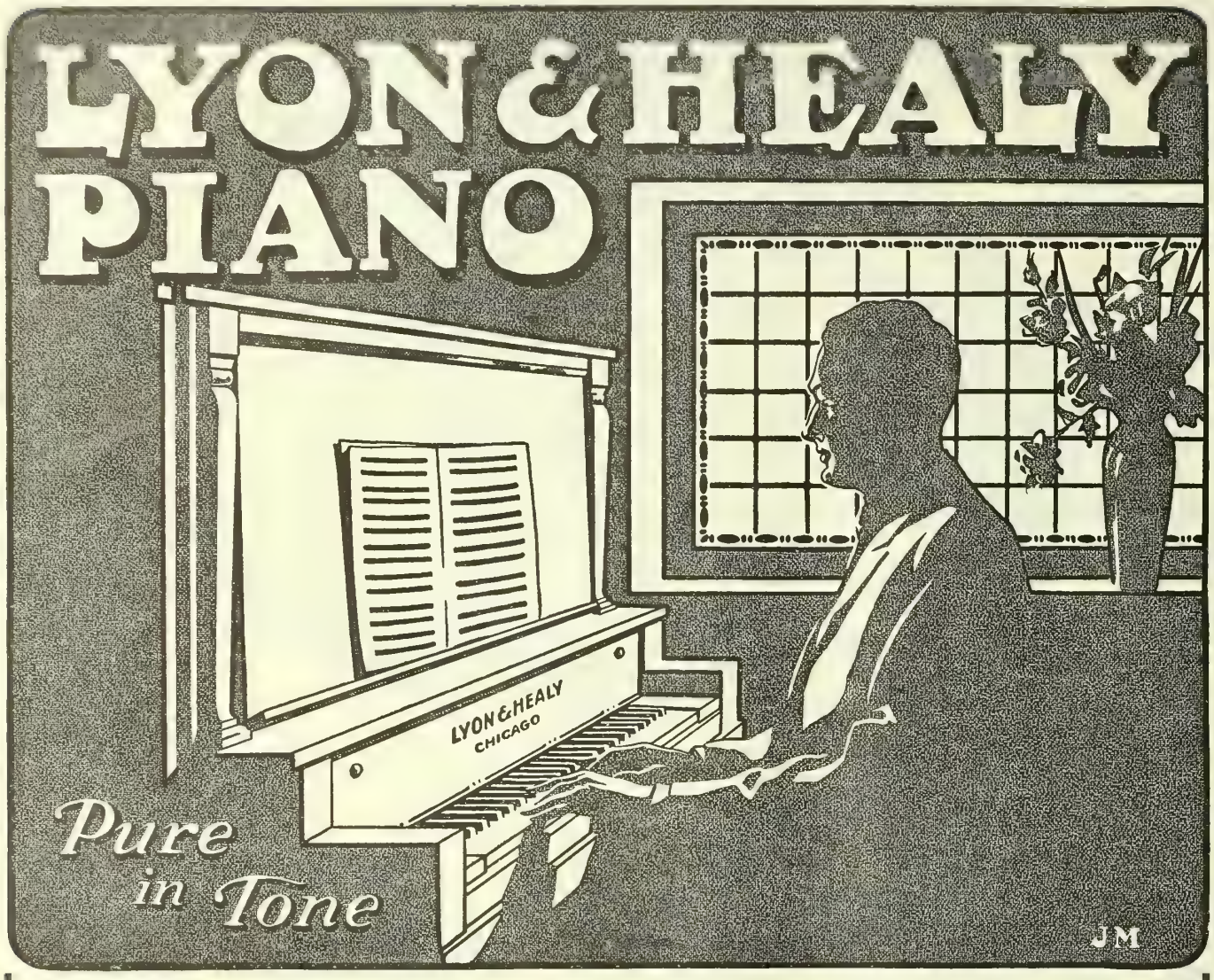

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(83)

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Write to us for the catalog today.

LYON & HEALY, Dept. Z4016, Chicago

CLAUDE FLANAGAN MEETS A TRAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

Fortunately so! A flickering street-lamp may belong to the dark ages, and stand as a monument to things-that-were; but in its very faintness it is, at worst, no annoyance to a duet of lovers on the front step of a boarding-house who pine for darkness; yea, even the blackest.

Mr. Flanagan had been saving up his embraces for several days. At twelve-thirty, Miss Feigle sighed and said: "Jiminy, Clod, you're a bear!" Mr. Flanagan proved that he was equal to several more of them, and then said:

"I better go now, girlie, 'cause if I stay I'll kiss you to death." Ah, to think: for such a death as that have women waited the ages through! "I'll be 'round tomorrer." And he left her.

Miss Feigle stood and watched him disappear down the street; and she said, as she had said before: "Oh, oh, why didn't I tell him? I'm a coward, a coward! But I'll tell him tomorrow."

ACT IV

IT WAS just ten-thirty-two by Flanagan's bull's-eye silver watch when he murmured, "Open Sesame!" and waved Miss Feigle into the sample room of Number 1401 North Calvert Street, the corner property of the fifty or more porch-fronts lately erected by Smith & Jergens, despite sundry strikes among bricklayers, pillaging plumbers and so forth. We stated that Claude Melnotte murmured "Open Sesame!" What he really said, as he opened the new front door, was, "This is us!"

Miss Feigle, in two years of roughing it, had found it necessary to remove unselfishness and idealism from her mental wardrobe, pack them in camphor, and send them home to mother. When she entered the sample room she was herself as distantly related to it as Mr. Alf. C. Weeks. Her thought was, "This is for his sister Maggie."

Flanagan began his lecture.

"This is the parler, or settin'-room. I only furnished one room, for a sample, to see how you'd like it."

"Nice and cozy," said Miss Feigle, rapidly scanning the ten-by-twelve. "Smells awful varnishy!" And she sniffed.

"It's bran' new," Clod hastened to explain; "but it will git over it."

Miss Feigle was inspecting the sofa-cushions. "Somebody," said she, "handed you a persimmon with this cushion. It's been used, or knocked about in a show window."

Mr. Flanagan grunted and looked forward to a brisk encounter with Howells Monday morning. "Set down, Bertha, set down!" he said nervously. And as she sat in the large chair he turned his back on her and looked out the window; nor did he face her again until his first-long-speech-in-history had been concluded.

"Is this for Sister Maggie?" said Miss Feigle. And she felt angered with herself because for an instant she was jealous of any sister who had a brother built on such generous lines.

"Partly for her," said Flanagan, toying with the curtain cord and looking into the street. "She'll live here, I hope. What I want to say is, Bertha, that most of this—I guess the whole house—is for you. I want you to marry me, Bertha, and any time you say. Your mother don't know me, and I don't know her; but if she'll take a chance I will. We'll send for her." His knees were wobbling, and he had difficulty in controlling his voice, and for that reason feared to face Miss Feigle. Had Flanagan turned to see the collapsed bit of femininity in the big chair his oration would have ended summarily. Flanagan proceeded: "This house rents for twenty plunks. Course the neighborhood ain't for high-guys; but we could move any time. The furnishin's ain't like blood-royals would loll around in; but we can get others. You says that you'd leave the boards and marry if the right man brushed by. Well, I ain't throwing boo-kays at myself; but I am makin' money, and I'll make more, and I know that I would be kind to you. Course we'd have a run-in now and then; but I'd give in, if I was wrong, just as I hope you'd do if you was wrong. I ain't ejicated, as you can hear. But I'd try to spruce up some on talk and writin' if you and Maggie would take turns with me. There ain't no doubt you'd like Maggie, and she'd like you. And Venice likes you a'ready. It's up to you. I never liked a girl in the world like you and ——"

"Oh, Clod, C-l-o-d, don't, don't!"

Like a flash Clod turned, and then clutched the window-sill for support, gasping, "Good Lord! Don't cry! Don't cry! Do all women act like that when a feller pops?" Miss Feigle, hiding her face with one hand, was groping toward Flanagan. He went to her and folded her in his arms, and she cried it out—cried part of it out—on the broad expanse of his chest. "There, there!" said Clod, petting her. "Is these things on my cheek your tears or mine?" He found that it was a blend. "Don't you like me some?" said Clod.

"How—how—could I help it?" gulped Miss Feigle. "I ought to have told you something ——"

"Never mind."

"But," she wailed, "you don't understand ——"

"Forgit it, sweetie," said he, embracing her. "It was me that ought to understand. A surprise is all right sometimes; but this was rough on you. I didn't mean it that way, though." Miss Feigle placed one small hand over Clod's eyes, so that he couldn't see her, and found the route to his lips with her lips. She was trembling very much; so much that she scared the Big Boy.

"Flanagan," said she, "I'll go to see Weeks, and explain some matters. You let me alone; let me go. You come back at twelve o'clock. Mind you; don't come back before twelve."

"Sure!" said Flanagan. "I'll take a walk around the park and come back here at twelve. Here's the key, in case you get here before me."

"Kiss me!" she said. He tried to; but she did most of it. After that embrace—yes, for months afterward—Flanagan recalled her part of it as the nearest approach to real melodrama he had ever known.

When Claude Melnotte visited Mr. Howells at nine o'clock the following morning, Mr. Howells saw, through the show-window, the drayman's face and stooped shoulders. He knew that the tragedy had occurred. All that passed between them was this: Flanagan shambled into Howells' private office, Howells shut the door, Howells grasped the pudgy paw of Claude Melnotte and said, as he tried to overcome the quaver in his voice:

"Flan, you don't owe me a cent! I'll haul that stuff back here tonight." Mr. Flanagan simply gripped Howells' hand—incidentally driving Mr. Howells' ring almost in to the bone of his small finger—and shambled out. Mr. Howells had Mr. Robbins on the telephone as soon as Flanagan had left, and the following conversation took place:

"Joe, that girl gave him the pass-by! I think he's dying."

"Huh!" came over the 'phone from Robbins. "Now what?"

"Well, I'm going to make a clean-up of my end of it," said Howells. "If you don't take care of your part of it, we're quits." They rang off. When Mr. Flanagan walked into Mr. Robbins' office and, with jaws set, handed over the key of 1401 he was aroused from his stupor by the act of Mr. Robbins, who handed him twenty dollars in cash.

"You don't owe me a cent!" said Robbins. "I've torn up the lease. Now, Clod, take a deep breath and—and—I'll shoot you pool any day." Mr. Flanagan gulped twice, shook hands with Robbins—to that gentleman's sorrow—and left.

We call attention here to the briefness and dispatch with which Messrs. Howells and Robbins met the cataclysm. Can you imagine three women—or ladies—conclaving in a matter of this sort? We can; and we can also imagine a clock-face that would need at least thirty hours on it, instead of twice twelve. It were not amiss to relate further here that Claude Melnotte Flanagan had a long memory. Only three men knew it—three men and their wives—but in the panic times, five years later, when Messrs. Howells and Robbins found that slack business, and illness at home, and several other minor mundane matters, almost had them in the sheriff's hand, Mr. Clod Flanagan's bank account was at their disposal. They used it; and it saved them. There are many men, tucked about in odd corners of this world, who wear no medals and who never will wear them, simply because it isn't fashionable to decorate people for mere honest hearts and willing hands.

. . . . . .

Doubling on our trail, we shall now return to 1401 North Calvert at twelve-ten o'clock, that fatal Sunday morning. The door was unlocked; Mr. Flanagan walked in. On the highly varnished table was a note addressed to him. It was held down by the house-key. Mr. Flanagan opened the note. It was written in a valiant schoolgirl hand, and contained no reference to destination or address:

"*My dear Boy:* I'm a coward, that's all. I just couldn't tell you that I am married, and can't marry you. I didn't think you really wanted me. Don't hunt for me. You're so good and square that it breaks my heart thinking of you. But I'll always be your sincere friend."

The signature followed, marred somewhat by tear-dabs.

At twelve-thirteen, Number 1401 North Calvert Street was tenantless.

ACT V

MANAGER WEEKS may have had some doubts as to the truthfulness of the telegram that Miss Feigle handed to him at eleven-fifteen; but a glance at the girl's haggard face dispelled all doubts.

"Gee, you look awful, Bertha!" said Weeks. "Don't worry like that! Your mother isn't dead yet. I hate to see you leave us. I feel like cussing and whooping and calling you a quitter. But ——" and he tapped the telegram and handed it back to her.

"Minnie can do my act," said Miss Feigle. "I've taught her everything, and worked hard with her."

"You have that," grunted Weeks, sulkily. "But, she ain't you, Bertha. She don't get over; and getting over is the whole cheese in this business. Goodby and good luck; and I'll look for you in September."

They shook hands and parted. Miss Feigle paid the sub-operator at the station for his share in the conspiracy of the forged telegram, bought a ticket for Cairo, and was speeding south at eleven-thirty. At eleven-forty-five the Weeks combination went speeding northward.

Lest it be assumed that Mr. Flanagan was a quitter, or not in earnest, we record that at seven o'clock that same night Mr. Weeks was confronted, at his hotel in the adjacent town, by a somber, sullen and sinister drayman.

"Hello, Big Boy!" said Weeks, scenting some trouble. "Lost anything?"

"Where," said Flanagan firmly, "where is Miss Feigle?" In this time of distress he neglected to tack an "at" to the query. Weeks had his suspicions for a minute, but merely said:

"She's too wide for me to hide in my pocket. She's gone home. Cut us at your burgh. Had a wire from her mother saying that the old lady was dangerously ill."

"Zat so?" said Clod, eying him truculently.

"That's so!" said Weeks. "And if her mother felt half as bad at eleven o'clock yesterday as Bertha looked, the mother's dead now." Flanagan was thinking so hard that Weeks could almost hear him.

"You told me once," said Flanagan slowly, "that she was all right."

"And I didn't lie!" said Weeks. "Now you listen here, Big Boy! There's some things in life that you don't want to rush after; some few things—not many. If I was you I'd wait a little." They shook hands and parted.

Homeward bound, Big Boy was unable to decide whether or not—if chance offered—he would exchange places with Bertha's dying mother. He was rather disposed to think that he would. When a rather gaudily clad gentleman plumped into the seat beside Claude Melnotte and endeavored to strike up conversation, Clod revived suddenly and said something. The ancient traveler moved elsewhere—and moved quickly—muttering to himself:

"I ask him about da wetter! What he called me had notting to do mit da soobject!"

Now, when a heart as big, and as loyal, and as unspotted as that within the chest of Clod Flanagan has been dragged out

The Season's Styles at the "NATIONAL"

This will be called an advertisement. It isn't, really. It is part of the story of the "NATIONAL" Style Book. It pictures for you your "NATIONAL" Style Book, which will be sent you free, and tells you of some of its offerings. The whole world has contributed to these offerings.

There are Waists, for which the linen and hand embroidery was made to our order in Ireland. Separate Skirts, showing all the style changes, and Vienna has contributed the new underwear and petticoats. There are Hats, the originals for which were secured from the most famous milliners in Paris. Neckwear and Scarf Veils designed in Paris, and London designed Suits. The world has been visited for Your Style Book. Here is an idea of its contents and prices.

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and stepped on, some one has to know it. For two weeks Flanagan kept his lips buttoned; but wiseacre Sister knew the deluge was to come. It came at supper. Clod dropped his knife and fork and broke down. So did Sister Maggie; but despite her womanly sympathy she inserted the probe at the same time. What she heard almost floored her! She sat dazed on Clod's knee listening to the miracle of the sample room.

Whatever wee bit of reverence she had cherished for her late spouse hiked out the window to oblivion, and never more returned. Her brother was bigger, she thought, bigger and grander, than anything since the Flood.

"Why, you great big—great big—angel!" said Margaret, hugging him; and then she bellowed some and cut loose regarding Miss Feigle. Clod checked her promptly.

"Wup! Whoa!" said he. "Tain't right! I can't see no harm comin' to her jist because I didn't get what I wanted. I didn't think much about her side of it; didn't give her much warnin'. Everybody's got a right to be happy. What's more, Bertha never pulled off a play like that there without some reason."

"I say again, you're an angel," said Margaret, kissing him.

"Maybe so," drawled Clod. "But even angels got to hit the ground sometimes, if only wing-weary. The mistake I made, maybe, was in not bringing you two together."

"I saw her," said Margaret; and after she had explained a few things, Flanagan was, in turn, thoroughly dazed. He smiled weakly and said:

"Oh, you women, you women!"

"She'd have to walk a straight line before I'd pass on her, anyhow," said Margaret, decisively.

"Huh?" grunted Clod.

"I'm not strong for these actorines! As a general proposition, Brud, you're most too good for any woman. And I know what I'm talking about."

"Nix on that!" snorted Flanagan; and he proceeded to wind the mantel-clock. It was an eight-day clock and he had wound it that morning. "Anyhow," said he, "it's over." He hoped that it wasn't, of course. "A big walrus like me had no business gallivantin' around a pretty ejicated girl like Bertha. Next thing that will happen is, Venice will leave me."

"You go down to the corner," said Margaret, busily removing dishes and wiping her eyes, "and shoot some pool. I'll have a snack here waiting for you when you come home." She gave him his hat and prodded him toward the doorway. Clod turned and looked at her, and held her face between his hands:

"You'd spoil a fellar, Sis! Any girl would have to trot in some class to be able to ketch you on a driveway."

"Hurry along!" said Maggie. "Stay here any longer and my nose and eyes will look like I'd been peeling onions."

"I'm goin'," said Clod. "Some of the bunch has got wind of this little drammer of mine. If Shad Kennedy gets fresh I'm gona lam him over the burr! So long, Maggie."

Peculiarly enough, Shad Kennedy was one of the few in Casey's Pool Parlors who knew nothing of the long shot Flanagan had played and lost. Shad was a rather irritating person. He had picked up a melody—rampant about '95 called, There's a Spaniard Lives Upstairs. Kennedy was in the habit of picking up things, some of which were his and others why finish it? Several games were in progress. Shad was running away at Table 2, with Squint Moore, the shoe-clerk. As he knocked the ivories he repeatedly whistled that tune. It got on Flanagan's nerves and in an unfortunate moment—for Shad—he asked what the air was. Some one told him. Clod ambled over, confronted Kennedy and stepped on his foot to hold him.

"Is that trillin' about a Spaniard for me?" demanded Flanagan. And to make sure, Clod put all his weight on Shad's foot. Frantic with pain Kennedy howled back:

"Yes!" and then he swung for Flanagan's nose.

In a flash Clod bent him flat on the pool-table and dealt him, with open hand, a terrible wallop across the mouth. The unfairness of it struck him instantly, and as quickly as he had struck he retracted.

He lifted Shad to his feet, propped him up and said, with a gulp, "Fergit it, Ken.! I I -been feeling sort of bad. Will you shake?" Mr. Kennedy was shaking, shaking all over, with pain He stood on one foot and then tried to bend his back, as he murmured, "Me back's broke sure!" Two more gasps. "I don't know anything about you or your tune. I said I did, 'cause you hurt my foot." They shook hands. This marked the final outburst—in fact the only rough one—in that painful aftermath, since Miss Feigle's departure. Thenceforth, Claude Melnotte shouldered his cross bravely, and despite an absence of a few weeks again assumed polite burdens as the leading kindly spirit in the Rosebud Social. Though a veil of sadness at times enveloped him, still he was Banbury's good citizen, and no more haunted stage-doors.

The law of compensation works in devious, though soothing, ways. The Transfer strike had long since been settled but the House of Flanagan not only held all the extra trade acquired in the strike days, but found it necessary to expand. Clod's personality, his methods, his squareness, were such that customers invariably came back. Clod's comfortable bank-account was depleted—"Venice" was boss of five other nags—for equipment; but as soon as the two helpers and the new drays began activities, Flanagan saw money rolling in. Sister Maggie at once opened a set of books. All of this was quite to Clod's annoyance. He seldom saw cash, or currency; and he couldn't feel that he was prospering while the First National's capacious maw swallowed his daily earnings. Margaret paid by check. She wrote a clean hand; and as for decimals, she always saw the point.

Some time about April first—a weary year had dragged in the wake of Bertha Feigle—Flanagan hauled several cases from the railroad to the nearby college for Dr. Audubon Whifford, professor of ornithology—and some other ologies—at the college. Whifford was a cheerful, democratic bit of humanity and insisted upon sharing the truck-seat with Flanagan. Clod, with innate tact, avoided the main streets and quite enjoyed Whifford's banter.

"I say, Perfesser," said Clod, "you been shootin' speciments down on the coast?" And he indicated the boxes piled up on the truck.

"Not recently," said Whifford, proving his democracy by rolling a cowboy cigarette. "The skins in those boxes are from water-fowl I shot, down in Maryland, last autumn. Of course, I could shoot now; but I'm against spring shooting. The birds are going north to the breeding grounds. They're mating."

Clod had a sort of deep, artesian-well feeling in his heart.

"Of course!" he said bravely. "They're matin'! That's good sentiments."

"They're only birds," continued Whifford, "but for all we know they love each other just as humans do."

"Right," nodded Flanagan. "Maybe we'll know some day." And when they reached the college Flanagan refused to allow Whifford to help unload. To Whifford's admiration, he simply floated the boxes into the basement.

Clod's relapse was at once apparent, at suppertime, to his keen-eyed sister. He didn't eat much; couldn't eat much; only pretended. Margaret bided her time.

"I was hauling Perfesser Whifford's stuff up to the summitterry today," said Flanagan, affecting calmness and bluffing at swallowing a potato.

"Seminary; not summitterry," corrected Maggie.

"So long as you knew what I meant, what's the odds?" queried Clod. "The Perfesser kind of struck me as a real human. I used to think pretty mean of those fellers who took a salary for tossin' bombs into a covey of hummin'-birds and snipe."

"He's a scientist," said Margaret.

"Maybe so," said Clod. "But I don't want nobody jabbin' Venice with a knife jest for science. What made me like him was that he says he cuts out spring shootin'. Don't like to break up bird families. They're a-matin'."

In the pause, Maggie received no further information; so she brought matters to a climax with:

"Brud, are you always thinking of that girl?"

"Not always," said Flanagan. "Only when I can."

"If you promise to eat as much supper as I eat, I'll tell you something—something pleasing, I hope after supper," Maggie said.

"Bertha ain't here, is she?" queried Flanagan, boring into his guardian with clear, honest eyes.

"She isn't!" rasped Margaret sharply.

"Never mind! Start in! Eat! I'll match you!" And mouthful for mouthful he insisted that she keep pace with him. It was the fullest meal Miss Flanagan had eaten for years.

Not at all discommoded was her brother. She felt as if she were exploding. They finished with a sigh.

"Now, Brud," said Margaret, "where did that girl live?"

"Ki-row, Ill'noys," said Flanagan, watching her closely.

His sister produced a letter from beneath the tablecloth. "This letter," she said, "is post-marked Cairo." She handed it to him. "Now, Brud, promise me; whether it holds bad news or good, that we either drop it for once and all, or see it through."

Clod kissed her, and promised, and went into the parlor to read the letter. His sister remained sitting at the supper table, crying.

Something like a tear was in his own eye; maybe two tears. Claude Melnotte found that his hands quivered so that he could not strike a match; couldn't light the gas. Finally he did light it and then discovered that his knees were so weak that he was forced to sit down. He broke the green sealing-wax and pulled the precious document from its hiding-place.

EPILOGUE

THAT letter from Cairo, Illinois, was in the handwriting of the same person who had left a note on the table in Claude Melnotte's sample room a year before. It was, however, of tenor decidedly different:

"*Dear Mr. Flanagan:* You remember me I guess, and I don't blame you. Since that Sunday morning a year ago I've done a lot of thinking and more crying. It was true that I was married. God knows where he was a year ago, and he's possibly in the same place now. I worked the circuit so that I could pay for a divorce. I've just got it and it cost a heap of money. I'm helping my mother. We keep a store here.

"Believe me, Mr. Flanagan, if you hadn't been so square I'd maybe not feel so mean. What I want to say most of all is that if you'll let me know what you spent for that house and the room I'll do what I can to meet it. I hope with all my heart that you have forgiven me, and that you are well and getting along. You deserve it.

"I am, Mr. Flanagan, your sincere friend,
"BERTHA FEIGLE.

"P. S.—Please, please let me know about the cost."

Once again; when in the course of human events it devolves upon a non-literary drayman to take pen in hand, perseverance avails nothing unless steel-tips be stout and ink plenty. Two long, arm-cramping hours and five splintered pens; but Claude Melnotte did it! His epistle read something like this:

"*Dear Friend:* Your welkome note come safe. You know the old saying is a sin condemd is half a tone. Anybody who is sorry for what she did is true blue. I jist knew the first time I laid eyes on you that you was a lady. Yu're a real bill of laden. Since I get your letter I got no kick at all. It seems to me that you got the kick. You see—though I ain't really told nobody this—I ought to know'd better than to try bribe you with a stylish room. But I was afraid if you'd ever took a square look at *me* you'd back up and sling a shoe. Sister Maggie red your letter and she says it's up to me. Well, Vennis would chaw it over the same way. Now I can get the same furnichure or even better and I can get the same house and I know jist about where things wood fit in as they did. Do you understand? I got six hosses now and it's raining here. And I am your sinsere friend,
"C. M. FLANAGAN."

With the above-quoted was a separate piece of paper and a check. The paper said,

"An hour layter. The tikket agent says the freight from Cayro up here is $14. I send you $25. for a pasteboard, your meals and a birth. I meet all trains."

Two days later, Mr. Claude Melnotte Flanagan met the train for which he had been waiting.

(CURTAIN)

A "Blind Test"

THE other day a group of New York grocery men made an experiment.

They had Campbell's Tomato Soup and some much higher-priced tomato soups prepared secretly—according to the directions, in each case. Then eight of them undertook *by tasting* to pick out the best soup.

Every one of them picked

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Any one with a specially critical taste would naturally do the same thing.

You would yourself unless you already know the flavor of Campbell's.

In that case you could hardly be fooled. For if you have made comparisons you know that this soup has a richness and tasty relish peculiar to itself, and quite unmistakable. And you know that no amount of money could produce anything better.

If you don't know this already, you are missing a good deal until you find out.

Please remember that if any Campbell's Soup fails to come up to your highest standard the grocer refunds the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Just a request brings you Campbell's Menu Book.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

His inquiring mind
Toward truth inclined
Inclines the plate
To a slant unkind.

TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

WELL might the readers of advertisements be mystified whether to choose This or That Brand of Hosiery, fortunately there is the "ONYX" Brand about which no doubt as to the quality has ever existed.

Brands may come, and brands may go, but the "ONYX" brand of Hosiery pursues its way serenely with an unbroken record of success.

Virtues Heralded As Recent Achievements Elsewhere Have Long Been An Old Story With The "ONYX" Brand.

Note the numbers described below. These contain the highest possible Hosiery development—all originated in the "ONYX" brand.

SEE THAT EVERY PAIR IS STAMPED WITH THE TRADE-MARK AS SHOWN ON THE BORDER

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Silk

There is no article of Wearing Apparel which lends itself so readily to the Purposes of Adulteration and Deception as *Silk Hosiery*.

On the other hand, there is nothing so essential to a Perfect Toilette as good and tasteful *Silk Hosiery* carefully chosen for each occasion.

"*Onyx*" *Silk Hosiery is Honest Hosiery*, embracing every known improvement in fabric and construction—Every weight, color and style—ranging in price from that of the modest, plain, every-day hose to the most artistic and elaborate embroidered and lace creations—a range which meets the requirements of every purse.

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

498. A Pure Thread Silk in Black and All Colors, of extra length with a "WYDE TOP" and "SILKLISLE GARTER TOP" and Sole.

This "*Onyx*" Silk number is Twenty-nine inches long, is Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "GARTER TOP" and SOLE of SILK LISLE give extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting, and toes from going through.

106. Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk—**the extraordinary value—best made in America**—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. **$2.25** per pair

FOR MEN

315. "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, Black and All Colors. Fine gauge with Lisle Sole. An Extra good quality. **$1.00** per pair

620. "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, Black and All Colors, medium weight, with "Onyx" Lisle Lined Sole—insuring satisfactory service. **$1.50** per pair

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Cotton and Lisle

is the *Best Hosiery* on the market to-day. Millions of Satisfied Wearers support this claim. Thousands of Merchants stake "*Onyx*" their reputations, as purveyors of the *best*, by making Hosiery their leading line. Very many carry no other. With these incontrovertible facts before you, satisfactory hosiery buying becomes simplicity itself.

Take notice of such wear-resisting and comfort-making improvements as our

"DUB-L TOP"—"WYDE TOP" and "DOUBLEX" QUALITY

Briefly stated the advantages are as follows: The "DUB-L TOP" is a wide, garter-hem of double thickness of fabric, providing a firm hold for the garter clasp. The new "WYDE TOPS" have special width at the top to prevent binding and are therefore easy and comfortable to the wearer. The "DOUBLEX" quality is a specially prepared yarn of extra strength, deftly woven in at heel and toe and doubling the wear and life.

FOR WOMEN

E 960—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. **50c.** per pair

409 K—Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silklisle—double sole, spliced heel. Feels and looks like Silk, wears better. **50c.** per pair

E 710—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDE TOP" Gauze Lisle double sole, spliced heel—very wide on top without extra width all over. **50c.** per pair

310/13—Women's "ONYX" Black, Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. A hose that is unequalled for wear and elasticity. **50c.** per pair

700 S—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" Silklisle double sole, spliced heel—an excellent quality. **75c.** per pair

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S—Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet, double sole, spliced heel. **50c.** per pair

FOR MEN

E 310—Men's "ONYX" Black and All Colors—Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. Known by most men as "**The Best Hose I ever wore.**" **50c.** per pair

E 325—Men's "ONYX" Black and all Colors Silklisle, gauze weight, double sole, spliced heel. "**The satisfactory hose.**" **50c.** per pair

Sold at the quality shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors *New York*

TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

PRINCE
will kick that pipe-grouch

That means you — or any other man who abuses his tongue by smoking tobaccos that bite, leave a bad taste — and smell worse. Men, you must get this pipe tobacco question off your mind now!

Don't fuss; don't fume; don't get into the Doubting Thomas ward. Simply follow the crowd — take our say-so that you nor any other man ever hit up a pipe smoke that comes within a mile of Prince Albert — no matter what the price! No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert. *We control the patented process!*

Listen! It will set you back 10 cents to beat it to the nearest tobacco store and invest in a liberal tin of Prince Albert. Are you game to match that dime against the fortune we spent perfecting the Prince Albert process? Just about every live dealer in the Nation sells Prince Albert. If you can't spot it, fill out the coupon on the next page and we will send you an introductory tin by return mail.

Mr. Dealer, **hammer in a spike right here! You are out for the popular metal which bears the U. S. imprint. Then you simply can't afford to sit tight and try to sell customers ordinary pipe tobacco. You must hand them Prince Albert. We know we have the greatest smoking tobacco ever produced — bar none. We have made Prince Albert the big "IT." We know American men. The spirit of '76 is as rampant as ever. It's very much to your interest to stock up with Prince Albert without delay. If your jobber can't supply you quickly enough, write or wire us for special introductory offer. Swing aboard — quick! R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.**

ALBERT
right out of your system!

Prince Albert wasn't born twins. Nor has it any near-relatives! Naturally, imitators are already sounding their cymbals—old, familiar "just-as-goods," some "just-the-sames." All-wise talk, because Prince Albert has swept the Nation like a great meteor. Its success has never been equalled. Because it is the goods—signed, sealed, delivered!

But say! Try all these tardy imitators. Get your tongue stung up; get your fill of bad tastes; get your clothes and house saturated with ill smelling fumes. Then put yourself next to the royal flush—Prince Albert. You'll butt right into the Order of Wisemen before sundown. Why, man, it's a revelation!

But don't try to smoke Prince Albert and an imitation in the same pipe. Give "P. A." a fresh deal. It deserves the very best. Cut all the bonds that hitched you up to misery-smokes. Enjoy a pipe as you never did before!

The Joy Smoke **Prince Albert can be smoked red hot, or just easy like. *Can't bite your tongue.* It's long burning, holds its fire close and excels any other pipe tobacco in fragrance and taste. And it makes up the bulliest "sweet heel" a man ever pulled on. It's the kind of a smoke that—well, go to it, old man. It is an experience that will surpass any words that can be blasted out of the dictionary.**

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find 8c for which kindly send me your introductory tin of "Prince Albert" Tobacco
(This offer applies only in U. S.)

Name _____

Address _____

La Salle Street Station, Chicago.
Covered with J-M Asbestos Roofing.

Fire-Proof Construction Is Better Than Fire Insurance

Fire menace to buildings is most often in the roof. A little spark landing on a roof can produce a great conflagration.

Protect your property, not only against fire, but also against *any* and *every* weather condition.

J-M Asbestos Roofing

is made of Asbestos, a rock fiber that simply cannot burn or wear out, combined with Trinidad Lake Asphalt, the great waterproofer that defies every climatic condition, making a practically *indestructible* and *perfect* covering for any building—anywhere.

There is no other roofing like it, or as good, in all the world. It will give more service, more freedom from care, save more money, than any other roofing made.

It is in a class by itself. No *painting* or *repairs*, no *gravel* to clog up outlets. Half a century of experience is behind the J-M Asbestos Roofing, and we not only attest, but can prove its superiority over every other ready roofing made.

It covers some of the most important buildings in the country and is enthusiastically endorsed by every property owner who uses it.

All dealers sell J-M Asbestos Roofing. If your dealer doesn't happen to have it in stock, send his name to our nearest branch and ask for samples and Booklet No. B-49.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

ASBESTOS

Manufacturers of Asbestos and Magnesia Products, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Electrical Supplies, Etc.

Baltimore	Detroit	New York
Boston	Kansas City	Philadelphia
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Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	St. Louis
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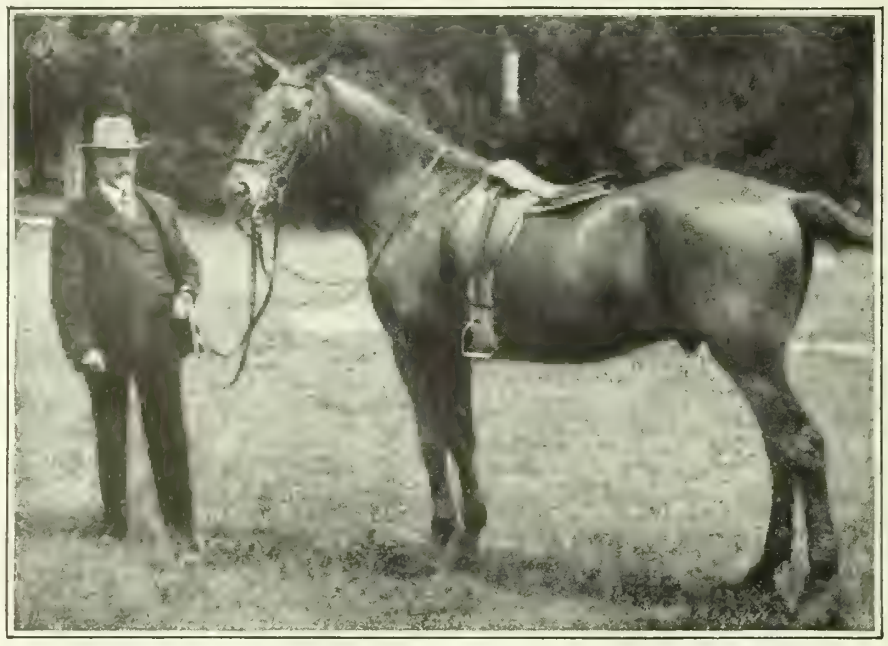
THE CANADIAN H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO. LIMITED

Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.

1254

MAGAZINE MEN AND WOMEN



David Buffum, Who Knows a Thing or Two About Horses, and Writes on Various Phases of Country Life

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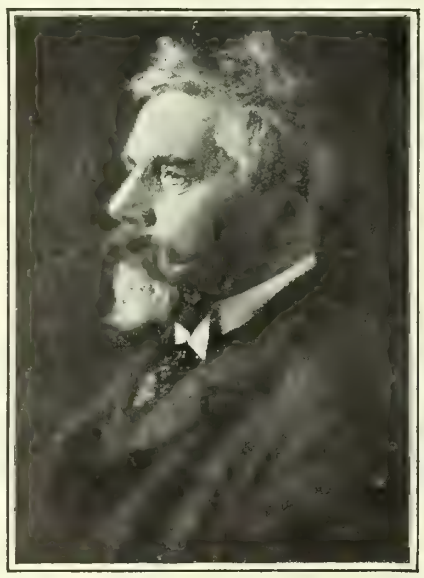
Mary Roberts Rinehart, Who Disproves the Libel That Women Have No Sense of Humor



Robert Barr, Novelist, and the Official Biographer of Young Lord Stranleigh

Wallace Irwin, in His Deep-Water Limousine "Restless Rebecca," Off for a Summer Holiday

Sensible Talks By a Piano Dealer-No 7*

"I have been selling player-pianos ever since they were introduced and I know every player mechanism on the market.

"Not one is so **accessible** as the Krell Auto-Grand. Not one.

"You know all pianos must be tuned occasionally and players **may** need cleaning or repairs, so an accessible mechanism is **vital.**

"This fact is generally side-stepped. In selling the

Krell Auto-Grand

I can meet it squarely because there is nothing to conceal.

"The bellows are between the two center posts at back where they can be reached without labor or loss of time.

"All other players have the bellows crowded in front.

"The pneumatics in the Krell Auto-Grand—placed **below** the keyboard—come out in one piece—or individually—with the loosening of only two nuts.

"The tubes are likewise easily separable and made of metal which cannot rot or leak.

"The fingers are aluminum and cannot warp. The tracker-bar is aluminum and will not wear lint from the rolls to clog pneumatics.

"Then there is the really marvelous 'human touch' attained in no other player because no other player taps the strings in the same manner as they are tapped in hand-playing. And the player is built in the same factory as the piano.

"Let me put this player-piano in your home for 30 days. It will speak for itself better than I can."

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Co.
Dept. 120, Connersville, Indiana.
Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

*This series of 12 Talks, complete and neatly bound, sent free on request.

For 1910 these Straight-Side Detachable Tires can be had at the same price as standard makes of Clincher Tires

An Amazing Record of Tire Perfection

In 1906 we replaced one tire for every *hundred* sold.
In 1910 we replaced one in every *thousand*.

GOODYEAR tires were proved beyond question to be stronger and better than any other kind as long as four years ago—yet the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** today is better even than the old Goodyear tire *by a full thousand per cent.*

You probably recall having seen four years ago our circular called "Evidence," shown at the top of this page. This circular contained an extract from reports made by the Supervisor of the Tire Association on August 1, 1906, to all members of the Tire Association of 1906, and covered a period of eleven months, beginning September 1, 1905.

It showed the percentage of *replacements to output* which was made by every one of the big tire manufacturers who comprised this association, all of whom operated on a uniform mileage guarantee of 3,500 miles.

GOODYEAR

Straight-Side Detachable Tires

Goodyear Tires in 1906

Here is the table of replacements. Read it carefully. It is proof of the *relative reliability* of all the leading tires manufactured during 1906.

Percentage of Replacements to Output

Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires	1.41%
Another manufacture	2.33%
Another manufacture	3.91%
Another manufacture	9.10%
Another manufacture	9.60%
Another manufacture	18.43%

Notice that about *one per cent* of the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** were found wanting in any particular or had to be replaced.

That is, practically only *one* Goodyear tire showed the slightest defect out of each *hundred* sold in 1906.

Compare this with the showing of other tires manufactured during 1906.

This table gave unquestionable *proof*, taken from the actual books of the large tire manufacturers of the United States:

First: that the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** in 1906 was *98.59 per cent perfect*—that it lacked only 1.41 per cent of being *absolute perfection.*

Second: that compared with other makes the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** was then *the best tire that money could buy.* These conclusions, remember, were derived from the *actual books* of the different manufacturers.

Goodyear Tires Today

But, the facts we have been talking about were collected four years ago, and what you want to know is—how good are the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** today?

We recently analyzed our present cost of replacements from November 1, 1909, to June 1, 1910, figuring in *precisely the same way* as we did in 1906, and this is what we found out—

That while in 1906 our cost of replacements compared to total sales was one and forty-one hundredths per cent, *now* it is only *one-tenth of one per cent.*

That is to say, in 1906 a little more than one tire in every hundred was imperfect; but *today* not more than *one in a thousand* shows any defect whatever.

Out of every thousand **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** now being turned out, *999 are perfect in every way.*

That is the result of our wonderfully improved methods, and of our unceasing watchfulness in manufacture.

It means more to you than simply tires which are perfect when they are put on your machine. It means tires which are almost *immune* to injury.

If we had replaced, without question and without any compensation, all articles which were presented for replacement during the above period, the results of carelessness and accidents—*everything*—the cost of replacement as compared with sales would still have been *less than one per cent.*

In other words, from carelessness, from over-strain, from riding deflated tires, from accidents of all kinds, the number of **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** injured was less than *one* in every hundred used.

Do you think it possible for *any* other tire to show a record like that, or a record anywhere near approaching it?

There are just two main reasons why *we* are able to make such a wonderful showing, namely—*size* and *construction.*

Every **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** is so strongly built that it is almost impossible to injure one. Into the base of each tire we put tapes made from 64 strands of piano wire. We *vulcanize* them there When the tire is inflated these tapes contract in a vise-like grip. That means no creeping, no slipping, even when the tire is only partially inflated.

Also, each **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** is *larger* than its rating. That means it will carry excess weight more easily. It means fewer punctures, fewer blow-outs, increased mileage.

The evidence we have given you, taken from our own books and the books of other manufacturers, should be strong enough to induce you to specify **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** on your 1911 car. Any automobile manufacturer will put these tires on if you insist, and we think we have shown you why, in your own interest, you should insist on Goodyear Tires.

No Higher in Price than Standard Makes of Clincher Tires

Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires, with all their advantages, can be had for 1910 at the same price as standard makes of clincher tires. The goodness, the durability, the immunity from injury will not cost you an extra cent.

For the same price you get tires which will not creep nor come off the rim, tires which are quickly removed and easily replaced. You get tires which will give you the maximum mileage; tires larger than their rating, though of course they fit the rims for which they are rated.

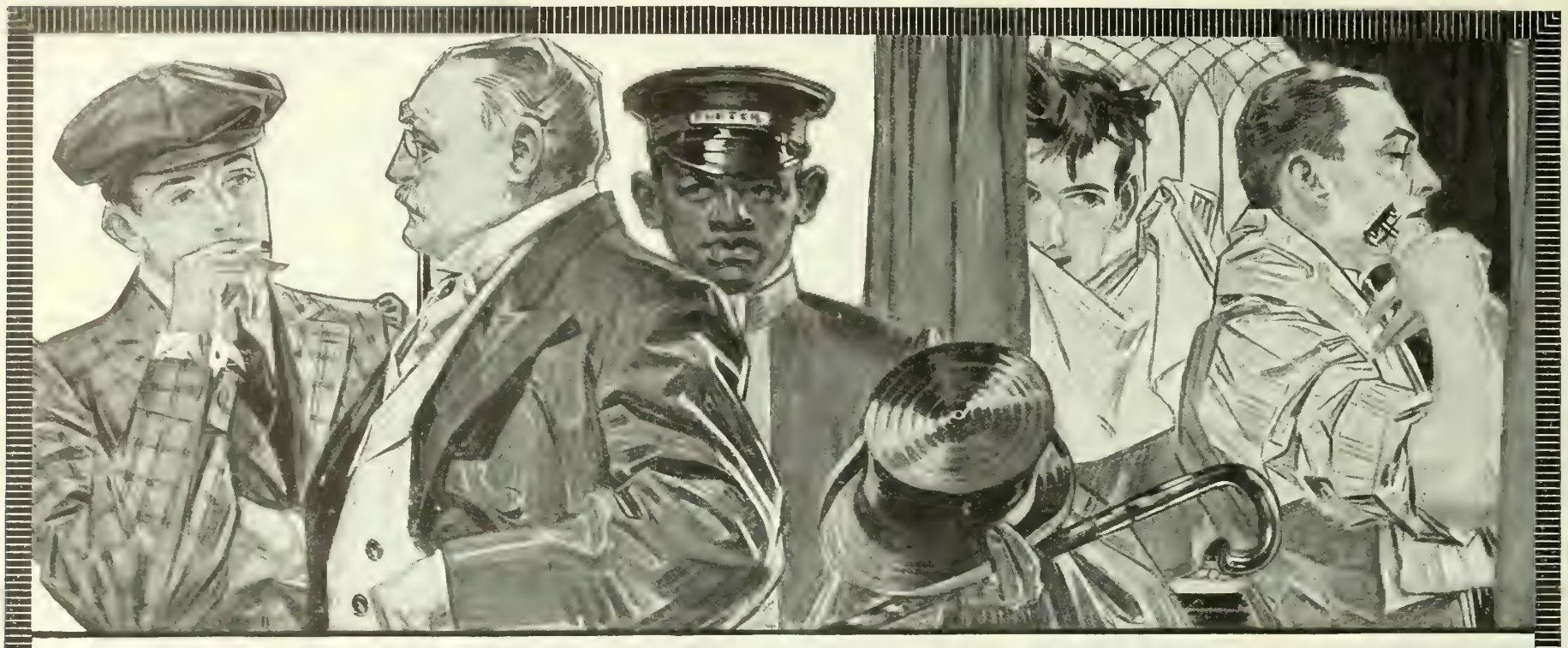
Also you get tires which are *guaranteed* against rim-cutting. The straight outer sides of the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** permit the use of a rim with a wide-rounding flange where it holds the tire in place, so there are no sharp edges—nothing which can possibly cause rim-cuts.

Let us send you our books "How to Select an Automobile Tire," and "A Dictionary for Tired People."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Seneca Street, AKRON, OHIO

(91)

Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities



You can have an object lesson in the use of the Gillette on any sleeping car in America. Most men who shave on the train use the Gillette. They can shave quickly—with no stropping, no honing—shave smoothly and clean up all the corners, with no danger from the lurch or motion of the car.

A bridegroom on the Canadian Pacific acquired a three-days' growth of beard. Despair was written on his face. A kindly old gentleman loaned him a Gillette—and received the united thanks of two fond hearts.

Men who travel much become very practical. They go in for efficiency—get down to necessities.

Tourists and travellers are the staunchest advocates of the Gillette. It would be interesting to know how many thousand Gillettes are sold every year through their example and recommendation.

Be progressive. Keep a Gillette on your home washstand—take it with you when you travel. Spread around some of the Gillette sunshine. Wear the smile of the man who can shave without stropping or honing. Life is brighter when a clean face is an every-morning habit.

Standard set $5. Gillette Blades 50c and $1.00.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

BARKER BRAND

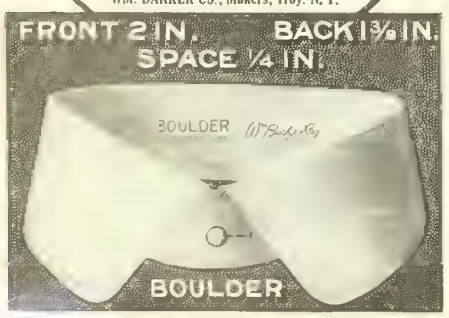
This Trade Mark Protects You

against cotton collars masquerading as linen.

Look for it the next time you buy collars. All genuine linen collars are stamped "Warranted Linen." Barker Brand collars are made of pure grass bleached Irish Linen. No chemicals used. This insures perfect laundering and long life. *If your dealer cannot supply you* with collars stamped "Warranted Linen," send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered to you prepaid.

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years experience and may be able to advise you.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



DU PONT

"Farming With Explosives"

DO *YOU* KNOW THAT *YOU* CAN

REMOVE STUMPS AND BOULDERS
DIG DITCHES IN SWAMPS
DIG DITCHES IN SAND
BREAK UP HARD PAN

PLANT OR CULTIVATE TREES
DIG POLE OR POST HOLES
DIG CELLARS AND WELLS
BUILD ROADS

DU PONT DU PONT

ECONOMICALLY AND QUICKLY WITH OUR

RED CROSS DYNAMITE

If not, write for
"Hand Book on Explosives for Farmers, Planters and Ranchers."

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY
Established 1802 Dept. 6 WILMINGTON, DEL.

DU PONT

Easy Money for You

We pay highest cash prices for ideas, plots or scenarios for moving pictures. Love, tragedy, drama, scenic or comedy, latter preferred. No dialogue required. Just describe your idea, scene by scene, briefly as possible and send to "Imp Films," 111 E. Fourteenth Street, New York.

Moving Picture Theatres using "Imp Films" are giving their patrons the best their money can buy. Patronize them! Seeing an "Imp Film" will not only entertain you, but also show you what sort of scenarios we want.

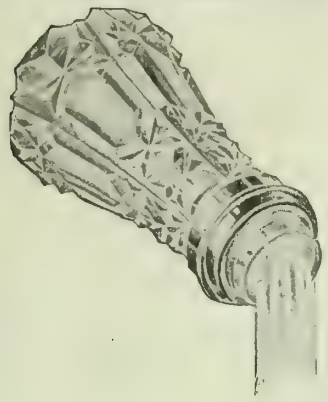
CARL LAEMMLE, Pres.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For
Prickly Heat
Chafing and Sunburn

and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free. Try Mennen's (Borated) Violet Talcum Toilet Powder.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Tell Your Wife How One Salt Flows

YOU men know that you don't have to bother, at first-class cafés, to get the salt to flow. It is only the home salt that needs to be shaken, pounded and poked.

The reason is that good hotels use only Shaker Table Salt. And Shaker Salt will flow as freely at home, if you ask your wife to get it.

Free from Gypsum

But there is even a better reason for using Shaker Salt.

Shaker is free from gypsum. Every other table salt contains it—as proved by government tests.

Gypsum is practically plaster of Paris—the basis of gravel and gall stones. It forms into balls in the body and gets into the liver, kidneys and spleen.

The only table salt without this gypsum, remember, is Shaker Table Salt.

Sanitary Boxes

To protect this fine-grained, dainty salt, we put it in paraffined boxes. Dampness, odors and dirt which get into bag salt can't get to Shaker Salt.

Every box has our convenient patent spout for pouring.

Price (east of the Rocky Mountains) 10 cents per box at all good grocers. Don't go longer without it.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

(36)

Diamond Crystal Salt Co.
St. Clair, Mich.

Makers of the only salt 99 7-10 per cent pure, as proved by Government tests.

We Own and Offer

$75,000 Lower Yakima Irrigation Co. Bonds

Secured by First Mortgage on Land Irrigation Plant, etc., valued at $1,902,800.
Bonds Authorized $350,000.
Issued $300,000.
Already retired by Sinking Fund $14,000.
Plant in operation and Land under cultivation. Recognized as the most successful irrigation project in the Pacific Northwest.

Price to Net 7%

$250,000 Seattle and Tacoma Improvement Bonds

Price to Net 5¼ to 7%

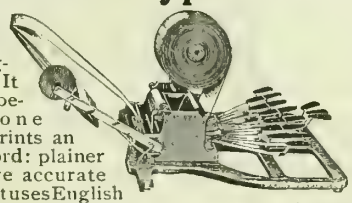
It pays to purchase through us Municipal and Corporation Bonds which originate in the Pacific Northwest.

Write for Booklet "C" on "Pacific Northwest Securities."

Jacob Furth, F. K. Struve, J. E. Patrick, *Mgr.*, John Davis, V. D. Miller

Davis & Struve Bond Co.
709 Second Ave., Seattle

Shorthand Typewriter



It takes the place of stenography. It is faster because one stroke prints an entire word: plainer and more accurate because it uses English letters. No knowledge of stenography needed. We can fit you to do good shorthand work in six weeks.

Anderson Shorthand Typewriter Co.
5716 (P) Cedar Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

TEAM WORK IN TOWN BUILDING

(Concluded from Page 12)

sustained the town remained content. One winter night the shops burned down and, when rebuilt, the location was in another town. The workmen moved away and houses became vacant. A mass-meeting was held to talk things over, and it started out like a funeral until a young man who had recently moved there and invested all his savings suggested that it might be a good idea to do something. This appealed to the citizens and a committee was started on a still hunt for factories. The quest was successful, and thereafter Ashbrook ceased to accept the small favors of Fate and began doing things for herself. The spot once marked by the ruins of the railway sheds is now adorned by a busy carriage factory, one of a large group of similar enterprises which Ashbrook succeeded in collecting when the town once woke up and went after them.

Unfortunately the town where "all the citizens put their shoulders to the wheel of progress" is the model town that has not yet been built. Town building is much like college football, where a dozen of the students do all the playing while the others sit in the grandstand and look on.

All Happy But Scott

Raising a bonus for a new enterprise requires both enthusiasm and skill. It is no work for an amateur, but in experienced hands the feat is comparatively easy.

The town, we will assume, has an opportunity to secure a much-needed factory. The newspapers discuss the matter at great length, giving facts and figures enough to convince all who read that the bonus should be pledged and the factory secured. Business men talk about it, but nothing is done. Then some one writes out a call for a mass-meeting and asks a few business men to sign it with him. The telephone is used to urge prominent men to come out and the newspapers whoop things up generally in order to get a big attendance. It is a rally-round-the-flag-boys movement without the military setting.

At the meeting the leader tells of the proposition and then, as he is not an orator, gives way to a local spellbinder, who can paint such vivid word pictures of smokestacks and long payrolls that Solid Eight Per Cent in the audience involuntarily begins to compute increased rental figures.

Before the applause is over the chairman is on his feet waving a subscription list.

"I'll be one of ten men to give two thousand dollars each to this enterprise," he shouts. "Who will be the other nine?"

"You can put me down," says one, and blushes at the applause. One by one seven others give in their names; only one is lacking.

"Who will be the tenth?" cries the chairman, and the audience, feeling the zest of the chase, stirs with excitement and there is a general craning of necks.

Some one notices old man Scott, a wealthy landlord who is standing in the rear of the hall, and calls out his name. Every one looks in his direction.

"Will Mr. Scott give two thousand dollars to this factory bonus?" asks the chairman.

"He's thinking about it," remarks a local wag, and a titter follows to be renewed when a rival wit remarks: "Come on, Scottie, and loosen up. You can afford it."

"We need only one more to complete the ten, Mr. Scott," says the chairman.

Every one turns to look at the victim, who wishes heartily that he had remained at home. After an embarrassing pause he blurts out, "All right; put me down," and the audience cheers again.

"Now who will be one of ten to give one thousand dollars?" asks the chairman immediately, and so it goes until modest contributions of ten dollars are received. As the hour grows late the chairman holds a few whispered conferences and makes an announcement.

"We need only five thousand dollars more," he says, "and as we can depend on several subscriptions from men who are not here tonight Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones and myself feel safe in guaranteeing the completion of the bonus." Then every one goes home happy except Mr. Scott.

A Roof Without Any Weak Spots

That is what the six-inch, asphalt-cement-welded joint means to all users of

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

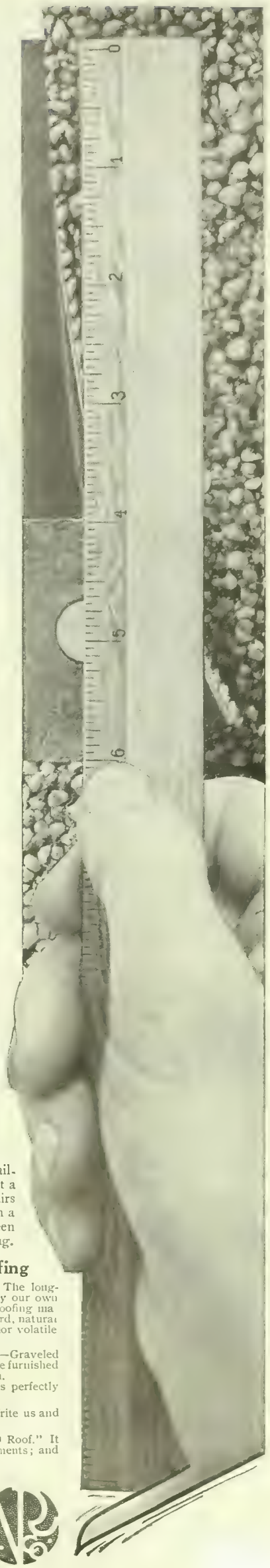
THE Wide-Weld means that each joint is six inches wide instead of only two. The Wide-Weld means a permanent union of two smooth surfaces—not an attempt to cement felt to gravel.

The Wide-Weld means that all nail-heads are completely covered—not left exposed to rust, pull out, break off, or tear loose. There are no nail-holes through the roof.

How the Wide-Weld is Made

In the diagram at the right the black portion represents the bottom layer of one sheet of roofing, extended six inches beyond the graveled surface. The other layers extend two inches beyond the surface, giving full thickness through which to drive the nails. This two-inch strip appears lighter in the picture, because it is covered with thin, tissue-paper tape to prevent sticking in the roll.

The sheet of roofing that lies next above on the roof is brought down over this six-inch belt and welded inseparably to it with hard mineral-asphalt cement.



This results in a one-piece, continuous roof. All nail-heads are covered securely. You have a roof without a weak spot, that will wear for years, never needs repairs or painting and resists all destructive agencies. Even a rain of sparks and cinders from a burning building has been successfully withstood by Security Wide-Weld Roofing.

It Pays to Buy and Use GOOD Roofing

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is built up on quality. The long-fibered wool-felt is made specially for us and saturated by our own formula with natural mineral-asphalt—the best weatherproofing material known. The layers of felt alternate with layers of hard, natural mineral-asphalt cement, and no coal-tar products or inferior volatile oils are used.

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles:—Graveled Surface; Coarse Feldspar; and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch.

Any one can easily apply Security Roofing, and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building.

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of the one nearest you.

Write for free book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to weld the patented, six-inch joint.

The National Roofing Co.
TONAWANDA, N.Y.

Manufacturers of Asphalt Roofing and Paint

Address all communications to 202 Filmore Ave.

No More Ashes To Lug

No dust or dirt on the kitchen floor.

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar.

No Part is in Sight

Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day, and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the New Plain Cabinet Glenwood.

This Range can be had with Elevated or End Gas Range Attachments or if gas is not desired with Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box on either right or left end as ordered.

Cabinet Glenwood

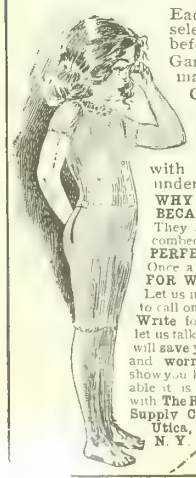
The Range That Makes Cooking Easy

Write for free booklet "W" of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

High Quality and Superior Goods Direct from Mill

Light, Medium and Heavy Weight Underwear for Men, Women and Children

Union Suits and Two-Piece Suits



Each garment is carefully selected and inspected by us before being shipped to you. Garments of extra large sizes made to order.

Compare our goods and prices with anything you have ever worn and we know that after wearing one garment you will agree with us that no finer grade of underwear is on the market to-day.

WHY?

BECAUSE the workmanship is **PERFECT** They are made from the best, fine, soft combed yarn and **WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.**

Once a customer always a customer, **FOR WE WILL PLEASE YOU.**

Let us instruct our representative to call on you

Write for our catalogue and let us talk to you by mail. It will **save you time, money** and **worry,** and will show you how profitable it is to deal with **The R. & S. Supply Co., Utica, N. Y.**

R. & S. Supply Co. Utica, N. Y.

Kindly mail me your catalogue at no expense to me.

Name _____

Address. _____

THE ACTOR AS A BUSINESS MAN

(Concluded from Page 7)

For this reason, managers now try out new plays in the spring. Faults are exposed and corrected, good points are developed and necessary changes in the cast are made before putting the play on in the fall.

The business of the theater is the hardest in the world to carry on. It is done on a strictly cash basis; production, scene painting, newspaper advertising, salaries—all must be paid in cash. One having a dozen shows on the road, the operation of which costs forty thousand dollars a week, must have at least seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank to keep things going. In a forty weeks' season this runs into some money—and then some.

"But," complains the actor, "when you make a big hit you get rich—and where do we come in?"

Very good. Here's an illustration from life. A certain New York theater has a success which runs for forty weeks. The gross receipts, we'll say, are three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this the actor gets one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. From the remainder the manager meets the following trifling expenses: rent, between forty-five thousand and fifty thousand dollars; office and staff of same, which is maintained the year round; stage crew; heating; lighting; orchestra; ticket sellers; ushers, and a thousand and one incidentals.

It costs from ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars to produce a modern four-act play. This, over and above fixed charges, must be paid back before the manager begins to see daylight. Nor do the gross receipts go into his pocket alone. The house he plays receives from thirty to fifty per cent of the gross.

There has never been any "important money" made by producers who are in it solely for the cash. If it's a cold-blooded, moneymaking proposition the owner will go broke. One must like the work for itself alone—must be enthusiastic, imaginative, eager. The only way to do is to get in on the theater end of the proposition if one would stand a chance to "break even." If he has a house and can get a good show he will be sure to make money. Everybody now realizes that there is no money in musical productions. The expense of bringing these out is appalling, and a small fortune may be sunk in maintaining such a show while it is being "tried out."

Once a drama or comedy meets with big success it means a long run in New York with a possible profit of from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars, while each of the three or four companies sent out may add from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year to the net earnings of the parent company.

The producer almost never gets any help from the actor in the selection of the play. The actor is a notoriously bad judge of a play for himself. He always has some hankering to bias his judgment. If he is good in straight parts he is forever casting a longing eye on character rôles, which, in a sense, play themselves.

I have often wondered what the result would be if a party of actors were left to themselves to put on a play. It would be like a lot of small boys trying to sail a ship. They'd all want to be commanding or steering, or running up and down the rigging, or doing other spectacular stunts that to the spectator would be about as coherent and comprehensible as the rompings of a lot of monkeys. And if one were chidden he'd do the regular simian sulking act.

In this respect the actor always seems to be under the delusion that he is being discriminated against, held back either for spite or some other mysterious purpose that the manager may have up his sleeve—just as if it weren't to the manager's interest to push the actor ahead!

"Why don't you give me a part I can sympathize with?" says the actor.

"If I did it would be impossible for any one else to act in the play with you."

"Why?"

"Because there'd be only one part to it," and the manager closes his roll-top desk with a bang.

The actor watches him for a moment, then says: "There he goes—to the ball game, and I've got to play a matinée."

LET THE "PRESIDENT" PROVE IT

at our expense. If a three days' trial doesn't convince you fully that there is more comfort in wearing

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

than in any other kind of trouser support you ever wore, **THEN WE WANT TO HAND BACK YOUR MONEY.**

The Sliding Cord Back of the Shirley President has made more men comfortable than all the other suspender devices combined. It is the sliding cord that makes the Shirley President outwear all others.

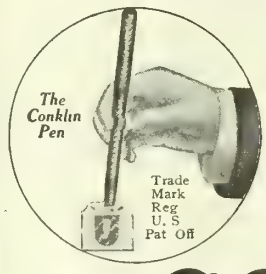
Extra Heavy, Medium, or Light Weight. Choose your pair to suit your wear.

Mailed direct from the factory if your dealer can't supply. Price 50 cents.

REMEMBER: You keep them if you like them; your money back if you are willing to give them up.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Shirley, Mass.
1717 Main Street



The Development of "The Business Pen"

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

represents the world's greatest pen achievement. It is "The ***Business*** Pen"—as far superior to any other as the steel pen is to the old quill.

A pen made for business will serve every other writing purpose. If it will write a business letter well it will write a personal letter just as well. If it can be used for bookkeeping, stenography, manifolding, and the thousand and one other business purposes, it can be used with equal success for all other writing uses. Hence the Conklin is "The *Business* Pen," the pen for *you.*

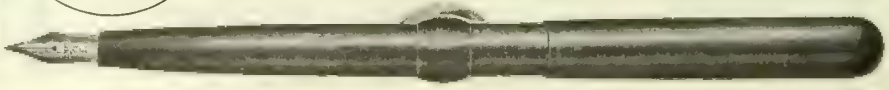
The Conklin fills itself at any inkwell, by a mere thumb-pressure on the "*Crescent-Filler.*" So easily filled that it is never without ink. So easy in action that it never disappoints. *Ink reservoir guaranteed for five years.* Fine 14-k gold pens in all sizes.

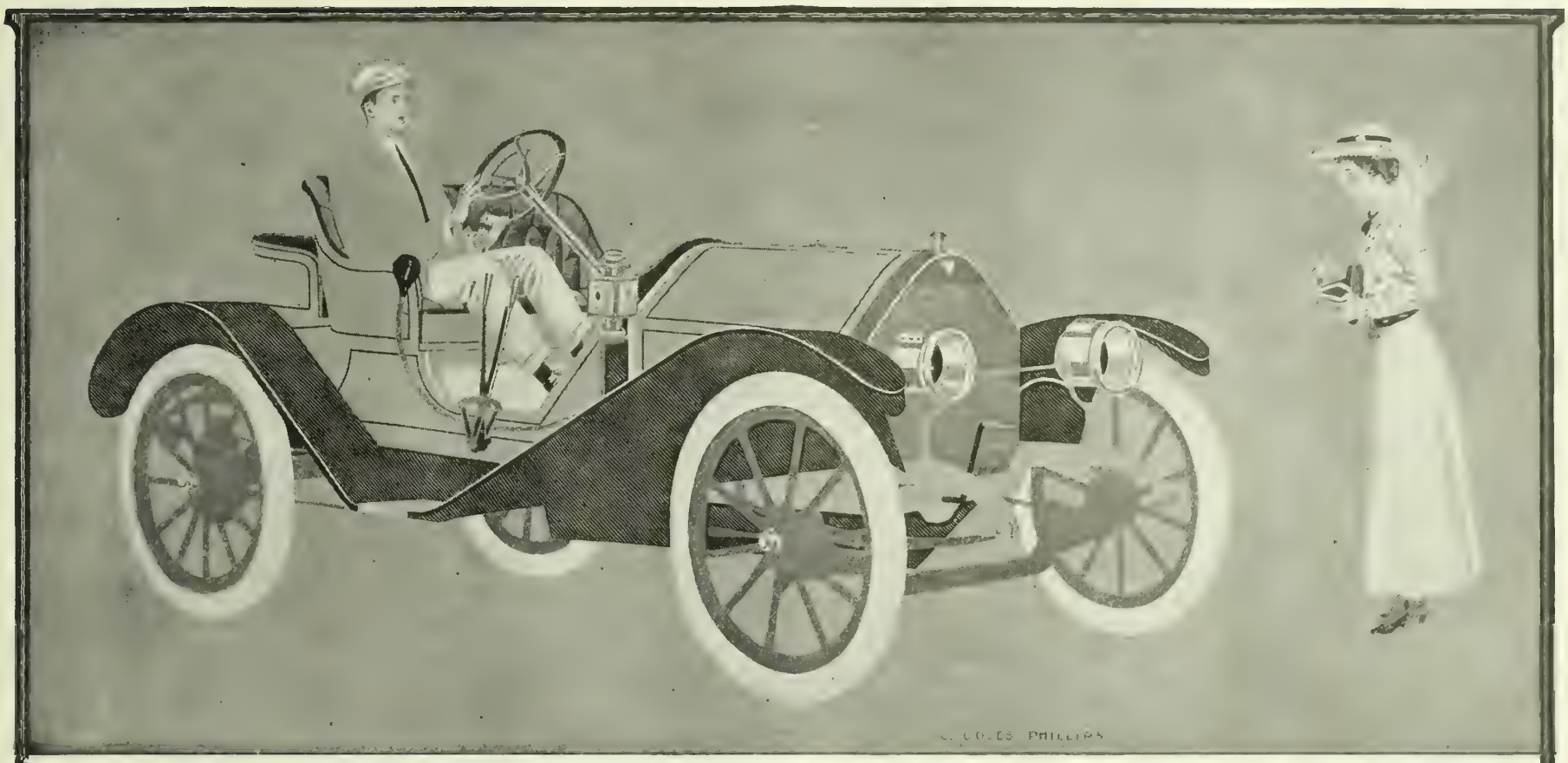
Prices $3 00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00, at leading dealers everywhere.

Write today for catalogue and three good pen stories, "How Thompson Got Pen Wise"; "Our Good Old Friend the Fountain Pen," and "Do Camels Drink Ink?"—all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

226 Conklin Building, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.





One Year Old—

And The Most Widely Copied Car in America—THE HUDSON

From the beginning the Hudson roadster met with universal favor.

Even in the "blue print" stage—when it was a car on paper only—it captured a host of admirers. As soon as the first car was built many of the country's most knowing automobile men came to see it, to study it--men who had designed and built successful motor cars. The Hudson roadster offered them many ideas. And today, as a result, the Hudson is the most widely copied car in America.

This car was an immediate success.

One week after the first announcement of the car to the trade over 2,000 dealers appealed for an agency. In thirty days 3,000 cars were sold.

Dealers had done a year's work in a month—had accomplished a year's results in thirty days. They insisted on more cars. They used every known human device to have orders "slipped in."

It became an ever increasing tide. We tried to meet it with special extra additions to our regular output. Twice we added to our production. Still the tide came on. In four months we were forced to the almost unheard of extremity—to cease advertising the roadster. We simply took it off the market.

But it was impossible to obscure this car.

Owners driving their own cars won endurance runs, were first in reliability contests and were victorious over larger and more powerful cars. They won road races and motor events in Washington, in Florida, in Virginia, in far away Honolulu, in New Jersey, in Ohio—perfect scores one after another.

Though the roadster was a sensation in such events, it created greatest enthusiasm in those communities where it was in every day service. This was practically wherever the car had been introduced.

Doctors bought the roadster. It enabled them to cover more ground—see more patients in a day—see them more quickly when occasion demanded. It saved them money.

In Kansas one physician dispensed with the services of six horses after he bought his roadster. In Pittsburg seventeen physicians are now using the car in their daily practice. The roadster soon became "the car for Doctors." Fifteen per cent of all the Hudson owners are physicians.

It became a salesman's car.

Mercantile, real estate and insurance men used it. Fairbanks, Morse & Company bought six roadsters for its salesmen on the Pacific Coast. Twelve consecutive months of service in California only emphasized what we had promised.

The Sanitary District of Chicago bought six cars for use along the banks of the famous drainage canal. These cars each cover seventy miles of rough, hilly, roadless paths daily. Twenty-seven and one-half per cent. of all Hudson owners are making a commercial or business use of the car.

This car also appealed immediately to the women. The roadster was easy to control--easy to manipulate. It was graceful of outline.

Men who owned larger and more powerful cars, bought the Hudson to get around more easily—more quickly in Metropolitan communities. It is really surprising to note the number of Hudson owners who have larger and more powerful cars.

Men in the public eye bought the car—men like Glenn H. Curtiss, the noted aviator; J. B. Herreshoff, the famous designer of yachts; Eddie Foy, the comedian; F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad, and Charles Hartzell, secretary of state of Porto Rico. There were these men and many more. They saw the merit of the Hudson.

It was a great reception. A great compliment. It was a compliment that we could not acknowledge in full.

Our roadster had appealed to the American public. The American public had approved of it—had bought every last car we could make for 1910.

There was nothing left to do but to continue the Hudson roadster through 1911.

With the increased facilities which our new $500,000 factory will provide, we hope to be able to supply this unparalleled demand.

The 1911 Hudson roadster will have all the unusual features the 1910 car had—those features which put it on the market in one day and sold it the next.

This was the most successful car of the year.

To ascertain more fully the details of this remarkable roadster, write for catalog R.

The Roadster Will Be Continued In 1911—Same Price—$1000

The Hudson Roadster Compared

The Hudson roadster is here compared with the average of all the cars in the $1,000 class at the three great Automobile Shows in the United States. The percentages were taken from the tables shown in Motor Age. At a glance it is evident that the Hudson is far superior to the average of its competitors. It has every important feature of its rivals—and more.

	Average of All Cars	Hudson Roadster
Wheel Base	96 in.	100 in.
Wheel Diameter	30.9 in.	32 in.
A.L.A.M. Horsepower	20.4	22.5
Piston Displacement	135.9	198.8
Percentage using Circulating Water Pump, only	24.9%	Uses it
Percentage using Double Ignition, only	10%	Uses it
Percentage using Gravity Carburetor	100%	Uses it
Percentage using Circulating Oil Pump, only	62.4%	Uses it
Percentage using 3-Speed Selective Transmission, only	19.3%	Uses it

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Licensed Under Selden Patent

This is the single giant batt of pure, buoyant cotton, without layers or sections, that makes the most wonderful mattress in the world—

SEALY Tuftless Mattress

Try "Tuftless Comfort!"

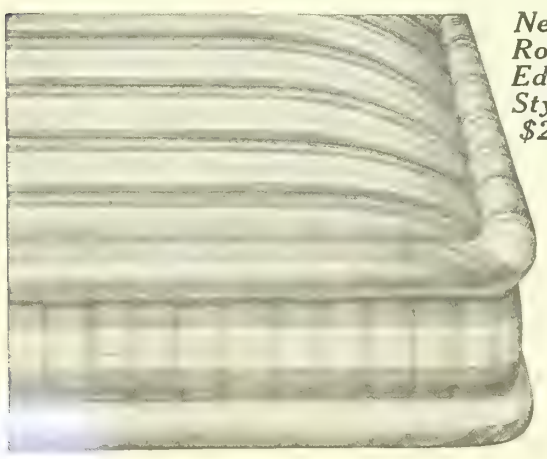
You cannot get the maximum of comfort out of any mattress that is tufted.

Tufts make a bed of humps and hollows—like a cobblestone road. They are destroyers of comfort. Tufts are put in other mattresses simply because they have to be—to keep the filling in place. But there's no reason why you should suffer the discomfort of tufting when there is a mattress that is made without tufts—that, because of a superior process of making and quality of filling, does not need tufts. The Sealy is the first mattress ever made without tufts, and the only successful tuftless mattress.

Therefore, if you never have slept on a Sealy you never have known how comfortable a mattress can be.

The Sealy Mattress is one big batt of springy, long-fibre cotton. It has neither tufts nor layers, or sections or divisions of any kind. It is evenly smooth, soft, and resilient in every square inch of its surface.

When you lie down on a Sealy it isn't a case of "touching the high spots" as on a tufted mattress. The Sealy simply undulates to meet the form of the body. It conforms to each curve, giving perfectly even support to every part. Here is a comfort that means perfect rest and relaxation; that will lull you off to sleep quicker than anything else in the world.



New Roll-Edge Style $20

How the Sealy is Made—Why it is Better

The picture above shows a Sealy Mattress before it is put in the tick. This big batt of cotton has just come from the "mold"—a big box 12 ft. deep and the dimensions of a mattress.

We take virgin cotton, long-fibred and elastic, pure and clean as the sunshine into which it is born, and we blow it apart with compressed air until the fibres are thoroughly separated.

After this process each fibre stands with its full natural curl and springiness free and unrestrained. Then this long-fibre cotton is fed from above, slowly, evenly, by compressed air into the mold. Air currents distribute it uniformly as it sifts into the mold, like gently falling snow.

When forty-five pounds of this airy, feathery substance have been blown into the mold, the batt thus formed is five feet high. The batt is then compressed down to the thickness of the mattress and slipped into the tick. That completes the Sealy Mattress.

You will see that the Sealy process makes a mattress the filling of which is one integral part. It is not stuffed in handfuls nor built in layers. It requires no tufting, because the fibres are interlaced and intertwined throughout the mattress.

The fibres are not stretched or flattened out straight and taut, and laid one on top of another, as in the sheet or layer process, but on the other hand are left in their natural form, each a tiny spring with its elasticity unimpaired.

This is why the Sealy has a resiliency and responsiveness never found in layer felt mattresses.

A successful, durable, non-lumping tuftless mattress can be made only by the Sealy process and with real, long-fibre, new cotton.

Such a mattress cannot be made of linters (gin waste) nor of mill waste. Linters is the short fuzz scraped off cotton seeds after the real, long-fibre cotton has been removed by the cotton-gin. Linters is not called cotton except by mattress makers, yet it is the material from which 95% of all so-called "cotton felt" mattresses are made. Mill waste is the scraps and odds and ends from cotton fabric mills, which is macerated into a fuzzy substance to look somewhat like unspun cotton. Both *these* materials make soggy, lifeless mattresses. The Sealy is the only mattress made entirely of pure, "live," long-fibre cotton with its "life" undiminished by machine-rolling or felting. The Sealy Mattress stands absolutely unique. We guarantee it for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

Our Local Dealer will sell you a Sealy Mattress under the SEALY TRIPLE GUARANTEE:

First **We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fibre cotton, without linters, or mill waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)**

Second **We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.**

Third **We guarantee that after 60 nights trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.**

Sealy Mattresses are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge like illustration. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $18, Art Ticking $19; Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $20, Art Ticking $21.

Send for our Booklet "The Real Difference in Mattresses," and name of your local dealer

This is a booklet that will give you a new light on the mattress subject. With it we will send you name of our dealer in your town who will be glad to show you the Sealy and who will make you the guarantees as above.

Sealy Mattress Co., Dept. D, Houston, Texas

Factories (also offices) at our 14,000 acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, Tex.

The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 23)

It's not important at all, but—I wasn't in the train robbery. They were hungry. I harbored them. I didn't know. If I had known I would probably—possibly, anyhow—have taken them in just the same."

"Does it matter?" said Otis.

"Not a bit. I just wanted you to know."

The Apache rose, took the iron cleaning-rod from the butt of his rifle, then screwed it together, laid it in the coals. He took out his sheath-knife and hacked from a *maguey* plant a dozen of its keen, stiff, brown spikes. He put his foot on Kennedy's neck, ripped at the flannel shirt, laid bare the gleaming white chest, the strained arms. "*Digame, pues*—where you put that girl?"

The stars wheeled on their calm cycles. The moon saw many things. She peered in distant windows, where sleeping youth dreamed of high achievement and smiled; where age, smiling, dreamed of youth. In far cities were lights, white-gleaming, splendid, revel and laugh and song; and sweet eyes sparkled where happy lovers danced together; so swift the hours! But on this bleak hillside—to this poor wrung wretch ——

It was harder, far harder, for Otis, watching, mumbling with thick lips a prayer that God in His mercy might send swiftly the Angel of Release, than for Kennedy, bound, bleeding, crucified, quivering. The tortured flesh shrank and flinched—not the masterless spirit.

Now the moon was high, the east was streaked with red. The tortured man grew weaker. A froth of white and red bubbled on his swollen lips. The eyes stared glassily—— There was a change; delirium. Sometimes he raved and muttered, sometimes the words were clear, sometimes the bleeding lips moved, but no words came.

Hal will know. Hal can do anything. He threw Ben Rice. He broke Judge Morgan's colt—Judge Bolling. . . . This was the battlefield—men have died here.

He saw the long, misty ridges of North Carolina's hills; southward, the dim outline of Cæsar's Head beyond the border. Hark, listen! Was that the gate-latch?—Alice! slender, radiant, shy and gay. Her beauty glowed through the dusk. She was in black, there was scarlet at her throat, scarlet her lips, purple-black her hair. She saw him; she came faster, her eyes alight . . . came through the bending lilies all arow. . . .

O sister Phœbe, how merry were we,
The night we sat under the juniper tree!—
The juniper tree, heigho!

He was riding the Staked Plains. That patch of white, that is three hundred miles away, the White Mountain beyond the Pecos. . . .

High over turmoil, dust and din
The clarion call of Honor rings. . . .

Hiram Yoast will know. In the kitchen.

"Kennedy! Kennedy! For God's sake!—*Kennedy! Don!*"

Perhaps it was the summons, perhaps the Indian's fierce, intent face as he bent to hear, that brought him back. Not to the agony of his poor, maimed body—to a sharper pang. Dead, that girl sweetheart, asleep on an Alabama hillside all these years—these wasted years. . . . Lena—Argive Helen! Ah!—In the thin light of dawn he saw the livid face before him, the cracked and bleeding lips, the imploring eyes—Otis! The girl? Had he babbled—had he told anything? The Indian's relentless eyes blazed into his. Had he told? No. The Indian had been still listening. Then—he never would. His head lolled over helplessly.

"Don't! No! No!—Don't burn me any more! I can't stand it. I can't! The girl ——" His voice was a husky whisper. His jaws fell hideously apart; the black tongue lay against the teeth. "The girl . . . in the cañon ——"

Otis strained forward, cursed him with swollen and blackened lips—traitor, Judas, liar, coward!

"—hid where ——" The weak words died away.

The Indian bent closer—too close! The ghastly head jerked upward; Kennedy's teeth crunched in the brown throat, crushed gullet and windpipe together, held fast. The great muscles knotted and slid and heaved under the copper skin, the hands struck and wrenched and tore, the great body thrashed and floundered, twisted and leaped and writhed in horrible convulsion of death agony; the terrible steel-trap at his throat was unbroken, unshaken, crushing out his life. The Indian's hand groped at his belt. A glint of steel, his gun jerked spasmodically, he pulled trigger and fired—into the ground. One last shudder and the two lay still, dead clay on unconscious clay. But the red man's arms were smooth and round, his fingers outspread, relaxed; Kennedy's hands were clenched; on his strained arms the sinews stood out like cords, the bunched muscles knotted to rigid iron, his jaw frozen and set in its awful task.

. . . . . .

They had found Dolly before midnight. Leaving her safeguarded, they scattered far and wide for Don. So, in the warm white dawn Hiram Yoast and Teagardner heard the far-off shot that marked the redskin's dying effort. They burst over the circling barrier, black against a red flame of sun, flashed down the greening slope. Otis was huddled against his tree in a wailing heap. Under the dead Indian Kennedy kept his unyielding grip—senseless, blackened, mutilated, gashed and hacked and burned; but living, and likely to live.

XI

LENA and Breese were in the K. C. X., which, being interpreted, is the Kansas City Express, eastbound flyer from the Mexicos. Rincon is a junction town. The K. C. X. and the Highline Accommodation from Silver City make connections here, incidentally taking dinner during baggage transfer. Dundee was the next stop—forty miles.

A "pusher" helped them climb up the mesa to Grama. Then the K. C. X. gathered speed for the straightaway across a yellow world. Breese was deep in his paper. Lena looked drearily out at the great desert. Against that vastness they seemed to crawl, a futile toy, a matchbox train.

As they broke through the gateways of the benches above Upham, down to the broad white valley of Aleman, Lena saw, along the side of the outpost hills to westward, black, antlike specks which she knew to be horsemen. A round-up, she thought. Again, at Six-Mile Lake, she saw a wagon and a line of horsemen creeping toward Dundee along the leftward road from Mescal. She hardly noted these things. A dream was swiftly drawing to its close; she must dream fast.

"You run over alone, Lena," said Breese, as the whistle blew Dundee. "I've got to send a wire."

To Lena's surprise, the customary crowd was missing from the platform. She spoke to the agent about it.

"Beautiful day, isn't it? But where's everybody?"

The agent mumbled something unintelligible, snatched up a package from the truck and disappeared in the express-room.

"How very rude!" observed Miss Mallory, somewhat indignant. Crossing the plaza she noted the deserted and silent streets. No smoke came from the bachelor tents. A lone rider was coming swiftly down Three-Mile Hill. That was the only sign of life in sight.

She stopped at the post-office. A woman and two Mexican freighters were trading at the back part of the store. Deputy Rowe pushed her mail through the grating without raising his eyelids. "Good-day. Back again?" he said, and went into instant and total eclipse behind a broad, unfolded paper. Miss Mallory stared at him quite vindictively.

"I declare," she said aloud as she went down the steps, "the town is bewitched. The Sleeping Beauty ——" She stopped short, with a twinge at the thought of the Prince and the cruel hedge of thorns. The horseman was at the foot of the slope. Two others were just visible now, topping the rise beyond. "Thank goodness, some one's coming anyway."

Milly, the pretty waitress, met her at the door. She looked rather flushed and disheveled, Milly; her eyes were suspiciously red. "Please, Miss Mallory, Mrs. Breese says she isn't well and not to wake her up." She rattled it off glibly, turned and went along the hall without waiting for a reply.

Now, You Show This to Your Husband

and ask him what he thinks of it as a fair *business* proposition.

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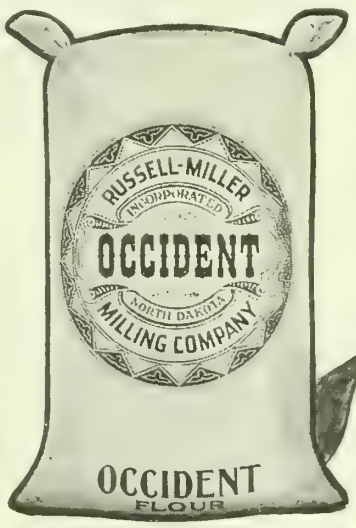
Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument*

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis
U. S. A.



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Name ____

Address ____

Grocer's Name ____

Grocer's Address ____

(Grocer's name and address MUST be filled in)

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RUSSELL-MILLER [illegible]

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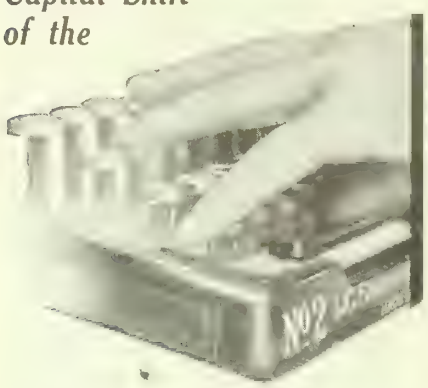

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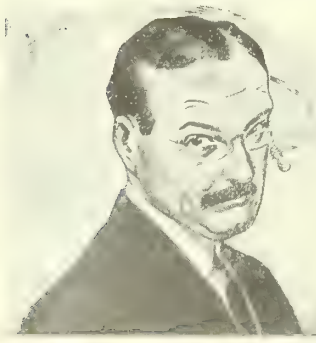

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"Well!" said Lena. "But where's the Professor and Dolly?"

"Gone to the mountains." Milly flung it over her shoulder, slipped through the door and almost slammed it behind her.

Miss Mallory's brown eyes widened to their fullest extent at this, the third repetition of this cavalier reception. Beyond the door Milly was in tears. But how was Lena to know that? "Minx!" she snapped. She had been irritable of late. She stamped her little foot. "Has every one suddenly gone mad?" she demanded of the empty hall. Receiving no answer, she went to her room in a pet, changed her dress, and gave herself up to the fascination of mail-reading.

So much engrossed was she that she failed to note the noises about her. Not till she laid the last letter down was she conscious of a broken murmur of voices without, of others nearer. Surely that was Aunt Polly she heard.

She stepped into the hallway. Through the hall door she had a glimpse of a drooping black head she knew. That was Hiram Yoast's horse. She opened her aunt's door. Guardy Breese, Aunt Polly and Hiram stood by the window.

"—bringing Sleiter and Quinlan behind. The best half of them are hot on the trail." That was Hiram.

"You tell her, Mother," said Breese. Their backs were to her; they neither saw nor heard her.

"Aunt Polly," she began. Hiram whirled around. His eye was very bright, his face was haggard and drawn. Lena's hand went to her throat. "Hiram!" The swift color surged to the hair-roots—then faded and left her marble-white. The other hand stole behind to clutch at the doorframe. "What is it?—Don! . . . So that is why Dundee is empty; a whole town against one hunted man! Oh, they are brave men—brave! And you"—she flung out her hand—"I thought you were his friend."

Hiram's lips opened uneasily, closed again; his eyelids lowered.

"But, Lena, Hiram has ——" So far Aunt Polly got; her face was beaming and bright. Breese put his finger on her mouth. "Lena—my dear—they are bringing him in." His eyes were on the rug at his feet.

"Oh!" Aunt Polly's smile cut her to the heart. "Oh, Aunt Polly, how can you? He was always so good to you." She stepped into the room; she turned upon Hiram, her eyes scorned him. "Why are you not with him? Not one friend at his side, not one true! If you were in his place he would not fail."

Through the window she saw hurrying shapes streaming across the plaza. A wild cheer rose and rose again; a roar that swelled and beat horribly upon her ears.

They followed. She swept along the hall, through the parlor, through the open door to the veranda. The wagon, the dismounted, silent riders beyond, the jaded horses; the Professor, white, smiling, propped in the wagon-seat by Kim Ki and young Jimmy —a litter—Dolly walked beside it—Don!—Breese caught her hand, his voice was in her ear, his eyes were frankly wet. With a choking sob her arms went out. That, Kennedy, lithe, strong Kennedy—that quiet shape, bandaged and white and still? Every head was bare, every eye was turned to him in exaltation, in welcome and high honor and pride and love. Across the little space she saw his eyes, and their light was all for her.

Men and women fell back and left them alone. There were those who leaned out to touch the litter, the bandaged hand. They bore him slowly along that silent lane and laid him at her feet.

THE END

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Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. Fixtures must bear the **"Standard"** guarantee label to be of our make. All fixtures purporting to be **"Standard"** are spurious, *unless they bear our guarantee label.*

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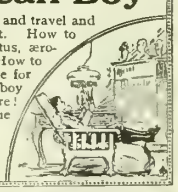

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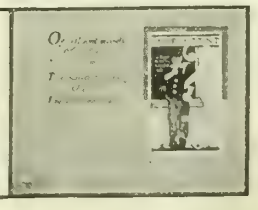

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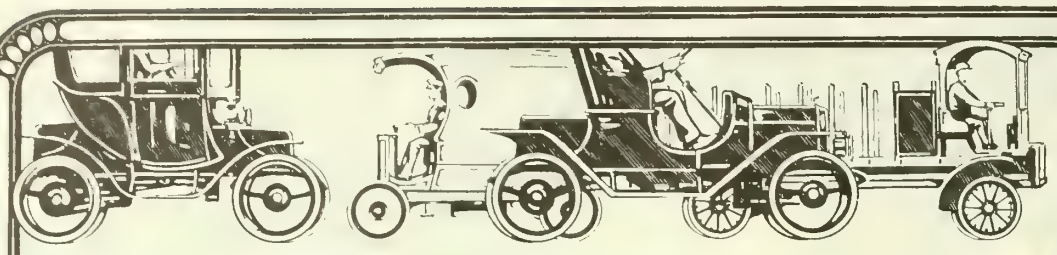

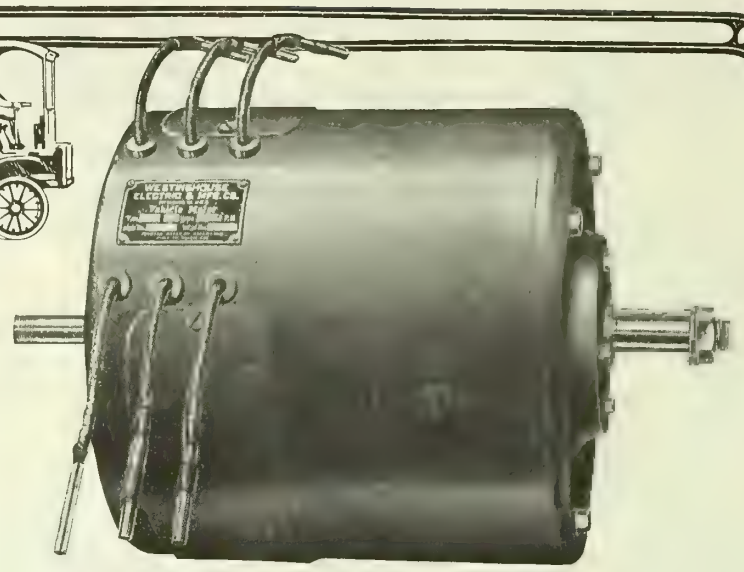

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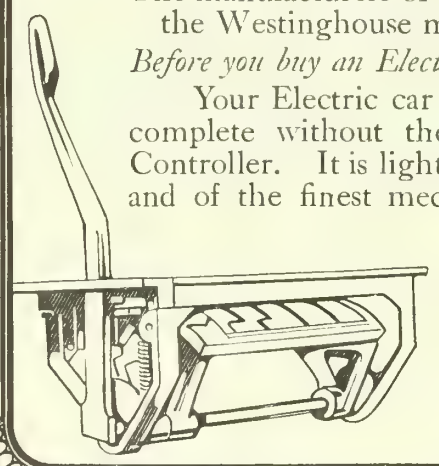

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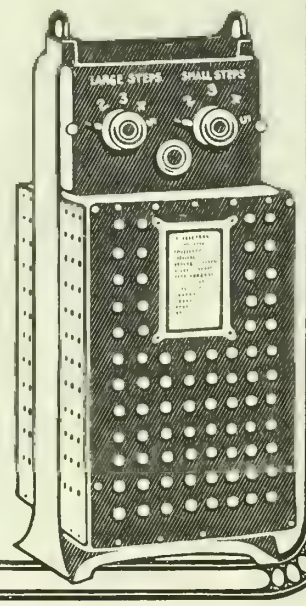

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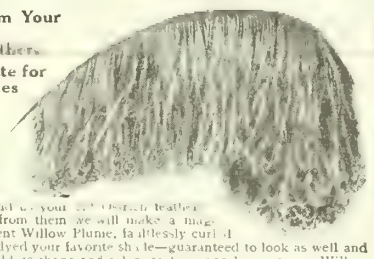

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THE GASOLINE GRAFT

(Continued from Page 19)

was how to wabble out of the way of traffic after some one else had cranked up the engine for him. Again, like his kind, he wouldn't let on to me that it was the first and only car he'd ever owned, but the moment I saw him throw the gears with a screech like a sausage-grinder I tumbled to what I was up against.

Well do I remember the first time he let me get my feet on that racer's pedals. It was up in the Bronx, there were no cops in sight, and I was fairly itching to see what the car could do. So, when he turned over the wheel to me, without warning I threw her wide open, forgetting she was one of those cars that'll jump out from under you unless you're careful how you tease them up. Bing! At the first buck I nearly lost little Tin Dollar there beside me. I can hear yet the screech he let out of him; but it was no joke, I can tell you. The next minute he had me pinned fast, both arms around my neck and yelling holy murder, though for myself I was almost as badly scared at the way I'd nearly swerved into a telegraph pole. After that, whenever he was with me, I had to drift her along at the gait of a hearse.

In this connection, however, I'm bound to say we ran anywhere but to the cemeteries. Instead, night would usually find me waiting outside some stage entrance or in front of one of the lobster palaces, while in the day most of our time was spent on the way to Claremont or the Park Casino, or taking the road to Sheepshead Bay or Coney. As I hated to see so much good money going to waste I stuck to him for nigh on a year, making a good thing out of it, since he never looked at the bills and seemed to take no notice of what it cost. But easy come, easy go; and when my string played out I'd been blowing in the money right along, and hadn't saved a cent.

Captured at the Hairpin Turn

How I got the dump came about like this: Like a great many private chaffies, I'd got to feeling that the car was all my own. So, when the night before the big Long Island cup race came along, I invited a few particular friends of mine to come down with me to the course. As it appeared later, my young tin horn, too, had invited a party to go with him, but when he called up and said he wanted the car I wasn't bothered a bit.

"Sorry, sir," says I, giving him the regular bunk; "but there's a cracked piston-ring in the second cylinder. She won't be fixed for running till tomorrow night."

Of course I'd be home again by then; and as I thought he didn't know the difference between a piston-ring and the timer I'd given him this blarney as the first thing that came into my head. So, in addition to being sore, I was a good deal astonished when he came back at me over the 'phone.

"Nonsense!" said he, real peevishly; "it won't take any time at all to replace it."

"No, sir, it wouldn't," I answered; "only I'll have to send to the factory for a new ring."

Again he came back at me, and in a way I'd never expected.

"That's rather queer," he piped up mildly. "I've been looking over the bills and there's one item that charges me with no less than four dozen piston-rings."

It was true. I'd been ordering all kinds of extra parts until we had about enough to build another car; and this was strictly on the level, too, since he always made a fuss if the car was laid out for more than overnight. Of course I omitted to tell him this was right up my alley, inasmuch as I got the usual ten per cent on all sorts of supplies. However, when he said he'd been looking over the bills it gave me quite a little start, though I wasn't going to let even that feeze me.

"Yes, sir," said I, easy and offhand, when he mentioned this and about the piston-rings; "I bought them, so I did, only they won't fit. I had to send them back. Besides," I added, my voice real gloomy, "one of the gears is out of whack. It won't mesh; and if I'm not mistaken there's a bushing, too, that needs resetting."

If he hadn't hung up the receiver about then I'd probably have had her ready for the scrapheap before I was done talking. But seemingly I had him bluffed; and about half an hour after midnight I and my friends hit the road for Long Island.

As I turned into Broadway from the garage it seemed to me I heard some one give a shout. But I'd cleared the corner then; it was too much bother to go back, and, besides, I had no doubt that my young shine of a boss was holding down a table somewhere along the white-light route and was happy enough as it was. So I went along about my business and, hitting up the pace a little, made for the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry.

After we'd crossed the river we dropped in at a couple of places, and then hit for the open country. Already there was a big stream of other machines going in the same direction—limousines, touring cars, runabouts, and even a couple of hired rubber-neck wagons with gangs of sports aboard. There was a bunch of taxicabs too; some of them with the shades down and giving out snores as they rolled along. We drew away from the procession as soon as we could, but out in the country a fellow in a big touring car began coming up behind us and honking like an ocean liner on his horn.

Says one of my friends:

"That bug wants to give us his dust. Say, are you going to stand for it?"

After that, the way we went up the road was a caution. Once or twice we nearly had mixups with other machines, and one fellow I raked so close in the dark that I heard his mud-guard whang when we pulled apart. But the man behind was game, too, and I had a hard time to shake him till I got a long stretch of open road and there turned the racer loose. Well, to wind it up, I reached the course in time, and parked the car in a nice place by the Hairpin Turn. Here I'd just opened the hamper strapped behind and was handing out the sandwiches and beer when another machine drew in alongside. "My regards!" I was saying, when a young fellow unloaded from the other machine, wiped the grit out of his eyes, and then gave a little cough.

Says he, real indignant:

"How dare you tell me my motor was broken when it can make more than sixty per?"

It was the young squib, my boss. He'd tumbled to me, and had hired an expert to go round to the garage and look at the car; in fact, they'd arrived there just as I pulled out, and after that they'd hired another motor and chased me. Naturally I got the sack then and there. On top of this, I felt so cheap at having myself and party turned out of the car that I sloped off down the road and forgot entirely to take the beer and sandwiches with me.

Back at the Old Job

I wasn't out of a job for a week, since, on the Monday following, here I was again back on my old job of public cabman and happy as a lark.

I went to my old friend, the jobber from whom I'd formerly rented my horse rig.

"Hello, Tom!" says he, grinning when he sees me. "Back to the streets again?"

I told him I'd had my fill of private jobs and wanted to buck the street trade again. In the course of our talk the old man gave me a lot of information about the new business.

To begin, there was a choice of cabs, the ones with or without a meter. "Some of the boys," he told me, "prefer cabs without a clock, and some won't take the streets without one. It depends, though, on what kind of trade you're after."

If the bucker ran without a clock, he explained, the system of charging your fare was exactly what it was in the old days—that is, you soaked the passenger for just as much as you thought he would stand for, and relied on your powers of argument, or otherwise, to get away with it. In addition there were many persons, he said, who'd pick out a cab without a clock because they seemed to think that without the meter the cab looked like a private turnout. It doesn't, of course, to any one with a knowing eye, but all the same you'd be astonished to know just how many fares a man picks up in a day's run that try to fool themselves like this. This is particularly the case when you're out after the daytime trade around the Park or Riverside Drive and along Fifth Avenue. If a man has a swell uniform, too—one such as I had

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The only stock we carry is thousands and thousands of yards of the newest all-wool fabrics, embracing beautiful and exclusive weaves from the most reputable mills in the world.

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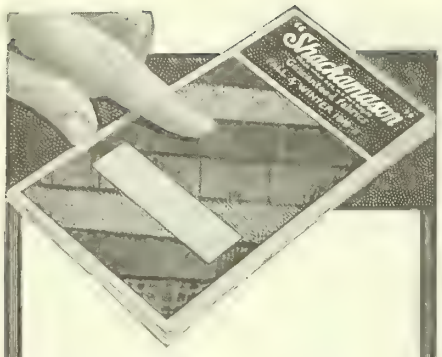

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An unusual opportunity for post card collectors. We mail DIRECT to you, artistic postals from the most interesting places abroad. Write at once for list.

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52 Wall Street, New York City

saved from a former private job—he is certain to pick up a lot of this particular trade. In almost every case it is easy to size up folks like this, and invariably I make it a rule to charge them fifty per cent over and above the regular tariff.

If the bucker runs with a clock, however, the matter, as I say, is somewhat different. By this I don't mean that it is any harder to flimflam the passenger, because, instead, it is just as easy. This is due to the fact that few fares have their wits about them. If they had there would be no way I've yet found out by which to beat the clock.

Now, this may cause some wonder. In dealing with the public I've learned that, whenever a fare thinks he has been robbed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he feels sure the clock is crooked. This is seldom if ever the case. In the first place, each and every meter on a taxicab is rented out, not sold, by the owning company; and once a month this company regularly inspects its clocks. In addition there is a city inspector too, and, as after each inspection the clocks are locked and sealed, a chaffy can't get at the wheels inside without showing he has tampered with the mechanism. If he can I have yet to learn how the trick may be done.

What does happen is this:

Every clock on a taxicab is geared to run on a single and double tariff. When the lever is pulled down to register only the single tariff, then you pay for the distance covered only. But set down the lever another notch, and the clock starts right in to charge you with time as well. This, and this only, is the secret of how you are flimflammed by the meter. When such is the case you'll find that the chaffy begins to kill time for all he's worth. He'll keep close to the curb, as a rule, where the heavy traffic moves slowest; and if there's a block anywhere along the route you may be sure he'll mix himself in with it at the thickest part of the tangle. At every corner, too, he'll lag back to let other cabs and wagons cross in front of him; or if the traffic's light, and there's no chance to get pinched in behind a jam, the usual thing is to pull up to the curb and tinker with some imaginary engine trouble. More than once I've known some joker to let his engine die and then get down and clean the back lamps while his fares sit inside waiting patiently.

Tricks With the Clock

Many times, however, when I have a fare aboard I never touch the clock. This is the case when I am asked by passengers what it costs to go to such and such a place. If they are satisfied with the price I name I let the meter lie dead and beat it to the destination in the quickest possible time. Or, time and again, when nothing is said about the price I have started the clock in the regular way, and when I reached the destination I have thrown the lever again before the fare has had a chance to look at the amount recorded on the dial. Then, if it marked, say, one dollar and forty cents I'd tell the fare the tariff was one dollar and eighty cents, or something like that.

This is a cinch when you're in line at the theater, or if it is raining and the passenger has on his party clothes. In a theater line the passenger hates to haggle, because it looks cheap; and, still further, the cops won't let him hold up the cab and block the other carriages. If he gets obstreperous the usual thing is to appeal to the cop and threaten to drive the fare around to the station house. Company drivers—that is, chaffies driving for regular taxi-lines—are the greatest workers of this graft. They are not paid regular wages, but get twenty per cent of the amount registered by the clock. Therefore it is to their interest to carry as many passengers as possible without having it show on the meter. By this means they knock down the entire amount—not just their lawful twenty per cent. When you catch them doing this, however, they are in no position to put up any bluff with the passenger. If they don't start their meter when the trip begins you can pay them what you like afterward and give them the laugh if they kick. They are beating the company and trying to beat you, and can't afford to make a muss. To have to own up that their meter wasn't set would be worth their jobs in many of the companies.

The taxicab I rent from the jobber costs me four dollars for ten hours. I call it a poor day when I can't pick this up in three or four hours, or thereabouts. Then the rest of the time is velvet.

For Fast Photography

For that picture which you want so much and which *must* be taken quickly—what an advantage it is to have your camera loaded with Ansco Film!

The wonderful speed of Ansco is not outweighed by lack of definition. It takes the impression as clearly as it does quickly, with fidelity to tonal shadings and color values. It raises the standard of snapshot work in a marked degree.

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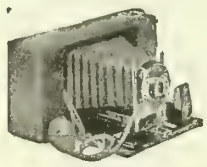
Ansco Film are exceptionally easy to handle. Non-curling, non-halation. Numbers never offset. Fit any film camera.

¶ To best bring out the depth, softness and richness of Ansco Film, print with CYKO PAPER. Insist that those who do work for you use CYKO.



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We want a few strong, ambitious, determined salesmen to sell **Frederickson Art Calendars for Advertising.** Our line has produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and for next year we will eclipse all previous efforts of American Calendar Manufacturers.

If you are a man with a record as a successful salesman in any legitimate line, with supreme confidence in your own ability to do things on a large scale and are seeking to better your own condition—write us

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302 First National Bank Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Story-Writing and **JOURNALISM** taught by mail; MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "*Writing for Profit*"; tells how; gives proof.

The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

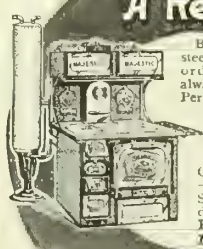
An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Also With Removable Reservoir

The Range With A Reputation



Best range made—can't rust like steel, won't break. Outwears three ordinary ranges. Seams riveted—always air tight—asbestos lined. Perfect baker—half the fuel.

Great Majestic
Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

Open end ash pan—ventilated ash pit—ash cup—all copper reservoir. Sold by dealers everywhere. If you don't know who sells them, write for Free Book, "Range Comparison."

Majestic Mfg. Co. Dept. 48, St. Louis

Charcoal and Malleable Iron

It Should Be In Your Kitchen

New Improved

Kerosene (Coal-Oil) Mantle Lamp

100 Candle-power—¼ oil used

Best on American market without exception. Greatest Campaign Bargains Ever Offered. If you are a user or distributor of mantle lamps and mantles, *don't fail* to get our prices. Your chance! Establish business! Control territory! Sell on sight!

Agencies wanted everywhere!

WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Waterbury, Conn.

Making Money From Ads—Without Advertising

THE SHREWD MAN'S PROFIT

"Find out"—is the slogan of the successful man in business. If there is a possibility that you can do something you have to do, with less effort, or to better effect, than you are doing it now, *find out* about it.

If by some new idea you might possibly sell more goods than you sell now, or could sell them at less cost, or in a better market—find out about it. If anyone has something that he *says* will help you—to boost your salary or beat a competitor, to cut costs or make more customers—if he offers you *anything* to make yourself better off than you are now, the shrewd man's plan is to *find out.*

On this page is told how successful men found out the better methods, plans, opportunities or devices that enabled them to increase dividends or earn bigger salaries or have better clothes or furnish better homes—often to go in business for themselves.

DO *you* know that many big business firms do not stop to address the envelopes in which they send out mail? They learned how to save that operation—and the salaries of many stenographers—from the *advertising* in SYSTEM.

Do you know that many bookkeepers and business men dip their pens in ink but once to write 600 words? A little time-saving secret learned from an advertisement in SYSTEM.

Do you know that in hundreds of retail stores packages are now wrapped and fastened without twine, at a third the former cost? The merchants who are enjoying this shrewd little advantage over competitors gained it by reading the advertisements in SYSTEM.

If in planning to run your business on the most economical, efficient lines, you visited all the most progressive offices or stores or factories of the country, observing the devices and short-cuts they used, you would only learn what you could learn from the advertising section of SYSTEM.

* * * * * *

One day the chief statistician of one of Australia's greatest gold mines came into SYSTEM'S office. From his pocket he took four closely typewritten sheets—a list of articles which his firm needed. "I have made up this sheet," he said, "largely from the advertising pages of SYSTEM, and I want to go to the factories where these devices are made, to study and buy them first hand." He was on a trip around the world in search of better methods and better equipment for his business, and most of the ideas he acquired he had found in the advertisements in SYSTEM.

For when a man invents a machine to do *your* work faster or better, he advertises it in SYSTEM. When he discovers a process that enables him to sell something you use cheaper than you can buy it elsewhere, he advertises it in SYSTEM.

* * * * * *

Two manufacturers in the smoking compartment of a New York-Chicago flyer were discussing the installation of factory sprinkler systems and the apparently unavoidable danger of accidental breaking of the sprinkler-head. A third man looked up from his newspaper. "I have my sprinkler equipped with a patent device that obviates that danger," he said, and went on to explain. "I saw it advertised in SYSTEM a few months ago. It has already saved me hundreds of dollars."

The president of a great soap manufacturing concern, while studying the advertisement of an office appliance in SYSTEM, found the suggestion that enabled him to perfect an enormous machine he had struggled vainly for two years to complete—a machine that is now saving him thousands of dollars a year in his plant.

* * * * * *

These men made money from the advertisements in SYSTEM in a way they could not have calculated in advance. And other men make money from the same ads in other ways.

From advertisements in SYSTEM some firms have learned how to secure their monthly trial balances two days quicker than other firms with an equal volume of business and at half the cost. Thousands of men have secured increased salaries by using just a simple little method learned from the advertising section of SYSTEM that enables them to do more work or bigger work. Many men in the last few years have quit salaried positions, and without capital built up big successful businesses of their own. They were shown the way and given the inspiration in the advertising section of SYSTEM.

You would understand the reasons back of many a firm's dividends, or back of many a man's salary, if *you* read the advertisements in SYSTEM as closely as they do. And you could use the same methods if you desired.

You could know how it is some merchants and manufacturers collect 80% more of their bad debts than do their competitors; why it costs some merchants 40% less to deliver goods than it costs others; how some men who spend less than you do on clothes or house furnishings, have better quality.

These things often mean the difference between success and failure. At least, they are things on which every man in business should keep posted.

* * * * * *

The president of one of Chicago's largest tailoring houses takes two copies of SYSTEM by the year. One he reads. In the other he studies the *advertising* and clips the advertisement of every device or proposition that might save money for his business or increase its efficiency. Then he sends these clippings to the proper department heads with instructions to investigate further and buy if they think best.

For almost every operation in business, there is one best method or one best device, and the use of these short-cuts is all that makes some men or firms grow prosperous, while others stand still or fail. In the advertising pages of SYSTEM are pictured and explained short-cuts for almost everything you do and moneysavers for almost everything you buy.

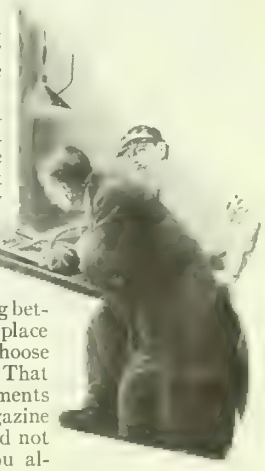
A retail merchant in a Michigan town had almost signed the lease for a bigger store, when he saw an advertisement in SYSTEM that told him how he could make the space in his smaller store just as efficient as the larger one. He is saving $16 a month rent.

And these are but bare hints of the many ways in which the advertising section of SYSTEM can be made valuable to you. Wherever your keenest interest lies—in methods to work by, in machines to use, in foods to eat, in clothes to wear, in paper to write on, or in business opportunities you will be directed to them in the advertising pages of SYSTEM.

And they will prove as interesting to you from a *news* standpoint as your daily paper—they will give you a better insight into the processes of business, make you better fitted to talk interestingly about business, and better able to understand developments in the modern business world.

* * * * * *

In proportion to circulation it costs twice as much to advertise in SYSTEM as in other magazines. Yet for four years and eight months, *more* advertising has been placed in SYSTEM than in any other standard magazine. The September number carries more advertising than was ever carried by any issue of any standard magazine at any price.



Stop a moment to consider what this remarkable fact means. That out of all the many magazines in which they *might* advertise, the men who have something better to offer you in place of what you have, choose SYSTEM first. That from the advertisements in this one magazine alone, you can find not only the things you already want, but things to save you time or money, that you do not know about now—methods, plans, opportunities or devices to increase your dividends or your salary or your savings—or even to go in business for yourself.

So we have spent thousands of dollars to impress on you here the value *you* may get from the advertisements in SYSTEM. Ask your newsdealer today for the September number.

SYSTEM is the dominant Magazine of America. For SYSTEM is America's Magazine of Business. And Business is the dominant interest of men's lives. SYSTEM takes Business as it is—as you know it in your office or your store or your factory—and from it makes literature as interesting as a novel—stories and articles and pointed paragraphs—illustrations and charts—that hum with the undertones of business. From the *realities* of men's daily work, SYSTEM searches out and describes the things that will help other men in their daily work. It tells with equal clearness the secret of some great selling campaign, or the twist by which a salesman closed one single order; the policy that made a Marshall Field, or the coup by which an obscure merchant draws crowds to his window; the method that cuts costs for some giant corporation, or the little knack that saves a moment of time for some salaried worker; a broad principle that improved a firm's correspondence, or a clever paragraph that made one letter successful. No other magazine so accurately touches the quick of what men want and need in their daily work in office or store or factory or bank as SYSTEM does. It will actually increase your business efficiency, sharpen your business shrewdness and broaden your business knowledge.

You Can Find What These Men Found

D. W. Simpson, president of the Wilcox Manufacturing Co., Aurora, Ill., writes, "We cannot afford to be without SYSTEM. You are doing the best work for the business world of any publication I know of."

F. A. Sidelinger & Co., Real Estate, Insurance & Contracting, Old Orchard, Maine, in a letter renewing the firm's subscription to SYSTEM, write, "We consult it as frequently as we do the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia. Following its suggestions and inspiration is equivalent to employing a high-salaried expert."

E. L. Davis, General Merchandise, Chicago, says:—"Having received some invaluable suggestions and a renewed enthusiasm from reading a few numbers of SYSTEM, I have decided that it is essential to the success of my business, and enclose herewith subscription price of $2, in order that I may have a copy on my desk for ready reference."

SYSTEM
THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

A Special Offer to Post Readers

Without risking one cent, you may find out definitely the value of SYSTEM to yourself. Sign and mail this coupon with $2 just as a preliminary deposit for a year's subscription to SYSTEM ($2.50 in Canada, $3 in foreign countries) and if, after you get the September number, you say you have not had full value for your money from the advertisements alone in this *one* number, we will cheerfully refund your money and you may keep the magazine Your judgment alone—and your word—shall decide it. Send coupon *today* because the edition of this September number, the most valuable number of any magazine ever published—is already printed and the supply of unsold copies is limited. Accept this unique offer without delay.

Money-Back Coupon

I want to see what value and interest there is for me in SYSTEM [illegible] information I can get from its remarkable advertising pages, and what I can learn from its [illegible] pages. So, for the enclosed $2 ($2.50 in Canada, $3 in foreign countries), enter my name for a year's subscription. If I do not get my money's worth from the advertisements alone in the September number you are to refund all my money.

Name _____

Address _____

My Business _____

151-153 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO — SYSTEM THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS — 44-60 East 23rd St., NEW YORK

European correspondents address A. W. Shaw Co., Ltd., 14, Norfolk St., Strand, London

Wall Street's Stake in Mexico

(Concluded from Page 21)

the Texas oil man and his associates, who had wrested it away from the original builders.

Railroad building in the tropics has often got the builders into serious difficulties not only because of the difficulties of construction, which must be seen to be appreciated, but also because of the friction and misunderstandings that arise in the dealings between two different races. There was the case, for instance, of the very first foreign-built railroad in Mexico, long before the rule of Diaz. The concession granted by the Government read for a line from Mexico City to Vera Cruz on the Gulf. The contractors unloaded their material from the ships at Vera Cruz and started to lay track from the coast into the interior. Immediately their men were stopped by soldiers. It was explained to the contractors that the terms of the concession were for a road from the capital to the coast, not from the coast to the capital. No amount of protesting availed. The baffled contractors perforce had to send all their heavy railroad material on the backs of burros over the mountain trails all the way to the capital, in order to begin their road from there.

The natural difficulties of the country alone have been enough to wreck several railroad enterprises. Wall Street still remembers the smashing failure of a trust company that went to pieces trying to build a railroad in southern Mexico. This road runs through a marshy, hot country, cut up by innumerable rivers and watercourses. The line is somewhat less than three hundred miles long and has more than three hundred bridges. The biggest of these was the one over the Papaloapan River. As soon as this was finished the Government subsidy was to become available. Every effort was bent toward completing the bridge, but before the last of the eight cantilever spans could be swung there came a tropical downpour; the water in the river rose above the tops of the piers and the work of months was undone. It was the *coup de grâce* for the trust company. After the smash the Mexican Government took over the road from the receiver and completed it, thus saving its subsidy.

The Live Wire of Mexican Railroading

A. E. Stillwell, the man behind the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad, not only had to overcome such natural difficulties but also the active antagonism of Harriman. Stillwell, who has been described as the "live wire" of the Mexican railway tangle, first locked horns with Harriman while fighting for the retention of his Kansas City, Pittsburgh & Gulf line, which Harriman finally wrested from him. Harriman needed this road in his historic struggle against J. J. Hill, because at that time the Little Wizard had not yet succeeded in seizing the Illinois Central. Stillwell himself likes to tell how he lost his Kansas City & Gulf road on a Tuesday and got to work on his new transcontinental line through Mexico on the following Thursday. The Wall Street crowd, led by Harriman, promptly antagonized Stillwell's new Mexican project. He soon found that he could raise no money in Wall Street. There were no bankers behind him: they were all in front, fighting him. But Stillwell, instead of wasting time trying to induce the bankers of Wall Street to underwrite the bonds for the construction of his road, got some of his moneyed friends together from Europe and from the Middle West and took them on a personally conducted tour over his Mexican concessions, where he sold them stock in his new venture sufficient for his needs.

The only other important product of Mexico that American capital is heavily interested in is rubber. Almost all of the American-owned rubber plantations have been financed outside of Wall Street. The big financiers, apparently, have found the exploitation too risky. Not so with guayule rubber. Wall Street has seized with avidity on the more immediately profitable process of extracting crude rubber from the guayule plant. This is a shrub that much resembles sagebrush and it is grown in otherwise sterile soil.

Thomas F. Ryan is interested in Mexico, together with the Guggenheims and other Wall Street men, in the production of rubber from the guayule. Their corporation is the Intercontinental Rubber Company, which is a holding company controlling the Continental Mexican and the Compañia Ganadera y Textil de Cedros, with a half interest in the American Congo Company, the other half of which belongs to the personal estate of the late King Leopold of Belgium.

In Mexico they own a ranch of nearly two million acres, on which there are some four thousand laborers, with a factory employing a thousand more men. The total production is about a million pounds a month, one-tenth of the total rubber production of the world today.

All these American enterprises—be they rubber plantations, ranches, mines, power companies, railroads or banks—embrace a total investment of about eight hundred million dollars. This was the figure given to me by President Diaz when I talked with him in 1908. He added that this investment was increasing at the rate of fifty millions a year.

When the Diaz Reign Ends

When I last saw President Diaz, together with Mr. Thompson, the Ambassador commented privately on the old General's sturdy bearing under his eighty years. Yet the time must soon come when Diaz will be no more.

What will be the probable effect of Diaz' death on all those American investments in Mexico?

Prophets of evil predict that Mexico without Diaz must relapse into anarchy. Vice-President Ramon Corral, Diaz' chosen successor, they say, will have to fight for the Presidency with General Bernardo Reyes, the idol of the army. The anti-American party, supported by the old landholders and the church, is expected to be a third party to this long-predicted fray.

It is a prophecy like the dire nightmare of a general Balkan war annually prophesied by European journalists.

This is the stuff that dreams are made of. The sober reality is that Mexico, with or without Diaz, will continue to develop and to thrive very much as it has during the last generation.

Why? Because, should anything serious happen to Mexico, like a revolution or a civil war, for instance, Wall Street will be the first to be affected. Wall Street's distress would promptly spread to all those who have dealings with Wall Street, thence to our whole country and to the other big money markets of the world. All those numberless Americans whose money has gone into Mexican investments would be quick to feel the pinch. Nobody has any idea how many of these there are.

All these people in our country would soon be heard from should anything happen to Mexico. Our Government, rather than stand idly by to await the spoliation of American capitalists and investors—good contributors to campaign funds and good voters—will be compelled to bow to popular clamor and Wall Street pressure. In a word, there would be "American intervention" in the interests of stability and financial security, like the intervention demanded for Nicaragua today.

But the indications are that there will be no need for American intervention. The best guaranty for continued peace in Mexico is that a great number of Mexicans are shareholders in those same American companies that have been shown to have such an important hold on Mexico.

Some of the most influential men in Mexico today are important partners, together with Americans and other foreigners, in their country's largest enterprises. I mean such men as José Yves Limantour, the Minister of Finance; Enrique Creel, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs; Joaquin Casasús, late Ambassador to Washington, and Señores Macedo and Escandon, the leading Mexican bankers, not to forget Colonel Porfirio Diaz, who represents his father's investments in the directorates of many of Mexico's most important corporations.

Civil war in Mexico would mean the loss of the fortunes of these gentlemen as well as of the investments of Wall Street. These leaders of Mexico, together with all the other powerful interests in the Republic of the South, can be relied on to stand shoulder to shoulder for peace and for the continued prosperity of Mexico.

Time was, in the old Colonial Days,

when the Father of his Country and the gentlemen about him imported their footwear from the shops of Paris; had to, to be well dressed.

Then came the workers to New England and the shoe industry flourished amain along the North Atlantic seaboard.

Now that ascendency has in its turn moved west, until today the heart and center of the shoe industry of America is in St. Louis.

We believe that the best shoes obtainable, judged by good leather, skilled workmanship, artistic lines of lasts, form, fit and finish, are the

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For Men—For Women

because they are all, in all, that perfect shoes *can* be. At least we do all that good makers of good shoes can do to have them so. If not sold in your town, send your order direct to us, giving the name of your shoe dealer, and we will see that shoes are provided.

Prices $5.00, $4.00 and $3.50 Per Pair

Write For STYLE BOOKLET

White House Shoes are made by the same great house that manufactures the famous *Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes*—for boys, for girls—the best there are for youngsters.

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"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper"—the new name for the old magazine, "THE BOOK-KEEPER"—commencing with September issue

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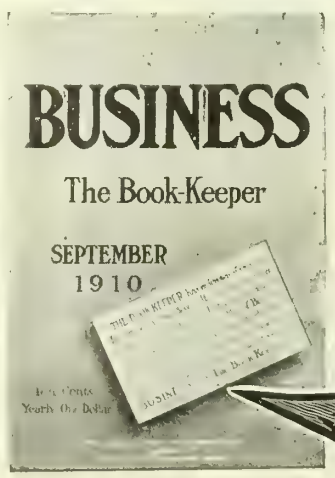

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I enclose herewith One Dollar ($1.00) for which please send me "BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" for Fifteen Months, beginning with September issue.

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This is Capt. Charles *of the* LUSITANIA

Read what he says:——

"I notice that you say in your advertisements that anybody can give himself a head barber shave with your AutoStrop Razor. I doubt if many men will believe that statement. But if they will try your AutoStrop Razor they will be surprised, as I was, to find that it is true."

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The AutoStrop Safety Razor is a new invention that enables a novice to strop as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber can. That is why anybody can get a head barber shave with it. Perhaps, as Captain Charles says, you will not believe this until you try it as he did.

Get One! Try It! Dealers Also Read This

If it doesn't give you a head barber shave, take it back. The dealer has authority from us to refund your money. He loses nothing, for we would refund his cost or give him new razors in exchange for any returned ones.

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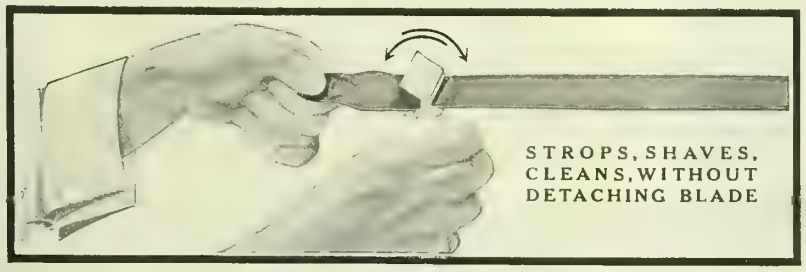
Consists of one self-stropping, silver-plated safety razor, 12 fine blades, and strop in handsome case. Price $5.00, which will probably be your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

By not sending for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" booklet, your shaving will probably stay just as bad as it is. Will you wait and forget it, or will you write for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" *now?*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London.

Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor



Captain I. T. W. Charles, of the Lusitania—Greatest Ship Afloat

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 5)

who had ever seen him at close range; she had come on him face to face in the post-office, but had been quite unable to say whether or not he was good to look at.

The verses always came most prosaically through the mail. All three of the sisters had a large correspondence, so that Hermione's corn-colored letters, with their peculiar calligraphy, had excited no special comment. Once or twice she had been asked from whom they were. "A darn fool," Hermione had answered, for which her father, profane old sinner, saw fit to reprove her.

Hermione lay on her bunk and kicked up her heels and read her verses, sometimes with a curling lip when the sentiment impressed her as particularly mushy. Yet, oddly enough, there was a flush glowing darkly through the olive of her cheeks and any one would have sworn that her eyes were a very velvety tone of black. Once or twice her long, lithe young body squirmed uneasily and her broad forehead clouded as though from displeasure.

Certainly there was, aside from the presumption of the poet in sending her the verses at all, nothing to give offense in Applebo's effusions. All were of the very essence of delicacy and each carried somewhere in its text a little word of apology.

Hermione rose suddenly, flung the leaflets back into the locker, and sat for a moment with brooding eyes and the warm flush burning through her clear olive skin. The girl never burned nor tanned nor chapped; her complexion preserved invariably its delicacy of tint and texture.

"What a lot of rot!" muttered Hermione to herself. "The man's an ass. If I make him feel like that why doesn't he come over and kick about it instead of flopping around in that little tub and writing me fathoms of slush? Here's where he gets a little sonnet from his Hermione."

With her flush even darker, she reached for her writing-block and penned the following epistle:

"Schooner-Yacht Shark,
"Shoal Harbor, August 4th.

"HAROLD APPLEBO, ESQ., Yacht Daffodil.

"*Dear Sir:* Has it ever occurred to you that it is scarcely fair to my sisters, Cécile and Paula, that I, the youngest, should be the sole recipient of so many poetic gems? Inasmuch as your acquaintance with them is precisely that of our own, my sense of fairness no longer permits of my being the only favored one.

"I must therefore request that you transfer your delicate attentions for the next few weeks, at least. This measure will also give me an opportunity to recover from the emotions produced by your latest, 'Hermione's Eyes,' which, by the way, do not happen to be 'gray as the sleeping sea.'

"Thanking you for your delicate attentions, and in the hope that my sisters may appreciate them even more than my limited poetic appreciation has permitted,

"Very truly yours,
"HERMIONE BELL."

"There," said Hermione; "if that doesn't send him flapping out to sea I'll give him something that will."

She sealed and addressed the letter and proceeded to dress, putting on a white-serge sailor blouse and skirt, the latter short enough to clear her trim ankles. The thick black hair she wound in snug bands about her head, added a crimson ribbon and capped the whole with a white tam. Thus costumed she appeared a tall, slenderly graceful girl with a pretty, tantalizing face of which one carried away an impression of warm, vivid coloring, sapphire eyes, tip-tilted nose and red lips ever ready to return insults for the kisses that would seem to fit them. Hermione always looked slender to the point of being thin when smartly dressed; it needed her bathing suit or a riding habit to reveal her as the Diana that she was. Whether for good or ill, the mother had left a rich legacy of physical beauty to her three girls.

As Hermione went on deck she saw Wood pulling away in the dingey in the direction of the Daffodil. He had declined the offer of a man to row him, and had promised to do his best to bring Applebo back for luncheon. "Where is Huntington going?" asked Hermione of Cécile. "I thought he was to stay for lunch."

"So he is. We sent him over to see if he couldn't induce the Pilot-fish to come too. It seems they were classmates at Yale."

"Applebo won't come," said Hermione.

"Why not?" asked her father.

"It would strip him of his sentimental pose to be formally presented. I'm going ashore to post a letter."

The quartermaster brought her own little cedar skiff alongside, and Hermione got aboard and pulled in for the landing of the Reading-room. Arrived, the boatman took charge of the skiff and Hermione started to walk up the steep path that led through the scrub pines and was a short cut to the village. She had gone about half the distance when she saw, waddling rapidly toward her and resembling in the thicket some gnome or troll, a short, squat figure which she recognized as the Finn.

Hermione had several times seen the man at close range, the last of these occasions being while he was propelled to the landing in a wheelbarrow, insensible from drink and suggesting some great pulpy kraken or other fetid creature of the deep. It had taken the girl a couple of days to get over the effect produced by the sight of the sodden, inert body, bloated, purple face, with its shock of wild, black hair, and the misshapen limbs dangling and flopping grotesquely over the sides of the barrow.

Now, as she saw him approaching, Hermione felt a strong impulse to turn and bolt. When at the distance of a hundred yards she could distinguish the pallid face, which the sun seemed powerless to tan. As he drew closer she observed with a shudder the wide cleft in the upper lip and the eyes set so painfully askew that the man was forced to turn his head almost at right angles to his shoulders in order to look at an object in front of him.

Pride kept Hermione straight on her course; then, as the Finn drew near, it occurred to her to give the note to him. This would obviate furnishing information to a possibly curious and inquisitive postmistress, for both the Shark and the Daffodil had spent a good deal of the summer at Shoal Harbor, where the striking personality of Applebo must have attracted a certain amount of attention.

Therefore, as the Finn drew abreast of her, Hermione made a sign with her hand. His head still cocked sideways and somewhat curiously suggesting that of a sea bird hunting its food in the spray, the man waddled up. Hermione, watching him half in disgust, half in curiosity, received a surprise. For the face of the Finn, distorted as it was, held nevertheless a sort of wild and spiritual beauty. Whether this was because of an expression of infinite pathos and suffering, or owing to the beautifully shaped forehead and deep velvety brown of the eyes, Hermione could not have said; but suddenly all of her repulsion vanished, leaving only kindliness and pity. The expression in the great melting brown eyes, twisted as they were, suggested that which one might see in the eyes of a faithful Newfoundland, his back broken by a motor car.

Hermione held out her letter. The Finn took it with a smile, then bowed.

"For your master," said Hermione.

The Finn smiled and nodded.

"Yo, leddy," said he.

Hermione, thinking to tip him, opened her purse. To her surprise the man sprang back, while an expression almost of fright filled the misshapen face.

"Na—na—na!" he mumbled. Hermione noticed that while he held up one big, gnarled hand, as if in protest, he was nevertheless drawing nearer, and that in a stealthy, sidelong way. Startled, she snapped shut her pocketbook.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

The Finn's face fell. He drew the back of his hand across his forehead. Hermione saw that it was beaded with perspiration.

The Finn looked at her with a tragic sort of smile, pointed to the purse, then made a motion as of one drinking deeply. Hermione understood.

"You are afraid that if I give you some change you may drink?" she asked.

The Finn nodded vigorously, stood for a moment regarding her, then with a tug at his forelock turned on his heel and scuttled off down the slope toward the landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For Your POCKET'S Sake Read This!

This pocket pulls and puckers, crumpling the whole coatfront.

This pocket is as trim and true as the day it came from the tailor.

This is the "BARTELL PATENT POCKET"—*"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat."*

WHICH Do You Choose?

LITTLE articles, big articles, all articles of weight and bulk pull the old-style pocket *askew*—cause it to *sink* and *slope*—spoil the symmetrical lines that a tailor has spent days and care in *needling* into the coat. The *steady* sag of a *pulling* pocket throws the entire garment out of *proportion*—makes the coatfront *curl* and *crease*—creates a *nest of wrinkles* on and around the pocket, which *no* amount of pressing can iron *out*—undoes *all* the effect of the best tailoring.

The "BARTELL PATENT POCKET"

"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat"

The peculiar *patented* construction of the **Bartell**—*"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat"*—prevents these defects and keeps the pocket *stroight* and *trim* from the day you *stort* to wear the coat, till the day you *stop* wearing it.

At first glance you can't tell the **"Bartell Patent Pocket"** from the ordinary *sogging* pocket. It's "a friend on the inside." The only difference is, that it stays *everlostingly* smooth, *everlostinglystraight*—*everlastinglyfree* from dragging, sagging, pulling or puckering.

Your *toilor* or your *clothier* will see that your *next* suit or overcoat has **"Bartell Patent Pockets,"** if you are *resolute* in demanding them. They add *not o penny* to the cost of clothes. They add greatly to their *good looks*, by keeping the *pockets* and *front* of the most or least expensive coat *symmetrical* and *perfectly proportioned* without an unsightly bulge or wrinkle anywhere.

Get the "BARTELL PATENT POCKET!"

Be *sure* that you get *"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat."* Don't take *"No!"* for an answer. It may seem a *little* thing to you, but it will make a *big* difference in the "smartness" and permanent shapeliness of your clothes. **"Bartell Patent Pockets"** are used in most good clothes, whether they are sold under the *retoiler's* or the *manufocturer's* label.

"Of Interest to Your Pocket" Edition No. 4, is the title of a little booklet we will send you if you write for it. It's well worth reading.

THE BARTELL PATENT POCKET COMPANY, 13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK

Inner fabric of cotton, linen or silk
Outer fabric of wool, silk or silkoline
DON'T let Jack Frost catch you napping. You may prevent an all-winter cold by going to your furnisher today for
Improved
Duofold
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You can hardly be too early about it. *Duofold* doesn't overheat you on a mild day or in a warm room; yet it is a perfect safeguard against the severest weather.—Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between.
This is sensible, scientific; and distinctly "the correct thing." *Duofold* is worn by good dressers and well-groomed men everywhere. Your dealer will show you *Duofold* single garments and union suits in various weights and styles; thoroughly shrunken; and guaranteed in every respect. Your money back if not satisfied. If you can't get exactly what you want write to us. We'll find a way to supply you.
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PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FountainPens

INKS THE POINT NOT THE FINGERS

Cleanly because of the LUCKY CURVE

Here is a decidedly different fountain pen. No inking of your fingers, no dripping of ink when you remove the cap—no sudden blots and smudges, because the Parker has a *curved, self-draining* ink feed—the Lucky Curve. In common fountain pens the *straight* ink feeds retain ink after you stop writing, until air, expanded in the reservoir by the heat of the body, forces it into the cap, where it disagreeably surprises you when you remove the cap to write.

But the *curved* ink feed—the Lucky Curve of the Parker—through the action of capillary attraction, clears the ink channel of ink as soon as you have stopped writing. The Lucky Curve is SELF-DRAINING—and so overcomes the uncleanliness of leaky Fountain Pens. And the Lucky Curve is a distinctive, patented feature of the Parker, not replaced or duplicated in any other pen.

This, then, is the thing to *remember*—that there are only two kinds of fountain pens—the *Parker*, cleanly because of the curved ink feed—the Lucky Curve, and the common, straight ink feed type, likely to ink your fingers when you remove the cap to write. The Parker is mechanically *perfected*—a smooth, quick, dependable writer serviceable for a life-time.

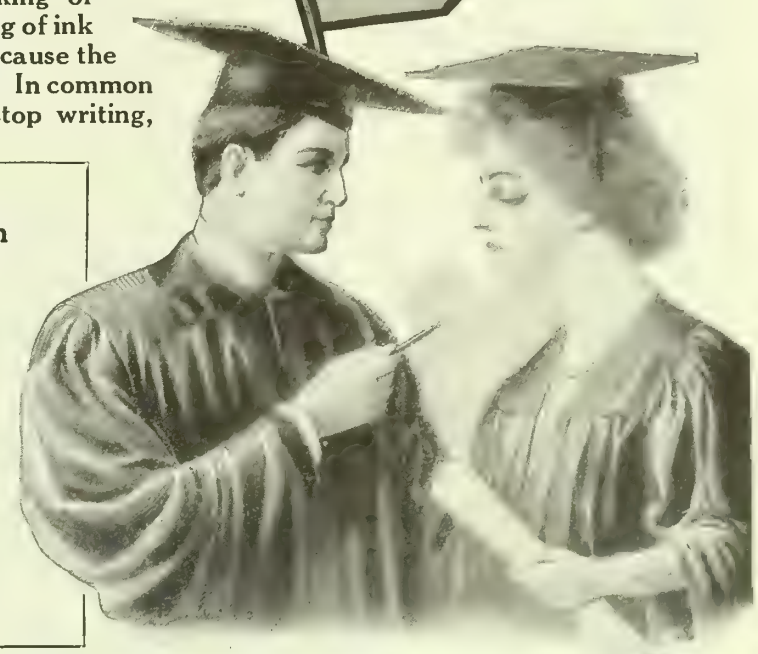
Part of a Good Education

Everywhere the cleanly Parker is a convenience and a helpful work tool, but nowhere has it greater usefulness than in the school, academy or college class-room.

And nowhere is the characteristic cleanliness of the Parker more appreciated and necessary.

The cleanly Parker in the class-room means legible notes written in ink. It means a habit of neatness in written work, which is a factor in getting high marks.

But it is its ever present, cleanly convenience that makes it the constant companion of the student, business man, office worker, etc.—the helpful work tool to every user of ink.

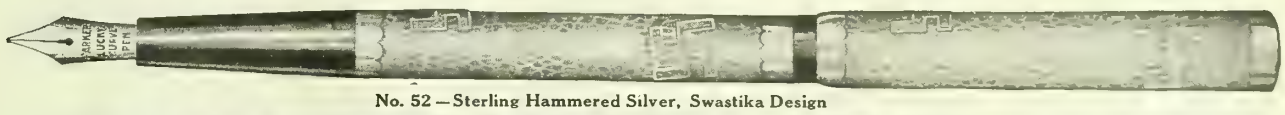


LUCKY CURVE

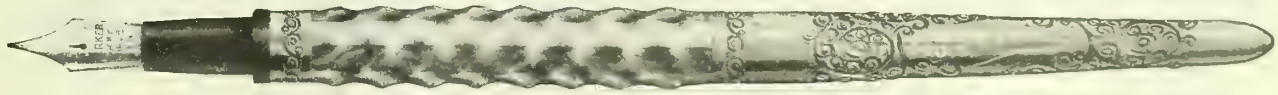
TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

My idea is to let my pen sell itself. It's *try* before you *buy*, with the Parker—and no dealer will consider the sale closed until you have carried the pen in your pocket long enough to test it thoroughly in your work and proved it the satisfactory pen for your use. If the pen is not as good as I recommend, take it back and the dealer will refund your money. I'll guarantee that in workmanship and general quality you will never find a Parker less than perfect. If so, I want to know about it. A year's guarantee and a year's insurance policy providing for repairs in case of breakage go with every Parker. All this, I think, shows the confidence I have in my pen, and it's a confidence born of full knowledge of the Lucky Curve, the quality and workmanship that make the Parker decidedly superior in its writing quality, durability and cleanliness.

Geo. S. Parker

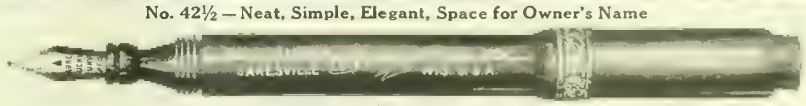


No. 52—Sterling Hammered Silver, Swastika Design



No. 46—18 K Gold Filled Filigree Design—Corrugated Tinted Pearl Slabs

No. 42½—Neat, Simple, Elegant, Space for Owner's Name



Jack Knife Safety

SOLD BY DEALERS

AT $1.50 TO $250.00

Any Parker dealer will let you carry any Parker pen ten days before he calls it a sale—just to prove its cleanliness and to be sure you get just the exact size barrel and pen to suit your writing habits. If you can't find a Parker dealer write to me direct.

Write for illustrated catalog showing all designs, styles and prices of Parker Pens.

The PARKER Jack Knife SAFETY PEN

I call this a safety pen because it is safe from leaking no matter in what position you carry it even upside down.

It has no valves, pistons, or disappearing mechanism, and it is because of this simplicity of construction that it's practical and durable for a life-time. Ladies carry it in the purse or shopping bag. Men like to carry it safe from loss flat in the lower vest pocket, and, as far as leaking is concerned, can safely carry it in the trousers pocket along with the jack knife. It's as handy as a short lead pencil. Baby size, with No. 2 pen and gold band, $3.00 without gold band, $2.50. Plain, with larger sized gold pen, $3, $4 and $5, according to size.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, Geo. S. Parker, Pres., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

BRANCHES—Parker Pen Co., 11 Park Row, New York City (retail); Canadian Branch, Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal, Canada; European Branch, Parker Pen Co., Stuttgart, Germany

"THE SHAPE-MAKER" is our name for an entirely new model in a suit; the best thing developed in clothes-making for many years. It is especially suited to young men. No other maker has it; and only dealers in our goods can show it.

The trousers are made to wear without suspenders, even without a belt; with comfort; they will not slip down. They are shaped to fit snugly around the body; the wearer is constantly reminded to stand and walk erect; throw out the chest a little; the coat is made to fit such a figure.

We call this new model "Shape-maker," because wearing it will gradually develop the smart, athletic figure so much desired by men from 18 years up to middle age. There is no strain on the body; an erect figure and carriage are helped; deep breathing assisted; actually a "Shape-maker." You'd better see this new model before you buy your fall clothes.

As a rule dealers in our clothes are progressive merchants; they show it by identifying themselves with our name and line; you'll probably have no trouble in finding such a dealer near at hand. Such goods as ours are an always available asset; they are profitable to both you and the dealer; and mutual profit creates mutual confidence; and that makes permanent trade.

For your own profit first of all, ask for and buy our clothes. If you want to see the correct styles, send six cents for the fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

WHY THEY GO

(Continued from Page 17)

But once on a time, I am free to explain,
Bohemians dwelt in Manhattan's domain.
All night they caroused
And quoted Verlaine,
On absinthe they browsed
And worshiped the Brain;
In a table d'hôte heaven they lived in their glory
Till the Sun wrote 'em up for a big Sunday story.
Then the near-Paris glamour continued no more
And Commerce hitched up to Bohemia's shore.

Then Gaspard, the Manager, got very wise,
Built an addition and opened his eyes,
Fixed a gold sign to his gaudy exterior,
Watered the wine—which was always inferior—
Stocked up with garlics, spaghettis and sagos,
Hired a quartet of pestiferous Dagos,
Advertised loudly in evening sheets:

CAFÉ DE L'ARCADIE—HERE'S THE BIG EATS!!

Artists' Headquarters—Refined—Up to Date

First-Class Bohemia—$1 per plate

Now in flock the Tourists on foot and on wheels,
Hansoms and taxis and automobiles.
You first slip a tip in the tip-seeking grip
Of Jacques, the Head Waiter, who'll daintily skip
With that servile agility native to France
And show you a table—reserved in advance.

Pretty Miss Gloria,
Just from Peoria,
Thinks it more "quaint" than the Waldorf-Astoria.
She scarcely refrains
From saying "Zut, zut!"
(A critic explains
You should rhyme this with "nut.")
The air growing thick and the talk growing thicker,
The waiters rush madly with viands and liquor,
Or, struggling like sailors o'er storm-driven decks,
Spill homely French sauces down comely Dutch necks.
The Dago quartet warble airs from Loo-chee-a
Or stretch their fat throats to the sad "Car-r-a Mia."
Three youthful photographers, hired for the part,
Sit corduroy-clad and talk loudly of Art,
While Mr. Gus Schwartz, to the Lady in Pink,
Remarks: 'This shebang's on the blink, I don't think.
The Plaza for tea is all right for the Wife,
But me for Bohemyer—it's what I call Life!"

The rubberneck wagons start off with a hoot
"Seeing Bohemia"—popular route.
You can dine on chop-suey which isn't Chinese,
Or hit the Art Centers which Art never sees;
You can drop in on Murray's near-Pompeian state
Or the Café de Lobstera's heathenish gate;
You can loaf for a while in the gaudy Beaux Arts
And see some Real Actors—or maybe a Star;
But if you would go where the Real Artists dine,
I'll hint, fellow tourist, a secret of mine:
Since Art has by Commerce been raised from its worries
You won't find the artists at Lüchow's or Murray's,
But quietly dining like magnates—at Sherry's.

VII

(Fragment entitled "Song," written on top of a Fifth Avenue bus.)

Cousin Hank, of Sodaville,
Just came down to New York way
For to see his Cousin Frank,
Who's aworkin' in a bank,
Doin' very well, they say.

"Howdy, Frank!" says Cousin Hank.
"Hail!" says Frank, "I'm glad you know me.
Do you want to see the Town?"
"That," says Hank, "is why I'm down.
What's some sights that you can show me?"

"Well," says Frank, "now let me see—
There's a show at the Casino—
'Girlie Girlies' is a dream,
'Summer Bachelors' a scream—
Then there's Madame Peacherino——"

"Pshaw!" says Hank; "that ain't my style.
This is what I want to see:
Flatiron Buildin' after dark,
Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park
And that Goddess Liberty."

Frank set forth with some disdain,
Scorning Hank's bucolic handmarks,
Walked perspiring, limp and dank,
Showing jolly Cousin Hank
Gotham's justly famous landmarks.

First they went to Bedloe's Isle
Freedom's Statue for to see.
Hank gazed up with sagging jaw.
"What's 'er height?" he asked in awe.
Frank yawned twice and said: "Search me!"

Next they went to Brooklyn Bridge.
Hank, ecstatic, stood atop.
"What's the name o' that there man
Who constructed this here span?"
Frank responded: "Ask the cop!"

Trinity's historic yard
Next they entered for a view.
"Kindly tell me, cousin dear,
Names of great men buried here."
"Fudge!" said Frank; "I never knew."

When that night they went to dine
Hank took Frank to task like this:
"City folks confuse me so—
Ain't there nothin' that you know
'Bout this great Metropulis?"

"Hank," said Frank, "if you should ask
Questions touching Sport or Stage;
What's the Giants' latest score?
How's the market running? or
What is Marie Dressler's age?

"Facts like these I'd glibly tell,
For at figures I'm a corker;
But this dull, historic lore,
Sights and landmarks—how they bore!"
"Gosh!" said Hank; *"You durned New Yorker!"*

VIII

(Ballad of Happy Destiny, written while studying the masses from a hansom cab.)

Oh, Blackwell's Island sitteth cool
Within East River's muddy pool,
Its gray walls seeming to inquire:
"O City, why should you perspire?
When here's an Island circled round
With Arctic breezes from the Sound,
A Perfect Jail—come on, O Gents,
And join our happy residents!"

(Head waiter, bring me something cold
And I'll to you a tale unfold.)

'Twas Saturday in August's prime.
John Smith, the teamster, sat sublime
In his apartment 4 x 2
In lower Seventh Avenue.
John on his daughter Mary Ann
Bestowed a dime: "Go chase the can
Across the street to Jimmy Budd's
And beat it with the quart of suds."

All by the open window-ledge
Leaned Mrs. Smith across the edge
And Mrs. Nusbaum thus addressed:
"Yes, Maine's a nice, cool place to rest—
Atlantic City's swell, that's sure—
But what's the use when folks is poor?
My John he's such a shiftless yap——"
Quoth John serenely: "Close yer trap!"

The beer came in. John comfort drew
And read the Evening Journal through—
"Tremendous Heat-Wave Strikes the State!!
Thermometer now 98!!"
He drained the pail and muttered "Gee!"
Said Mrs. Smith: "There ought to be
Some place where poor folks could keep cool."
John said: "As usual, ye're a fool."

A phonograph across the street
Out-banged A Hot Time through the heat.
The night closed down like smoke on fire,
The great god Mercury rose higher
And from the Smiths' obscure abode
Infernal noises did explode,
The sound of glassware smiting tin.
Quoth Mike the cop: "Smith's home agin."

So Mike the cop, with sweating brow,
Charged on the Smiths to end the row.
He forced the door—and there he found
That Mrs. Smith her lord had downed,
For, in the fray, she'd chanced to haul
A Roosevelt portrait from the wall,
Through which, with strength of courage bred,
She'd jammed his lordship's bleeding head.

I Would Gladly Give $1000

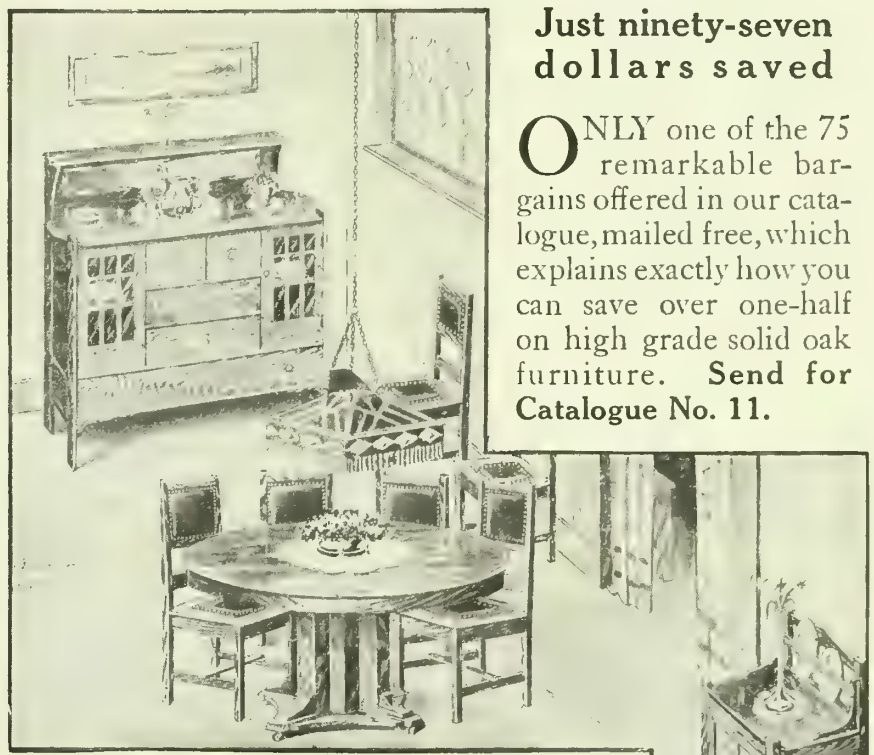
for the correct solution of the following problem.

Why I am actually paying $350.00 for this little space just to state the question.

A few months ago I placed an advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post* similar to the one below this. I received about 3000 inquiries. Now the *Post* has a circulation of 1,500,000; therefore, I interested one person in every 500. That advertisement made the same remarkable offer as the one following this. Told how anyone can save over half the purchase price on furniture, and guaranteed satisfaction. I know that more than one out of every 500 readers are interested in saving money on beautiful furniture. It's everyone's duty to themselves and family to get the best possible for the least money. That's true, isn't it? Well then what's the answer? Just read the advertisement below carefully and tell me why I can't interest at least one out of every ten.

C. C. BROOKS.

A $173.00 Dining Room Suite for $76.00



Just ninety-seven dollars saved

ONLY one of the 75 remarkable bargains offered in our catalogue, mailed free, which explains exactly how you can save over one-half on high grade solid oak furniture. **Send for Catalogue No. 11.**

Isn't it your duty to your home to investigate this proposition by sending for our catalogue?

Your money back, if you are not satisfied, protects you. You take no risk. Our method saves you one-half on the manufacturing cost, one-half on freight charges, and all of the 40% to 50% profit which the jobber and retailer must add to the manufacturer's price.

A few of the many bargains offered in our new catalogue.

		$17.00 Rocker, with cushion seat,	$ 7.75
		15.00 Chair, with cushion . .	6.75
		30.00 Settee, with cushion . .	13.50
		6.00 Fern Stand	2.50
		35.00 Davenport	16.25
$35.00 Buffet . . .	$17.50	$30.00 Dining Table .	$13.50
8.00 Foot Rest . .	4.00	12.00 Bookcase . .	5.00
25.00 Morris Chair .	12.25	40.00 Den Couch . .	18.00
25.00 Library Table .	11.25	50.00 Davenport . .	22.00
50.00 Dining Table .	19.50	15.00 Porch Swing .	6.75

Ask for furniture catalogue No. 11

Brooks Mfg. Co., 209 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Michigan

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O. K. Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 1B

Which Price Do You Pay? $17.50 or $8.75?

This Morris Chair in Quartered White Oak costs you the [illegible] at any store—yet save half or more buying direct from our factory "in sections" ready to fasten. Choice of seven finishes.

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

One Hundred and Fifty other handsome pieces in our new catalog. Write for it today.

$8.75 with cushions.

Come Packt Furniture Co., 914 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions wanted

WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C. **FREE**

PUMPS WATER WITHOUT COST

If there's a stream on your land install a NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM

Just what is needed on every farm. Write for catalogue A D and estimate.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE COMPANY
140 Nassau St., New York Factory: Chester, Pa

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Apex *LACE BOOT Patent Colt Stock. Dull Calf if you want. Note the sole.*

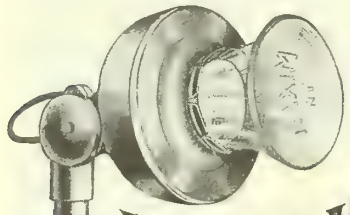
Just Men's Fine Shoes that's all we make—no surprise we make them *right*. Our difficulty is in getting you to try the first pair no shoe troubles after that; but back to the Florsheim dealer for another pair.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet "The Shoeman" shows "A style for any taste—a fit for every foot."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.



HERE IS A

MAXIM

ANTISEPTIC TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE

It has a nickeled brass socket which fits every phone and never works loose. A highly polished glass funnel which snaps in and out the socket, and a medicated air filter which keeps your phone

Constantly Antiseptic
50 Cents, Complete
at all stationers, druggists and electrical supply stores.

"Have you a 'Maxim' Mouthpiece on your Phone"?

None genuine unless "Maxim" appears in glass.

Maxim Specialty Co.

11 Waverly Place, New York — Send for Descriptive Booklet
17 Quincy Street, Chicago — Active Agents Wanted Everywhere

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities. Plain or Ornamental. Thick or Thin. Write for Book of Designs

THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Mfr's Indianapolis.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions** wanted and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Scene Two: The Smiths in court arrayed
Their sordid, sticky tale portrayed.
The good wife told how heat, plus beer,
Had driven John completely queer:
How they'd begun, midst hot retorts,
An argument on Health Resorts;
How she had favored Newport's style,
But John had stuck for Coney Isle.

Then spoke the Judge, with specs askew:
"Two months in Blackwell's, both of you!"
John drew his helpmeet to his breast.
"Two months in Blackwell's—Heaven be blessed!
For sixty happy days we'll sport
Within the Poor Man's Health Resort—
Oh, Judge, I beg for me and wife,
Please change the sentence—*make it life!*"

IX

The queenly Fifth Avenue sits in her pride
With the sign "Much Reduced" to her crown plainly tied.
And the shopkeepers sly
Who, in winter and fall,
Charge awfully high
For a clientèle small
Now rig up their windows with bargains to view
As stridently eager as Sixt' Avenoo.

Pretty Miss Gloria
Just from Peoria,
Here for a week at the Waldorf-Astoria,
Flies to the street,
Despising the heat,
Takes in the shops from a taxicab seat.
Leaving poor Pa,
She drags out poor Ma,
Passes each shop with a stifled "Hurrah!"
There's Mlle. Violette's glorious window,
Turbans in shapes that would startle a Hindu—
Aigrettes and dingbats and love-knots methodical.
"Oh, they're too sweet!" cries the maiden rhapsodical.
"Only ten dollars—my head's fairly swimming—
Back in Peoria that wouldn't buy trimming!"
Well, ere the night hits the Waldorf-Astoria,
Long lines of hat-boxes marked "For Miss Gloria"
Startle poor Father, who, back in Peoria,
Wears paper collars
And thinks seven dollars
Rather too steep for a woman's fool toque.
Harshly he cries: "It's a pretty poor joke—
Eighty-six dollars for nine dinky hats—
Cheaper than back in Peoria? Rats!
I tell you, young lady, you're driving me hairless
To keep you in money—you're getting so careless."

So saying, poor Father, the greedy old sinner,
Sits down and spends thirty-eight dollars for dinner.

Upper Fifth Avenue, boarded and gray,
Bears the mute symbol of "Owners Away."
Stocksellers, Astorbilts, Gorgons, and so forth,
Solemnly pull down the blinds as they go forth,
Nail up the windows and fold up the mats,
Leaving the steps to the servants and cats.

Out by the Park where the statue of Sherman
Sits his gold horse in a pose rather German,
Victory swinging her laurel-loop high,
Like a lasso to rope in chauffeurs scorching by,
Thither the sons of the tenements pass,
Laden with blankets, to sleep on the grass:
Overworked mothers and underworked hoboes,
Comatose immigrants snoring like oboes,
Lie in the breeze
Under the trees
While the dim stars through the heat-haze peep down,
Pity surveying the Pitiless Town.
There on the lawn
May they stretch till the dawn,
Praising the mighty Protector of All,
Whence springs security,
Bliss in futurity,
Boss of all foreigners—Tammany Hall!

Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER

IT takes away the drudgery of ordinary dusting and cleaning. All dust and dirt gathered up and carried away on the cloth—not stirred up to settle again. At the same time it restores the new, polished appearance of your piano, tables, chairs and woodwork. Hardwood floors should always be cleaned with Liquid Veneer if you want to preserve their beauty.

Sold On Our Guarantee

Buy a bottle of Liquid Veneer of any dealer—give it a fair trial, following directions—then if you are not fully satisfied—take it back to the dealer and he will refund your money. Can we be more fair?

Sample Bottle Free!

If you have never used Liquid Veneer write at once for a sample bottle. It will be sent Free and Prepaid.

Sold by all dealers, 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles.

Buffalo Specialty Co., 374 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MANY DOLLARS SAVED IN BUILDING

Write for FREE Samples and Booklet Describing

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

Bishopric Wall Board is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; also saves time in building.

This practical substitute for lath and plaster is easily nailed to studding. Being applied dry, it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap. Saves time and labor; is clean, sanitary; guaranteed

Proof against Moisture, Heat, Cold, Sound, Vermin

Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4 x 4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap. It is guaranteed.

ITS MANY USES:—Bishopric Wall Board is used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Bishopric Sheathing saves 75 per cent in material and labor. Ideal for frame or cement buildings.

Bishopric Sheathing is both better and cheaper than lumber. It's the same material as Wall Board but finish is not necessarily so fine; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with laths and asphalt exposed forming dead air space between laths and weather boards. Makes smoother and more solid job than lumber; no holes, no shrinking. Proof against heat, cold and moisture. Saves 75% expense.

For Cement or Stucco Work

Bishopric Sheathing has no equal in economy and satisfactory results. Space between laths forms excellent key for cement. Moisture cannot penetrate asphalt body of Sheathing. Our free booklet explains everything.

Bishopric Sheathing also is used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and all other outdoor buildings.

Price $2 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $5.12 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write today for Free Samples and Booklet, describing Bishopric Aspholt Mastic Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing. DEALERS, WRITE FOR PROPOSITION.

THE MASTIC WALL BOARD & ROOFING MFG. CO. 22 E. Third St., CINCINNATI, O.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

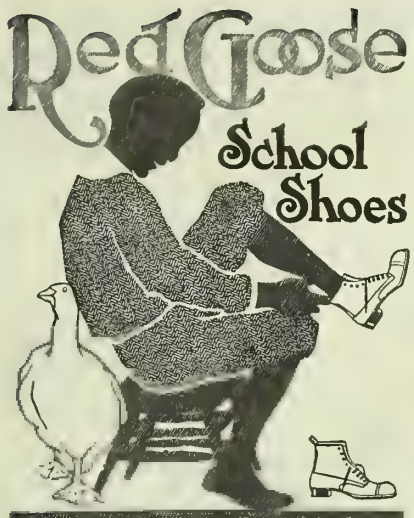
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Est. 16 years. 983 F. St., Washington, D. C.

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. By our method of instruction we make you a skilled, practical plumber in a few months, so that you will be able to fill a good position or conduct a business of your own. Write for free catalog.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL
4442 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS



Finest & Best For Boys & Girls

$400.00 In Cash Prizes

Divided into 135 Prizes of $100.00 to $1.00 Each, will be

given this year to the boys and girls who make the best drawings of the Famous RED GOOSE. Any boy or girl under 16 years of age can compete. Contest begins at once and ends Dec. 1, 1910. Costs absolutely nothing to enter. Full details and proper entry blanks sent free on request. This contest is conducted in order to acquaint every boy and girl in America with RED GOOSE SCHOOL SHOES, "Finest and Best for Boys and Girls."

Enter the contest and try for one of the 135 prizes. Remember it's free. Send 5c. in coin or stamps for a copy of "The RED GOOSE Book," lithographed in 7 colors, with 16 poems and many pictures by W. W. Denslow.

Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co.
All Leather Shoemakers
907 St. Charles St., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Delicious Gum
Oh, so good!

Sweet morsels, exquisitely flavored, fresh and dainty. Best for the breath, the teeth, the digestion.

Round discs in neat, handy, round metal boxes, which preserve its luscious taste and keep it clean. **5 cents the box.**

Colgan's Mint Chips

Rich with the juice of good, old-fashioned peppermint.

Colgan's Violet Chips

Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows

In each box you'll find a picture of some famous ball player.

Enticing to both man and maid Of highest quality. Easily carried in vest pocket or handbag. Sold everywhere.

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES
Send postal for samples "Rad-Bridge" Club Linen and Silk Velour playing cards Best 25c card made.
Dept. S. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Get this Portfolio and make your house beautiful, too

The Sherwin-Williams' Cottage Bungalow Portfolio has pictures in color of each separate room and several exteriors. Each one is accompanied by specifications for painting or otherwise treating the walls, floors, ceilings and woodwork, and definite suggestions for curtains, hangings, rugs and furniture. The outside suggestions include color schemes for the house to harmonize with any given background or setting, also definite suggestions for beautifying the grounds.

What color should you paint your house?

Send at once for our free Portfolio: "Color Schemes for Exterior House Painting," with twelve plates in color and complete specifications for painting.

You should know first, what color to paint your house, and second, what paint will give you permanent satisfaction.

The Sherwin-Williams' suggestions for outside painting include, first, the correct color scheme for your house; second, the particular Sherwin-Williams' product to use to obtain the best results.

STENCIL NO. 2

You can make your home as attractive as this. Send for the Sherwin-Williams' Cottage Bungalow Portfolio which tells how. It is sent free.

An accurate and carefully thought-out color scheme for each room of this model bungalow is reproduced in color in this Portfolio. There are suggestions for painting the outside of the cottage bungalow, and for planting the grounds. Suggestions for furniture, hangings and rugs are included.

When you have looked over the decorative suggestions shown in our Cottage Bungalow Portfolio you can do one of two things:

1. Adapt all of these color schemes to your present house, getting equally good effects.

2. Send to our Decorative Department blue prints, drawings or descriptions of your house or other buildings and we will work up special color suggestions for you.

The purpose of this Portfolio, however, is to suggest practicable, workable color schemes and durable, satisfactory materials for carrying them out. Write for this Portfolio today.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., Decorative Dept., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Have You a Boy?

IF YOU have a boy who wants to earn his own spending money THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will help him to do it. By delivering the magazine to friends and neighbors, your boy can earn a lot of money without associating with undesirable companions, and can get a business training that will be of inestimable value in later life. Thousands of boys are already doing it without interfering with home, school or other duties; they earn from $1.00 to $15.00 a week. Your boy can do as well as they.

¶ To any boy who wants to try it, we will send everything that is necessary, including a handsome booklet written by some of the boys themselves, telling how they made successes of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Just send a line of inquiry and you will receive all that is required to enable your boy to make money right from the start.

Sales Division
The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia

Ask Any Dealer

for O-Cedar Polish and get the most successful preparation on the market for producing a quick, lasting shine on *any* varnished surface.

O-Cedar Polish
The Varnish Food

takes off all dirt, like soap, instead of merely spreading it around. It contains no injurious chemicals to dry out the varnish and cause "checks." Nothing but pure vegetable ingredients. Try it on your woodwork, furniture, auto. The safest polish for fine pianos.

Guarantee—We give a bond with every bottle, *guaranteeing* to refund price if not satisfactory. If not at your dealer's, send his name and get demonstration bottle free.

Channell Chemical Co., 1534 Lake St., Chicago
New York Office, 10 East 14th Street

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals. New departure coaster brake and Hubbard & Cush equipment.* Wheels of a grade possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed.*

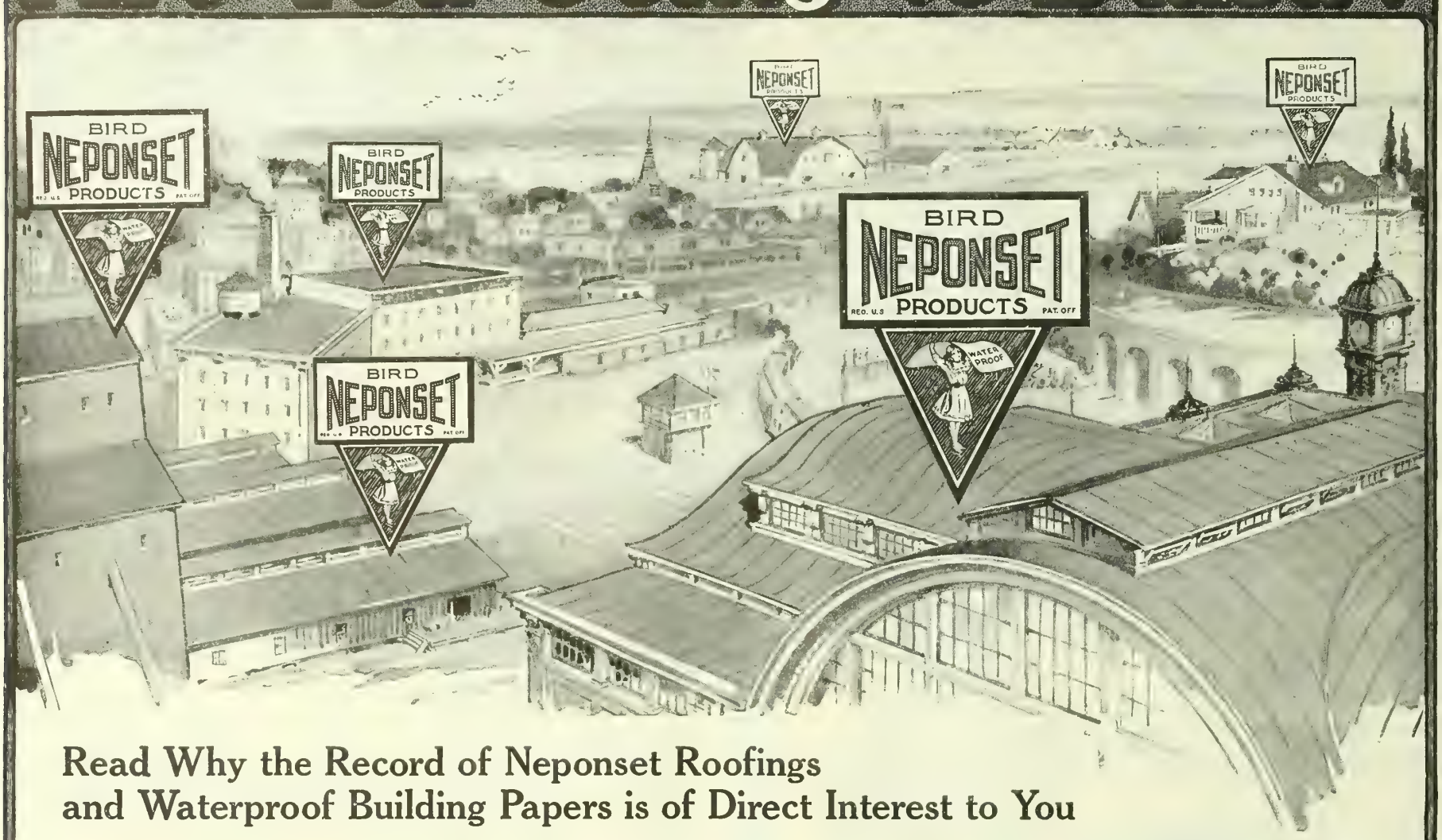
FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U. S. *Cash or payment in advance.* DO NOT BUY a bicycle from *anyone* at any price until you get our big new catalog, *special prices* and our liberal terms. A postal brings everything.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries *half usual prices.* Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

Are You Going to Build?



Read Why the Record of Neponset Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers is of Direct Interest to You

The United States Government has been a regular customer for 20 years—buying annually about one and one-half million square feet of Bird Neponset Products.

In the same period the great Railroad systems of the country have bought 75 million square feet of Neponset Roofings.

For a quarter of a century, leading architects and engineers have specified Neponset Waterproof Building Paper. It is the recognized standard for high grade work. Over 75% of the refrigerator cars built in this country are insulated with Neponset Insulating Paper.

Two Hundred Million (200,000,000) Square Feet of Bird Neponset Products Sold in 1909

Bird Neponset Products will do for you what they have done so long for thousands of others.

Whatever class of buildings you are interested in, whether it be dwelling, factory, train-shed, grain-elevator, barn or poultry shed, there is a Bird Neponset Product you should know about. There are special Neponset Roofings for different types of buildings and special Neponset Waterproof Building Papers for every building purpose.

Bird Neponset Products are manufactured by a firm that has been in one line of business for one hundred and fifteen years. Starting with one small mill in 1795, we now operate three large plants in the United States; two in Canada; sales offices and warehouses in both countries and agencies in all parts of the world.

We are the originators of the Ready Roofing idea and are the only manufacturers who make the entire product from the felt to the fixtures.

Bird Neponset Products are made from the highest grade materials by experts long trained to their task and tested and retested at every stage in the manufacturing process. That is why they yield most service and wear the longest.

Our claims for Bird Neponset Products rest on proof.

In every part of the country we can point to buildings which demonstrate all we claim. Test this for yourself by being shown in your vicinity a Neponset Roofing of the character you require. See for yourself exactly what you may expect of a Bird Neponset Product. Talk with the owner of the building, learn what he has found by actual experience.

Bird NEPONSET Products

Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers

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The Innocence of Father Brown

(Continued from Page 15)

worked mostly in Germany. We've communicated, of course, with the German police. But, oddly enough, there was a twin brother of his, named Louis Becker, with whom we had a great deal to do. In fact, we found it necessary to guillotine him only the other day. Well, it's a rum thing, gentlemen, but when I saw that fellow flat on the lawn I had the greatest jump of my life. If I hadn't seen Louis Becker guillotined with my own eyes I'd have sworn it was Louis Becker lying there in the grass. Then, of course, I remembered his twin brother in Germany, and following ——"

The explanatory Ivan stopped for the excellent reason that nobody was listening to him. The commandant and the doctor were both staring at Father Brown, who had sprung stiffly to his feet and was holding his temples tight like a man in sudden and violent pain.

"Stop! stop! stop!" he cried. "Stop talking a minute, for I see half. Will my brain make the one jump and see all? Heaven help me! I used to be fairly good at thinking. I could paraphrase any page in Aquinas once. Will my head split or shall it see? I see half—I only see half."

He buried his head in his hands and stood in a sort of rigid torture of thought or prayer; the other three could only go on staring at this last prodigy of their wild twelve hours.

When Father Brown's hands fell they showed a face quite fresh and serious, like a child's. He heaved a huge sigh and said: "Let us get this said and done with as quickly as possible. Look here! This will be the quickest way to convince you all of the truth." He turned to the doctor. "Doctor Simon," he said, "you have a strong headpiece, and I heard you this morning asking the five hardest questions about this business. Well, if you will ask them again I will answer them."

Simon's *pince-nez* dropped from his nose in his doubt and wonder, but he answered at once: "Well, the first question, you know, is why a man should kill another with a clumsy saber at all, when a man can kill with a bodkin."

"A man cannot behead with a bodkin," said Brown calmly, "and, for this murder, beheading was absolutely necessary."

"Why?" asked O'Brien with interest.

"And the next question?" asked Brown.

"Well, why didn't the man cry out or anything?" asked the doctor. "Sabers in gardens are certainly unusual."

"Twigs," said the priest gloomily, and turned to the window which looked on the scene of death. "No one saw the point of the twigs. Why should they lie on that lawn—look at it—so far from any tree? They were not snapped off, they were chopped off. The murderer occupied his enemy with some tricks with the saber, showing how he could cut a branch in midair or what not. Then, while his enemy bent down to see the result, a silent slash and the head fell."

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "that seems plausible enough. But my last two questions will stump any one."

The priest still stood, looking critically out of the window, and waited.

"You know how all the garden was sealed up like an air-tight chamber," said the doctor quietly. "Well, how did the strange man get into the garden?"

Without turning around the little priest answered: "There never was any strange man in the garden."

There was a silence, and then a cackle of almost childish laughter relieved the strain. The almost indecent absurdity of Brown's remark moved Ivan to open taunts.

"Oh," he cried, "then we didn't lug a great, fat corpse on to a sofa last night? He hadn't got into the garden, I suppose?"

"Got into the garden?" repeated Brown reflectively. "No, not entirely."

"Hang it all!" cried Simon; "a man gets into a garden, or he doesn't."

"Not necessarily," said the priest with a faint smile. "What is the next question, Doctor?"

"I fancy you're ill," said Doctor Simon sharply, "but I'll ask the next question if you like. How did Brayne get out of the garden?"

"He didn't get out of the garden," said the priest, still looking out of the window.

"Didn't get out of the garden?" exploded Simon.

"Not completely," said Father Brown.

Simon shook his fists in a frenzy of French logic. "A man gets out of a garden, or he doesn't," he cried.

"Not always," said Father Brown.

Doctor Simon sprang to his feet impatiently. "I have no time to spare on such senseless talk," he cried angrily. "If you can't understand a man being on one side of a wall or the other I won't trouble you further."

"Doctor," said the cleric very gently, "we have always got on very pleasantly together. If only for the sake of old friendship, stop and tell me your fifth question."

The impatient Simon sank into a chair by the door and said briefly: "The head and shoulders were cut about in a queer way. It seemed to be done after death."

"Yes," said the motionless priest; "it was done so as to make you assume exactly the one falsehood that you did assume; it was done to make you take for granted that the head belonged to the body."

The borderland of the brain, where all the monsters are made, moved horribly in the Gaelic O'Brien. He felt the chaotic presence of all the horsemen and fishwomen that man's unnatural fancy has begotten. A voice older than his first fathers seemed saying in his ear: "Keep out of the monstrous garden where grows the tree with double fruit. Avoid the evil garden where died the man with two heads." Yet, while these shameful symbolic shapes passed across the ancient mirror of his Irish soul, his intellect was quite alert and was watching the old priest as closely and incredulously as all the rest.

Father Brown had turned around at last, and stood against the window with his face in dense shadow; but even in that shadow they could see it was pale as ashes. Nevertheless, he spoke quite sensibly, as if there were no Gaelic souls on earth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you did not find the strange body of Becker in the garden. You did not find any strange body in the garden. In face of Doctor Simon's rationalism I still affirm that Becker was only partly present. Look here!" pointing to the black bulk of the mysterious corpse—"you never saw that man in your lives. Did you ever see this man?"

He rapidly rolled away the bald yellow head of the unknown and put in its place the white-maned head beside it. And there, complete, unified, unmistakable, lay Julius K. Brayne, in his plain black clothes, exactly as they had seen him, large and laughing, in the drawing-room.

"The murderer," went on Brown quietly, "hacked off his enemy's head and flung the sword far over the wall. But he was too clever to fling the sword only. He flung the head over the wall also. Then he had only to clap on another head to the corpse and—as he insisted on a private inquest—you all imagined a totally new man."

"Clap on another head!" said O'Brien, staring. "What other head? Heads don't grow on garden bushes, do tney?"

"No," said Father Brown huskily, and looking at his boots, "there is only one place where they grow. They grow in the basket of the guillotine, beside which the chief of police, Aristide Valentin, was standing not an hour before the murder. Oh, my friends, hear me a minute more before you tear me in pieces! Valentin is an honest man, if being mad for an arguable cause is honesty. But did you never see in that cold, gray eye of his that he is mad? He would do anything, anything, to break what he calls the superstition of the cross. He has fought for it and starved for it, and now he has murdered for it. Brayne's crazy millions had hitherto been scattered among so many sects that they did little to alter the balance of things. But Valentin heard a whisper that Brayne, like so many scatter-brained skeptics, was drifting to us, and that was quite a different thing. Brayne would pour supplies into the impoverished Church of France; he would support six Nationalist newspapers like the Guillotine. The battle was already balanced on a point, and the fanatic took flame at the risk. He resolved to destroy the millionaire, and he did it as one would expect the greatest of detectives to commit his only crime. He abstracted the severed head of Becker on some criminological excuse, and took it home in his official box. He had that last argument with Brayne,

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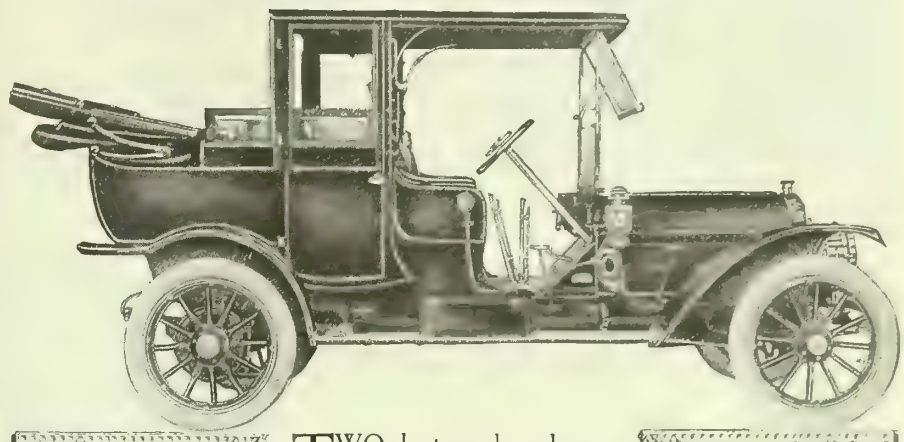

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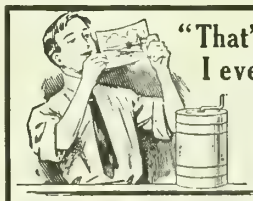

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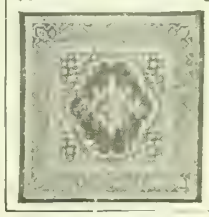

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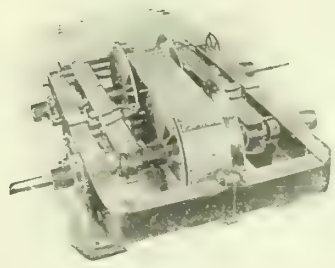

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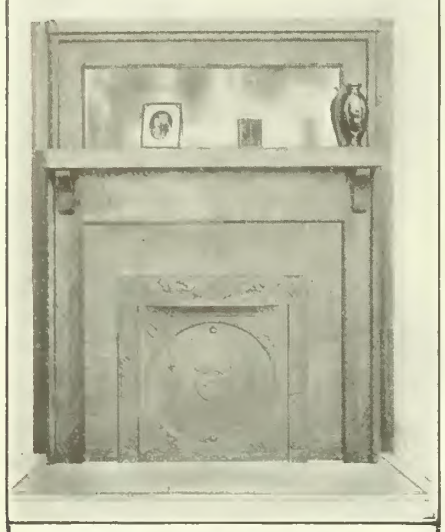

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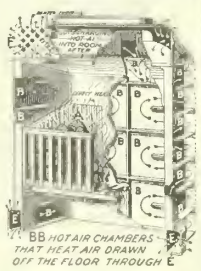

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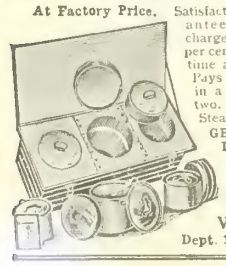

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that Lord Galloway did not hear the end of. When that failed he led him out into the sealed garden, talked to him about swordsmanship, used twigs and a saber for illustration, and ——"

Ivan of the Scar sprang up as if startled out of a trance. The dull rapidity and clearness with which the priest had unfolded the frightful actuality had held them so far with a paralyzed attention, but when Ivan found his voice it was the voice of the convulsed company.

"You filthy lunatic!" he yelled; "and if my master does hate such shovel-hatted liars as you I reckon he's pretty well right. Well, he'll know how to finish you! He'll not leave much of you, my man; and you'll go to him now if I take you by the scruff of the neck."

"Why, I was going there," said Father Brown heavily. "I must ask him to confess and all that. If he does, it is not so very bad, you know, after all."

Driving the unhappy Brown before them like a hostage or human sacrifice, they rushed together toward the back part of the house and tumbled somehow into the sudden stillness of Valentin's study.

The great detective sat at his desk apparently too occupied to hear their turbulent entrance. They paused a moment, and then something in the look of that upright and elegant back made the doctor run forward suddenly. A touch and a glance showed him that there was a small box of pills at Valentin's elbow and that Valentin was dead in his chair, and on the blind face of the suicide was more than the pride of Cato.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of detective stories by Mr. Chesterton. The third will be printed in an early issue.

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 25)

"I suppose you like my cigars and my brandy and my linen?"

The ghost of a grin touched the man's features.

"Yes, sir," he said with an impudence that captivated Philip.

"All right, my friend; I can stand it as long as you can. . . . And kindly feel in my overcoat for a cigar wrapped in paper. I'll go forward and smoke."

"Sir?"

"The cigar—I put it in my overcoat pocket wrapped in a bit of paper. . . . You—you don't mean to tell me that it's not there!"

Burgess searched the pockets with a perfectly grave face.

"It ain't here; no, sir."

Philip flung himself into the corner of his seat, making no effort to control his laughter.

"Burgess," he managed to say, "the dear old days are returning already. I'll stay here and read; you go forward and smoke that cigar. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

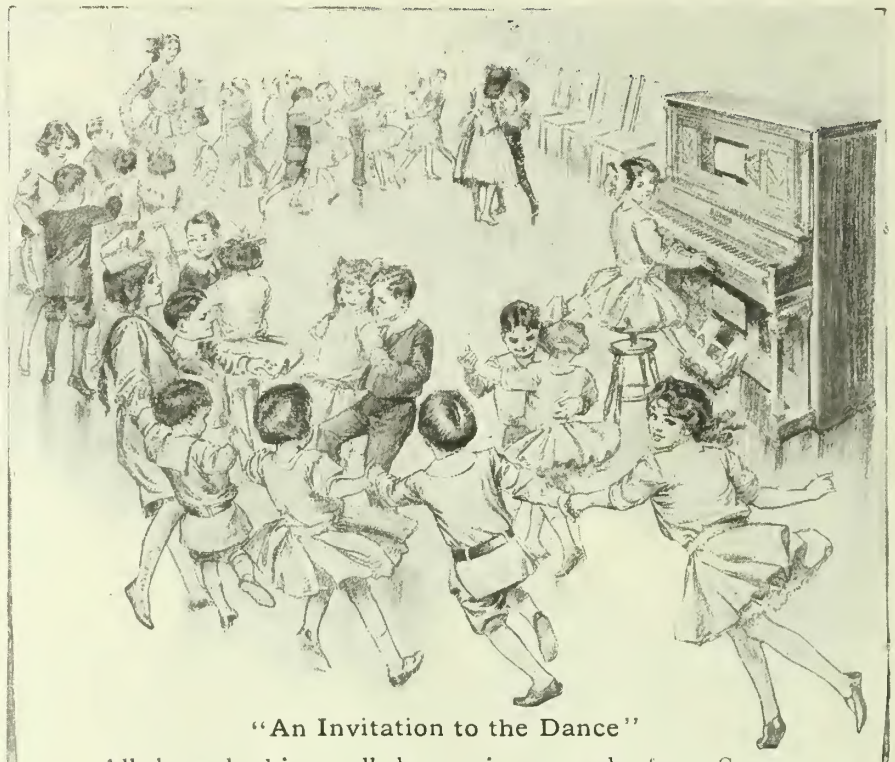
Again, just as he had done every day since leaving camp, he reread Ailsa's letter, settling down in his corner by the dirty, rattling window-pane:

"Everybody writes to you except myself. I know they have told you that it is taking a little longer for me to get well than anybody expected. I was terribly tired. Your father has been so sweet; everybody has been good to me—Celia, poor little Camilla and Stephen. I know that they all write to you; and, somehow, I have been listlessly contented to let them tell you about home matters and wait until my strength returned. But you must not doubt where every waking memory of mine has centered; my thoughts have circled always around that vortex from which, since I first laid eyes on you, they have never strayed.

"Home news is what all good soldiers want; I write for you all I know.

"The city is the same hot, noisy, dirty, dusty, muddy gridiron, changed in no wise except that everywhere one sees invalid soldiers; and there are far too many officers lounging about, presumably on furlough.

"I think Broadway was never so lively, never quite so licentious. Those vivid cafés, saloons, concert halls, have sprung up everywhere; theaters, museums, gardens are in full blast; shops are crowded, hotels, street cars, stages overflowing with careless, noisy, overdressed people. The



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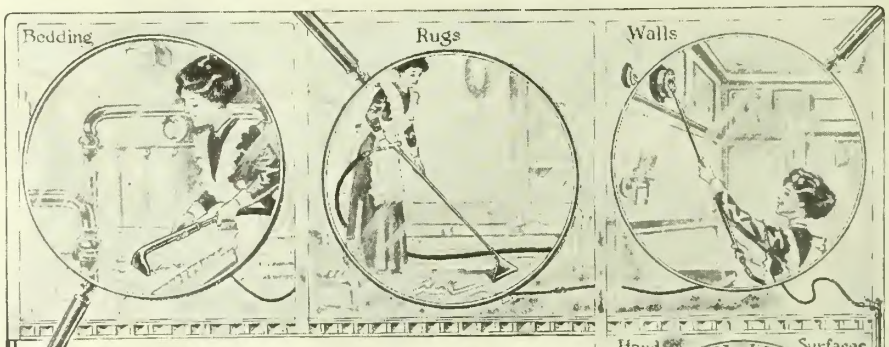

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So we suggest that you write today for list of users and for literature which explains all about The PALM System in easily understood language. Then we will tell you who our agent in your territory is so that you can go and *see* The PALM System in operation. For when you know what we know about Vacuum Cleaners your choice must be The PALM System. Write today.

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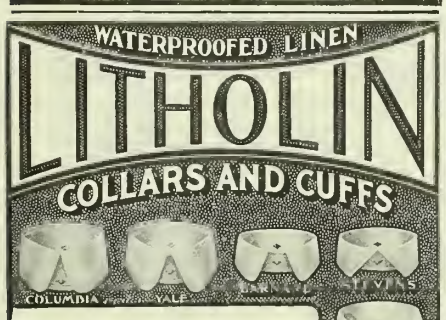

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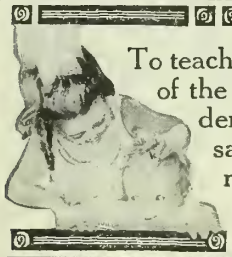

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city is *en fête;* and somehow when I think of that Dance of Death thundering ceaselessly just south of us, it appalls me to encounter such gayety and irresponsibility in the streets.

"Yet, after all, it may be the safety-valve of a brave people. Those whirling daily in the Dance of Death have, at least, the excitement to sustain them. Here the tension is constant and terrible; and the human mind cannot endure too much tragedy. . . . They say our President fits a witticism to the tragedy of every battlefield; but it may be to preserve his own reason through these infernal years. He has the saddest eyes of any man since the last martyr died.

"England behaves badly. It was her God-given opportunity to stand by us. She has had chance after chance since the last patriot died from lack of food and air in this sad old city of New York. . . . The Prince Consort is kind; his wife is inclined to be what he is. Napoleon is the sinister shape behind the arras; and the Tory Government licks his patent-leather boots. Vile is the attitude of England, vile her threats, her sneers, her wicked contempt of a great people in agony. Her murderous Government, bludgeon in hand, stands snarling at us in Mexico; her ministers glare at us from every war port; her press mocks in infamous caricature our unhappy President; only her poor are with us—the poor of England whom our war is starving. Again and again we have forgiven her. But now, standing on our blood-wet battlefields, can we ever again forgive?

"You have heard from your family and from Celia, so what news I write may be no news. Yet I know how it is with soldiers; they never tire of such repetitions.

"Your father is slowly recovering. But he will never sit his saddle again, dear. Don't expect it; the war is over as far as he is concerned. But never have my eyes beheld such happiness, such gratitude, such adoration as I see in his eyes when your letters come. I think the burden of his conversation is you. I never hear him speak of anything else. Your father walks now, and by the time you are here he will be able to drive on Fifth Avenue and in the new Central Park. But he is not the man who left this city at the head of his regiment. His hair and mustache are white as snow; there are a thousand tiny wrinkles on his hands and features. All that heavy color is gone; only a slight flush remains on his thin face. He is very handsome, Phil. Once, never dreaming of what was true, I thought he resembled you. Do you recollect my saying so once? Even you would recognize the likeness now. He is absorbed, wrapped up in you. . . . I can see now that he always has been. How blind we are! How blind!

"Celia, the darling, has not changed one particle. She is the prettiest thing you ever saw, cheerful, clever, courageous, self-possessed, devoted to Stephen, whose leave has been extended and who plays the rôle of a pale and interesting invalid hero with placid satisfaction to himself, adored and hovered over by Paige and Marye and all their girl friends. But when poor little Camilla, in her deep mourning, appears at the door he clears out the others with a tyranny characteristic of young men; and somehow I'm sorry for his mother and sisters. But it's the inevitable; and Camilla is the sweetest thing.

"Celia hears often from Curt. Poor Major Lent! It seems too hard that Camilla should be left so utterly alone in the world. The Major died as he would have wished. It was at that terrible Stone Bridge—where God was merciful to me when your squadron galloped across.

"He was found seated against a tree, stone dead, one hand stiffened over the Mexican War medal at his throat. Curt says his face was calm, almost smiling. Camilla has his sword and medals.

"Did you know that your friend John Casson was dead? I was with him; I did not know he was a friend of yours. He displayed the same patience, the same desire not to be troublesome that so many badly wounded do.

"Letty asked me to say that a Zouave of the Fifth Regiment, a Mr. Cortlandt, was also killed. So many, many people I knew or had heard of have been killed or have died of disease since the war began. One sees a great many people wearing mourning in the city—crape is so common, on sword-hilts, on arms, veils, gowns, bonnets.

"Letty made the loveliest bride you or I ever beheld. Usually, brides do not look

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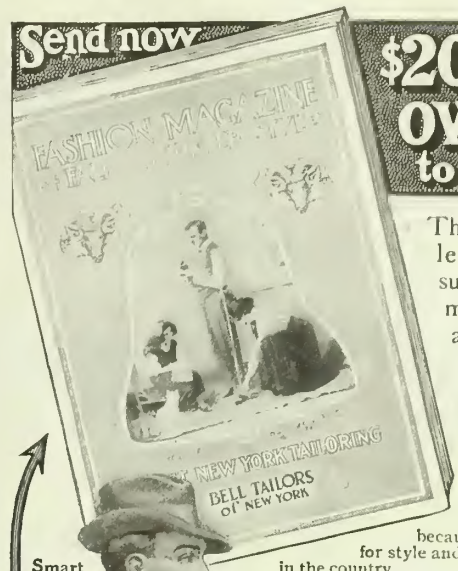

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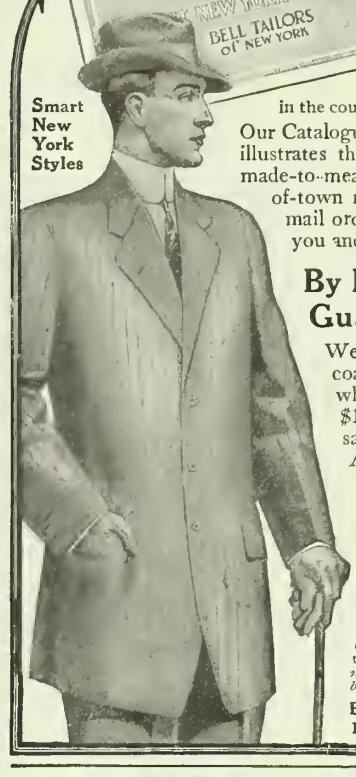

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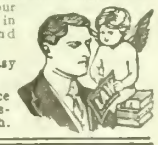

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their best; but Letty was the most charming, radiant, bewildering creature—and so absurdly young—as though suddenly she had dropped a few years and was again beginning that girlhood which I sometimes thought she had never had.

"Doctor Benton is a darling. He looks twenty years younger and wears a monocle! They are back from their honeymoon, and are planning to offer their services to the great central hospital in Philadelphia.

"Dear, your letter breaking the news to me that Marye-mead was burned when the cavalry burned Edmund Ruffin's house was no news to me. I saw it on fire. But, Philip, there was a fiercer flame consuming me than ever swept that house. I thank God it is quenched forever and that my heart and soul, refreshed, made new, bear no scars now of that infernal conflagration.

"I sit here at my window and see below me the folds of the dear flag stirring; in my ears, often, is the noise of drums from the dusty avenue where new regiments are passing on into the unknown—no longer the unknown to us—but the saddest of all truths.

"Sometimes Celia comes from the still, leafy seclusion of Fort Greene Place to love me, caress me, gently jeer at me for the hint of melancholy in my gaze, shaming me for a lovesick thing that droops and pines in the absence of all that animates her soul and body with the desire to live.

"She is only partly right; I am very tired, Phil. Not that I am ill. I am well now. It only needs you. She knows it; I have always known it. Your love, and loving you, is all that life means to me. I seem like one enmeshed in sorcery, unable to stir or move or think until you come and break the spell that fetters me.

"I see them all here—Celia fussing with my trousseau, gowns, stockings, slippers, hovering over them with Paige and Marye in murmurous and intimate rapture. They lead me about to shops and in busy thoroughfares; and I see and understand, and I hear my own voice as at an infinite distance, and I am happy in the same indefinite way. But, try as I may, I cannot fix my thoughts on what I am about, on the pretty garments piled around me, on the necessary arrangements to be made, on the future—our future! I cannot even think clearly about that. All that my mind seems able to contain is my love for you, the knowledge that you are coming; that I am to see you, touch you.

"I try to realize that I am to be your wife; the heavenly reality seems vaguely impossible. Yet every moment I am schooling myself to the belief, telling myself that it is to be, repeating the divine words again and again. And all I am capable of understanding is that I love you, and that the world stands still, waiting for you as I wait; and that without you nothing is real and I move in a world of phantoms.

"I have been to the mirror to look at myself. To be certain, I also asked Celia. She says that you will not be disappointed.

"She sat here searching the morning paper for news of her husband's regiment, but found none. What women endure for men no man that ever lives can understand!

"She is perfectly cheerful about it all. And oh, such a rebel! She read aloud to me with amused malice the order from the War Department which does away with regimental bands and substitutes a brigade band.

"'I sca'cely blame them,' she observed; 'I'd be ve'y glad myse'f to hear less of Yankee Doodle and the Star-Spangled Banner. When they let President Davis alone, and when Curt comes home, I've got some ve'y pretty songs fo' him to learn to appreciate.'

"She's downstairs now, seated at the piano, singing very softly to herself some gayly impudent rebel song or other.

"And as I sit here alone, amid the delicate silks and ribbons of my bridal bravery, thinking of how I love you—far away I hear the 'old line's music'—the quaint, quick rhythm of the fifes and drums; and it stirs depths in me where my very soul lies listening—and the tears spring to my eyes. And I try to understand why every separate silver star in the flag is mine to hold, mine to rescue and replace, mine to adore. And I try to understand why all of it is part of the adoration of you and of God who gave you to me—Philip—Philip—my lover, my country, my God—worshiped and adored of men!"

(THE END)

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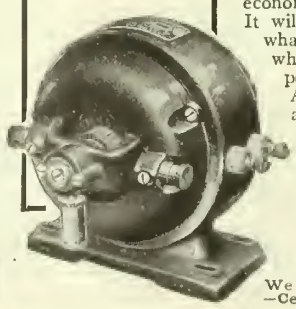

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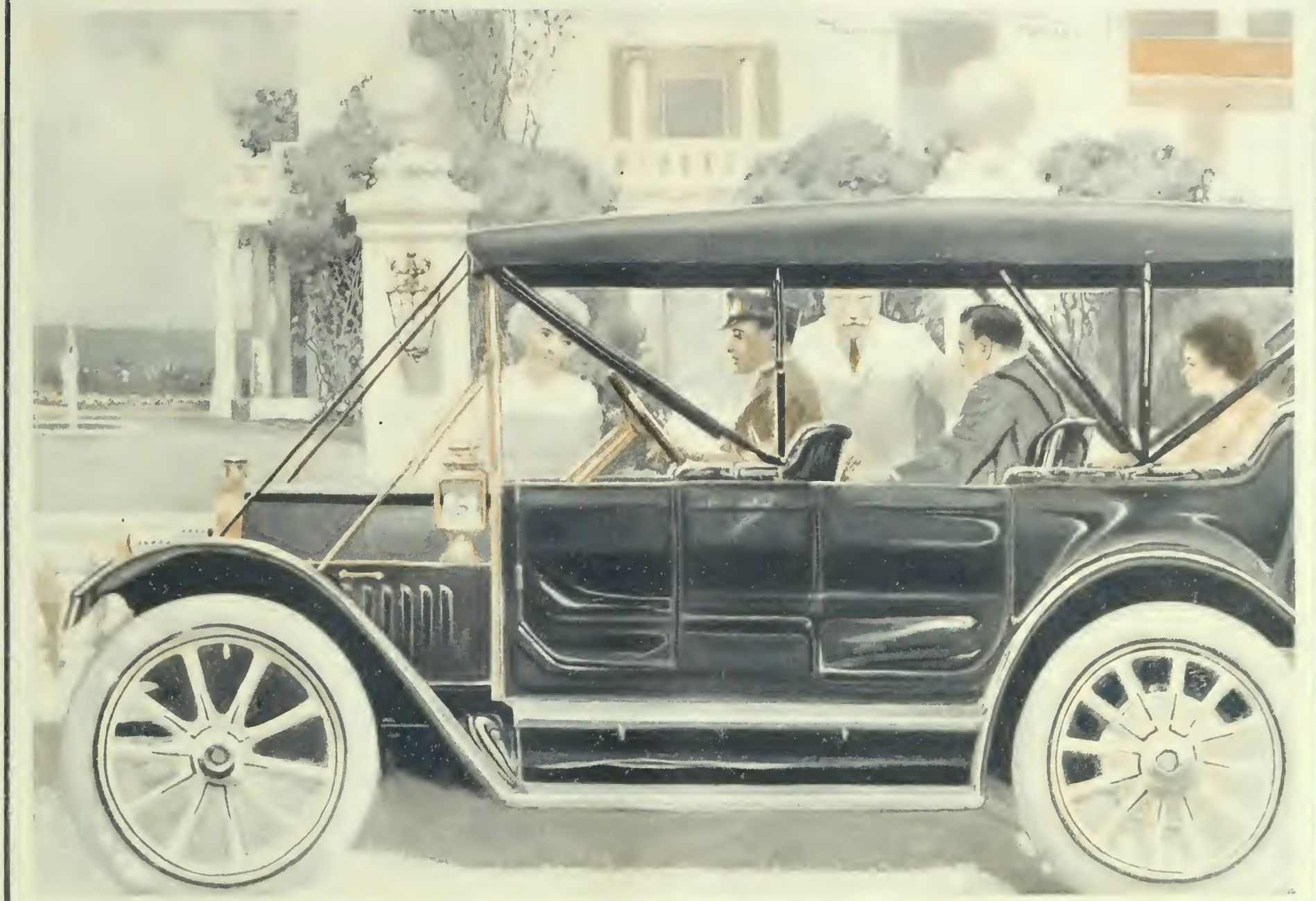

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4-cylinder, 40 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7 passenger touring car. Cylinders, "T" head type, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 124 inches. Straight line drive under normal load. Low center of gravity. Four speed transmission, selective type. Positive feed lubrication insuring perfect oil circulation. Pressure system on gasoline tank. Large wheels with 38 x 4½ inch tires on demountable rims. Standard equipment includes 9 inch headlights, side and tail lamps, Prest-O-Lite gas tank, horn, baggage rack, robe rail, foot rest, removable auxiliary seats, etc., all of the highest quality obtainable.

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